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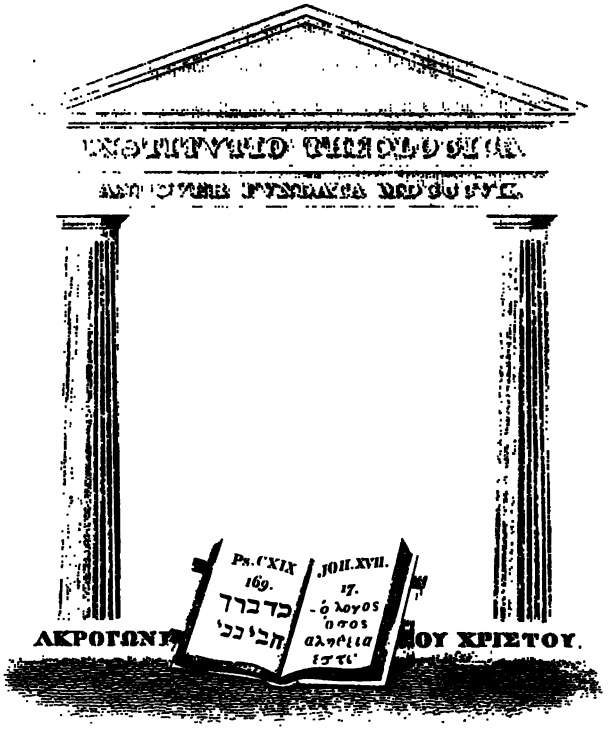
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DEAN OF WESTMINSTER

CORRESPONDING MEMBER OF THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

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PREFACE.

IT is now nearly thirty years since the publication of a volume consisting chiefly of the Charges and Sermons of Bishop Stanley. The interest attaching to these compositions, which never laid claim to more than a temporary value, has passed away. But it has been thought that the brief Memoir of his life, which was prefixed to them, might with advantage be republished, with such revisions and additions as the lapse of time has rendered necessary. One such is the notice of his two sons, especially the eldest, Captain Owen Stanley. The chief addition consists of the collection of extracts, with which the volume concludes, from the journals and letters of his wife, Catherine Stanley.

The lengthening and deepening shadows of life are of themselves warnings not to lose the opportunity for preserving this record of the Bishop's life in a permanent shape. But it is believed also that there are special reasons why amongst the multiplying contributions to the ecclesiastical history of our time the phase of spi-

ritual life represented in these pages deserves to have a place.

There is a common impression, encouraged in various quarters, that what is called the revival of religious life in England, or at least in the Church of England, dates from the Oxford movement in 1834. This is not the place to enter at length into the characteristics of that remarkable movement—the personal influence of its first leaders, the peculiar strains of new thought and feeling which it awakened in the English Church, its total collapse in its original seat during the strange crisis through which it passed in 1845, its subsequent revival with elements which to its earlier phase were almost unknown, its varying relations to the artistic and archæological tastes of the age. But whatever may be the ultimate judgment passed upon it, most careful observers will recognise that the better elements of its moral and intellectual character were in large measure engendered and coloured by tendencies which for many years had been at work in English society. The 'Evangelical movement' had long preceded it, whether that which prevailed within the Church itself, or that vaster agency which, originating in the personal activity of John Wesley, affected every Protestant community both in England and America. Even the influence of Wesley, chiefly due as it was to his own extraordinary character, had its roots deep in the improvement which

during the eighteenth century had been gradually gaining ground from the torpor and neglect which succeeded the Restoration. Relapses no doubt occurred, but larger views and a more practical application of Christianity had never ceased altogether from the time when the apostolical charity of Tillotson and the pastoral energy of Burnet began to prevail against the intolerance or the indolence of the preceding time. The enthusiasm of the more fervent spirits of the age, when once enkindled, naturally found a vent in separate chanels; but the wider and higher conceptions of religion still continued to animate both the clergy and laity of the Church; and when the nineteenth century discharged on society its peculiar elements of thought and action, the soil was not unfitted to receive them. These peculiar elements were mainly twofold. First there was the deeper seriousness breathed into the minds of men by the great convulsion of the French Revolution. The striking prologue of Schiller's 'Wallenstein,' written in the last year of the eighteenth century, discloses to us the first stirrings of that eager sense of reality of which we are still reaping the fruits. There was also the new recognition of the true relations of religion to literature, art, and history, which was stimulated by a nearer insight into the philosophy and poetry of the Continent, especially of Germany, and was transmitted to this country chiefly by Coleridge and Walter Scott.

In the world of action this renewed fervour manifested itself amongst the Evangelical and Nonconformist circles in the zeal of the Abolitionists and in such works as Wilberforce's 'Practical Christianity'; amongst those who were more exclusively Churchmen in the sturdy and strenuous activity of laymen like Joshua Watson, and prelates like Ryder and Blomfield.

In the world of thought, the revival of earnestness appeared at Oxford in the group of liberal theologians who at Oriel College preceded, from an opposite point of view, the appearance of Dr. Newman and his followers, and at Cambridge in the circle, equal rather than like, which numbered amongst its members Thirlwall and Hare, Whewell and Sedgwick.

It was simultaneously with the development of these energetic and expansive tendencies that, in spheres far removed from academical and (during its earlier period) from public life, the course described in these pages was run. The ecclesiastical machinery ultimately generated by the Oxford movement of 1834 was not yet in existence. Synods, convocations, congresses, multiplication of daily services, daily and weekly communions, confession enforced or inculcated, postures and dresses, concerning which such fierce controversies have raged, were almost or altogether unknown; and to many of the most active clergy of the Church the special dogmatic forms of the rival parties were not

only not welcome but repulsive. If the simpler religion exemplified in the pastoral career here described was less brilliant in its results than some of the subsequent revivals or imitations of mediæval practices, yet it was also without their darker features of strife and suspicion. There have been cases, even in the judgment of those not unfavourable to such experiments, where 'a parish, 'which had been before as the garden of Eden, has been 'transformed into a howling wilderness.' It is instructive to notice that, independently of these recent aids, there existed a sound form of moral and religious life, not the less admirable because it sprang from a zeal tempered by common sense, and because it aimed not so much at the interest of a party, or even of a church, as at the good of the whole community.

Nor again is it without interest to follow the career of one who both politically and ecclesiastically belonged to the Liberal movement of the day, in whom the passion for reform and improvement which characterised that movement had not yet been superseded by the passion for destruction, and in whom also it was compatible with a large and tolerant spirit towards those who belonged to the opposite phases of thought, whether in the State or in the Church. Such a type of Liberal, perhaps, would not altogether fulfil some modern exactions, but it was not thought unworthy of the kindness and friendship of such ecclesiastics as Regi-

nald Heber, Arnold, and Milman, or such statesmen as Lord Melbourne, Lord Russell, and Lord Lansdowne.

It is partly with the view of yet further exemplifying these more permanent elements of religious life, that there has been added to the original memoir a record of one whose memory those who loved her have been unwilling to let pass into oblivion.

A few words only are needed here by way of introduction to the extracts at the close of the volume. Catherine Stanley was thirteen years younger than her husband, and was married at the early age of eighteen. Throughout his course she was his constant stay and support, and in his influence and labours she took an unfailing interest and pride. She survived him for twelve years, during which the happiness and energy of her existence were concentrated on the son and the two daughters who were still left to her.[1]

She was one of those women of whom Wordsworth's well-known lines, with a slight variation, were singularly true—

> nobly plann'd
> To warn, to counsel, to command.

There was a quiet wisdom, a rare unselfishness, a calm discrimination, a firm decision, which made her

[1] It may be well to add the names of her five children :—Owen, died 1850; Charles Edward, died 1849; her eldest daughter, Mary Stanley, of whom a short notice will be found at the close of this volume, died 1879. The only survivors are Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, and Catherine Maria Vaughan, wife of the Dean of Llandaff.

judgment and her influence felt through the whole circle in which she lived.

To the outside world she was comparatively unknown. It might well have been, therefore, that such a character should have passed away, like a fragrance that nothing can recall. But it so happens that, especially in her earlier life, she left, in journals or in letters, remarks which have been thought worth preserving, not only as the genuine reflection of herself, but also as products of a culture such as in a simple country life the first years of this century could furnish.

It was of her that Sydney Smith said, 'Hers is a porcelain understanding.' It is in this 'porcelain' delicacy of intelligence that the main interest of these extracts consists; and they will not be deemed less instructive because, like her husband's activity, her own spiritual insight belonged to that larger sphere of religion which is above and beyond the passing controversies of the day. In this age of transition, it may be useful to find expression given to thoughts of which we may be sure that as they preceded our present conflict of opinions so they will long survive it, and which may possibly convey guidance and consolation to those who know how to value the faculty of seeing things as they really are, without the distorting medium of personal prejudice or party passion.

DEANERY, WESTMINSTER:
March 5, 1879.

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MEMOIR.

EDWARD STANLEY, Bishop of Norwich, was the second son of Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart., of Alderley Park, Cheshire, and Margaret, the heiress of Hugh Owen, Esq., of Penrhos, Anglesea. His father was the representative of an ancient branch of the Stanley family, and was succeeded in his title and property by his eldest son, created, in 1839, Baron Stanley of Alderley.

Edward, the youngest of seven children, was born on the 1st of January, 1779, at his father's residence in London. In early years he had acquired a passion for the sea, which he cherished down to the time of his entrance at college, and which never left him through life. It first originated, as he believed, in the delight which he experienced, between three and four years of age, in a visit to the seaport of Weymouth; and long afterwards he retained a vivid recollection of the point where he caught the first sight of a ship and shed tears because he was not allowed to go on board. So strongly

was he possessed by the feeling thus acquired, that as a child he used to leave his bed, and sleep on the shelf of a wardrobe, for the pleasure of imagining himself in a berth on board a man-of-war. Nor was this a mere boyish fancy which a few years' experience of the hardships of sea-life might have dispelled. His whole character eminently qualified him for the naval profession. A cheerful and sanguine temper—readiness of decision—fertility of resource—activity and quickness of mind and body—and a spirit of enterprise that knew no danger, no impossibility, no difficulty—could hardly have failed to ensure success in the sphere to which his tastes had been thus early turned. The passion was overruled by circumstances beyond his control, but it gave a colour to his whole after-life. He never ceased to retain a keen interest in everything relating to the navy. His memory, though on other points not remarkably good, rarely failed in the minute particulars of this. He seemed instinctively to know the history, character, and state of every ship and every officer in the service. Old naval captains were often astonished at finding in him a more accurate knowledge than their own of when, where, how, and under whom, such and such vessels had been employed. The stories of begging impostors professing to be shipwrecked seamen were detected at once by his cross-examinations. The sight of a ship, the society of sailors, the embarkation on a voyage, were always sufficient to inspirit and delight him wherever he might be.

It is possible that this ardent enthusiasm for a pro-

fession from which he was shut out might have been abated, had his education been suited to the profession for which he was actually destined. The reverse was the fact. Instead of the careful training in classics which most boys receive at public schools, the whole of his childhood and early youth was spent in a succession of removals from one private school or tutor to another, till, on his entrance at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1798, he found that he had to begin his course of study almost from the very foundations. Of Greek he was entirely, of Latin almost entirely, ignorant; and of mathematics he knew only what he had acquired at one of the private schools where he had been placed when quite a child. This deficiency, now that he was for the first time become his own master, he remedied to a great extent by unremitting exertions. He acquainted himself with the classical languages sufficiently for common purposes, and in mathematics he made such proficiency as to appear as a wrangler in the mathematical tripos of 1802. To Cambridge, in this respect, he always looked back with gratitude as the source to which he owed all the real education that he had enjoyed; and many years afterwards he sent a brief but spirited statement of his own experience of its benefits to a provincial journal, in reply to the well-known attack on that University by Mr. Beverley in 1834.

'I can never,' he said on that occasion, 'be sufficiently grateful for the benefits I received within those college walls; and to the last hour of my life I shall feel a deep sense of thankfulness to those tutors and authorities for the effects of

that discipline and invaluable course of study which rescued me from ignorance, and infused an abiding thirst for knowlege, the means of intellectual enjoyment, and those habits and principles which have not only been an enduring source of personal gratification, but tended much to qualify me, from the period of my taking orders to the present day, for performing the duties of an extensive parish.'

The success which crowned his perseverance at college was the first instance of that power of zealous application by which he was subsequently enabled to contend, in more important spheres, against greater difficulties. But, however earnest his efforts may have been, it will be conceived that they could not easily counteract the effects of the almost entire neglect of eighteen years, backed by the strong indisposition of his natural character to the systematic studies which to most clergymen are at once so useful, so congenial, and, by reason of their previous course of education, so familiar.

Such were the disadvantages under which he entered on the profession in which he was destined henceforth to labour. In other respects it had for him the attraction which it always must possess for a young man of blameless life, simple tastes, and kindly disposition; more especially when those qualifications are combined, as they were in his case, with a strong religious feeling which would in all probability have characterised his career as a Christian sailor no less than as a Christian minister. But it is obvious that, under ordinary circumstances, the clerical calling would not have been deemed his natural vocation; so that the interest which attaches to his course differs from that of most careers

which deserve to be recorded. It consists, not, as is usually the case, in the gradual development of the fitness of the individual for his post, but rather in the gradual surmounting of the obstacles which nature or education had thrown in his way, and the adaptation of gifts to a condition of life for which they would not seem to have been originally designed. We have [1] often heard from poets and philosophers the truth, sufficiently confirmed by experience, of the misery produced, and the happiness lost, to the world, in the fate of those who have been transplanted from congenial to uncongenial spheres. It may be instructive to dwell on a life which seems an exception to this general rule; to trace how far the struggle was successfully maintained, and how far, out of the seeming discordance of character and situation, good was educed by a resolute will rising above the force of outward circumstances. Nor will the value of the lesson be diminished, if it should appear that the sacred office, in which this struggle was carried on, gained more than it lost from the infusion of elements unlike those which it ordinarily includes.

[1] Nature ever
Finding discordant fortunes, like all seed
Out of its proper climate, thrives but ill.
And were the world below content to wait
And work on the condition Nature lays,
It would not lack supply of excellence.
But ye perversely to religion strain
Him who was born to gird on him the sword,
And of the fluent phraseman make your king:
Therefore your steps have wandered from the path.
Cary's *Dante.*

In the interval between his college life and ordination he travelled for a year in Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, from whence he returned at his brother's request to command the 'Alderley Volunteers,' raised by him on the family property at the time of the expected French invasion.

In 1805, after three years spent as curate of Windlesham, in Surrey, he was presented by his father to the family living of Alderley; and in 1810 he married Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Oswald Leycester, Rector of Stoke-upon-Tern, by whom he had five children. Alderley was a spot which, as well by its natural beauty as by its hereditary associations, offered great attractions to its new Rector. His own youth indeed had been for the most part spent elsewhere, but he had been taught to look forward to it as his future home.

This was his first public introduction to the parish, and the people were ready to welcome him as their pastor, not only from attachment to a name immemorially connected with the place, but from fresh ties recently formed with the family. His brother (soon after his marriage in 1796 to the eldest daughter of Lord Sheffield) had taken up his permanent residence there, and had made it his constant object to carry out the relations of landlord and tenant, in the best sense, by associating his people with his domestic interests and country pleasures, making the birthdays of his children festivals for the poor. The state of a country cure, however, at the time of his entrance into Holy

Orders, was not an easy post for one who had formed a high ideal of pastoral exertion. The parish of Alderley, which consisted of an agricultural population of about 1,300 souls, had, from the long apathy or non-residence of the previous incumbent, been greatly neglected. 'The clerk used to go to the churchyard-'stile to see whether there were any more coming to 'church, for there were seldom enough to make a 'congregation.'—'The rector used to boast that he 'had never set foot in a sick person's cottage.' And although this was probably a more than usually unfavourable specimen of ministerial neglect, the average standard of the neighbouring clergy was not likely to present a high model of excellence to a new-comer. All who could afford it hunted; few, if any, rose above the ordinary routine of the stated services of the Church. An ardent and generous nature would, under any circumstances, have been excited to energy by the very neglect and indifference which surrounded, or which had preceded him; and in his case was superadded that strong sense of duty which acted powerfully not merely as a motive, but as an incentive, in enabling him to master the difficulties of the situation he was to occupy, whether from his own choice or the choice of others. Unlike some instances of highly gifted minds, of whom it has been said that they seemed to be paralysed the moment that any action presented itself to them in the light of a duty, to him the call of duty was not merely a command, but an encouragement—the voice of a trumpet which cheered and inspirited him at the same

time that it compelled him to act. Harassed or perplexed as he often was whilst uncertain what that call required, he was all on fire to perform it the moment that it became clear to him. The strong sense, too, of professional, as distinct from general, claims of duty, which he seemed to have drunk in with his early passion for naval life, showed itself no less clearly in the more spiritual sphere in which he was now called to act. His parish was his ship. The same sense of the importance of strict obedience to orders, the same strict requirement of obedience from others, that would have regulated his conduct as captain of a man-of-war, pervaded his view of the sacred trust committed to him in his parochial cure. Negligence of its duties was, in his eyes, not merely wrong, but 'disgraceful;' concern for all its interests, great and small, a necessary and inevitable consequence of his position.

Accordingly, from the first moment of his entrance on his work, he devoted himself to it with an energy and exactitude which drew upon him at that time the reproach of singularity, and even of 'Methodism,' for the discharge of duties which would now be deemed too common to deserve notice; yet for this very reason it is necessary to glance at his performance of them.

He took the parish as a whole, and laboured to make himself acquainted with it in all its relations, and to minister to all its wants, both temporal and spiritual. In the schools he took an interest at that time shared by comparatively few of his profession.

He was the first who distinctly saw and boldly advocated

the advantages of general education for the lower classes. Schools had been founded; he had borne his part—and a most active part—in the first movement, but I think that he first set the example of the extent to which general knowledge might be communicated—and beneficially communicated—in a parochial school. I well remember the appearance of the school at Alderley, where, in addition to the usual range of desks and books, the apparatus for gymnastic exercises was seen suspended from the roof. I remember the admiration excited at a lecture which he delivered in Chester, when he exhibited a 'hortus siccus' of the plants found in the parish, made by one of the girls in the school; and though few or none did more than wonder at what was accomplished at Alderley, an impression was created that a large amount of useful secular knowledge might be added without any deduction from what would be considered the proper objects of a parochial school.[2]

These additions to the common stock of the knowledge of parochial schools consisted chiefly of English history and geography. Yet perhaps the benefit of his improvements lay rather in the method than the matter of the instruction. He instituted examinations twice a year, formed on the model, so far as the case permitted it, of the college examinations at Cambridge, in which the children were required to bring up a chapter from the New Testament learned by heart, and one or more books of the Old or New Testament of which the substance was to be acquired in answer to a small volume written for the purpose and published under the title of 'Scriptural Questions;' and it is believed that the

[2] These, as well as similar quotations in this part of the Memoir, are extracted from a letter kindly furnished by the Rev. H. Raikes, whose familiarity with the diocese of Chester, of which he long was Chancellor, well qualified him to form an opinion on the subject.

amount of Scripture thus mastered or committed to memory was in many cases turned to great advantage in after-life. Once a year, according to proficiency in these examinations and to general good conduct, medals or prize-books were given to the children; bibles and prayer-books to those who did not possess them; to others, books of general or religious instruction, and each with a lithograph of Alderley Church or of the School as a frontispiece. To these occasions the school-children eagerly looked forward. 'No task' (these are the words of one once amongst their number) 'seemed 'too difficult for them to learn; and, if well learned, 'they knew that they were sure to be rewarded by the 'Rector's well-known smile and expression of approba-'tion, and his gentle tap on the head of each. On these 'examination days he regaled them at his own house 'with a good dinner and various amusements. Some-'times, to their great delight, he allowed them to accom-'pany him in his boat [on Alderley Mere], and spent 'the afternoon on the water with them himself.'

His visits to the poor were made in weekly rounds, according to a regular distribution of the parish, by which every house was included in systematic order. The rule of waiting for the calls of the sick and dying, which was probably much in vogue at that time, and which has been adopted even by some zealous clergy of our own day who regard the multiplication of services as the main business of their office, was repugnant alike to his inclination and his sense of duty. But it was not so much by the frequency as by the manner of those visits

that he made himself not only the minister but the friend of his parishioners. Without losing for a moment the advantage which birth and station always give to an English gentleman in his dealings with the poor, he yet descended to the level of their tastes and pursuits—he entered into their humour, and tried to make them enter into his—he caressed their children, and through them won the hearts of the parents—he accommodated his addresses in the pulpit and his conversation in the cottages to their simple apprehensions—he spoke to them of their common pursuits and cares as if he were one of themselves; and the result was that they were cheered and animated by his presence and his active interest in their welfare, as well as warned and consoled by his instructions. When he looked into the schools, it was not merely to glance round the classes, or to ask a few formal questions, to see that all was in order, but he had something to say to each individual scholar, of encouragement or rebuke. In his rides round the parish, the children used to run out of the houses to catch the wonted smile, or gesture, or call, of the Rector as he passed, or to claim the cakes and gingerbread that he brought with him for those whose hands and faces were clean; and the poor cottagers long afterwards described how their hearts beat with pleasure as they heard the short quick tramping of his horse's feet as he went galloping up their lanes, and the sound of his voice as he called out to them before he reached the house to come out and speak to him, or hold his horse as he went in. 'When he entered a sick chamber he never failed to

'express the joy which neatness and order gave him, or 'to reprove where he found it otherwise.' Whatever was to be done in the parish for their good, they were sure to find in him an active supporter. 'He took so much 'trouble,' they said, 'in whatever he did—never sparing 'himself for whatever he took in hand.' The Rectory became the 'home' of the parish. He sold daily at his house, to the honest and industrious poor, blanketing, clothing, and the like, at a cheaper rate than the cost price (a practice then much less frequent in country parishes than at present). In the winter evenings he lent out books to read; and generally, for anything that was wanted, whether in the way of advice or relief, his house was the constant resort of all who were in difficulty. He established weekly cottage-lectures at different points in the parish for the old and infirm who were unable to walk to church.

In the hope of producing an effect upon those who were less likely to be impressed by the usual ministrations of the Church, he used from time to time to issue printed or lithographed addresses to his parishioners on Observance of the Sabbath, on Prayer, on Sickness, on Confirmation. In the public-houses, with the same view, he caused large placards to be framed, containing a few short and simple exhortations to a sober and religious life, such as might arrest the attention of the passer-by; and on the walls and public places of the parish he had similar papers posted up, denouncing in strong language (what was a crying sin of the country population of Cheshire) the vice of drunkenness. To

repress this great evil he spared no personal sacrifice. 'Whenever,' such was the homely expression of the people, 'whenever there was a drunken fight down at 'the village, and he knew of it, he would always come 'out to stop it—there was such a spirit in him.' On one of these occasions tidings were brought to him of a riotous crowd which had assembled to witness a desperate prize-fight, adjourned to the outskirts of his parish, and which the respectable inhabitants were unable to disperse. 'The whole field' (so one of the humbler neighbours represented it) 'was filled, and all the trees 'round about—when in about a quarter of an hour I 'saw the Rector coming up the road on his little black 'horse as quick as lightning, and I trembled for fear 'they should harm him. He rode into the field and 'just looked quick round (as if he thought the same) to 'see who there was that would be on his side. But it 'was not needed—he rode into the midst of the crowd, 'and in one moment it was all over; there was a great 'calm; the blows stopped; it was as if they would all 'have wished to cover themselves up in the earth—all 'from the trees they dropped down directly—no one 'said a word, and all went away humbled.' The next day he sent for the two men, not to scold them, but to speak to them, and sent them each away with a Bible. The effect on the neighbourhood was very great, and put a stop to the practice which had been for some time past prevalent in the adjacent districts.

To analyse the actual effects of his ministrations on the people would be difficult, the more so as there

were other influences for good, especially from the resident family at Alderley Park, whose benevolent attention to the wants and interests of their dependents powerfully contributed, in the parish, to produce a more kindly feeling and sustain a better standard of conduct than was usual at that time in agricultural populations. The general result was what might have been expected. Dissent was all but extinguished. The church was filled, the communicants many. To the better disposed of the parishioners he was, as they expressed it, 'their 'father and leader in everything that was good.' Even when they differed from him, they would say, 'As the 'Rector says it, we must not go against him.'

The parochial occupations which have been described necessarily engaged him for a large portion of every day; but to an active mind, and with the advantage of a methodical system, there was still much leisure left for other employments. The want of a regular classical education, as well as the peculiar turn of his own mind, indisposed him to purely literary studies, of which the nicer subtleties, whether in scholarship, metaphysics, or theology, were on every account distasteful to him. In Church history, indeed, and the kindred branches of knowledge to which his calling directed him, his information was for the most part varied and extensive. Of the Scriptures he was at all times a careful student. But the contrast of the elaborate systems of later divinity with the simplicity and freedom of the Bible was a topic to which he constantly recurred; and, though giving a practical assent to the creed and worship of the Church

of England, he never could endure minute controversies relating to the details of its doctrines and ceremonies. It was not till a later period of his life that the full effects of this tendency, whether produced by temperament or education, were clearly manifested; but it deserves remark thus early as having conduced to foster and determine in great measure his taste for physical science. The exhibition of Divine power and goodness in the natural world seemed to him so much more direct and simple than amidst the perplexities and confusion of the moral world, that he always regarded it as one of the purest sources of intellectual and religious instruction; and encouraged it as a natural part of a clergyman's duty, and as conducive, when it could be followed up, to the welfare of his flock also. 'The 'perversions of men,' he used to say, 'would have made 'an infidel of me, but for the counteracting impressions 'of Divine Providence in the works of nature.' Of all the branches of science, natural history was that to which he was most inclined. His quick eye enabled him readily to observe, and his methodical habits accurately to register, the phenomena of the animal creation; and thus to acquire, without interfering with any graver pursuits, a very considerable knowledge of ornithology, entomology, and mineralogy. Ornithology in particular became his favourite study, and it was a constant source of amusement and interest to him in his parish walks and rides to notice the flight and habits of birds, to collect remarkable specimens of their organisation, and to gather from his parishioners stories of any peculiarities

which they had themselves noticed. The result of these observations he embodied, in 1836, in a small work, published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and entitled 'A Familiar History of Birds: their Nature, Habits, and Instincts.' One extract from this may be given, as drawn from his own daily and hourly experience in the rectory at Alderley:—

Of some birds it is difficult, from their retired habits, to give any clear and accurate account. Not so of our friend the Starling. When it suits his purpose, he comes fearlessly under our observation, and invites us to learn his history. For many and many a year have we watched him from month to month, with the exception of a certain season, when, for reasons best known to himself, he altogether disappears, and leaves us to wonder what is become of him.

Close before the window of the scene of our observation, a well-mown short-grassed lawn is spread before him—it is his dining-room; there in the spring he is allowed to revel, but seldom molested, on the plentiful supply of worms, which he collects pretty much in the same manner as the thrush, already described. Close at hand, within half a stone's-throw, stands an ivy-mantled parish church, with its massy grey tower, from the turreted pinnacle of which rises a tall flag-staff, crowned by its weathercock; under the eaves and within the hollows and chinks of the masonry of this tower are his nursery establishments. On the battlements and projecting grotesque tracery of its Gothic ornaments he retires to enjoy himself, looking down on the rural world below; while, at other times, a still more elevated party will crowd together on the letters of the weathercock, or, accustomed to its motion, sociably twitter away their chattering song, as the vane creaks slowly round with every change of wind.

We will give a journal of our Starlings' lives. At the close of January one or two unconnected birds now and then make

their appearance on this weathercock; at first but for a few minutes, as if, without an assignable reason, they had merely touched upon it as an inviting resting place, in their unsettled course. In February, if the weather happens to be mild, the number of idlers may possibly now and then increase; but still the visit seems to be but the mere passing call of a few strangers, without a leading object. In March, however, about the first or second week, according to the state of the weather, things begin to assume a more bustling and serious appearance. Hitherto but one or two, or at most three or four, may have dropt in, as if to say, Here we are; the winter is past and gone, a happier season is at hand. But now the flights increase, the three and the four are multiplied to fourteen or sixteen, and the song becomes a little chorus, more loud and more joyous than before; and occasionally, though at first with some circumspection and hesitation, one or two of the boldest will let themselves gently fall from their airy height, and glide down upon the lawn, as if to inquire into the state of their future larder; for they scarcely take time to taste the hidden treasures below the sod, but, looking suspiciously about, are on the wing in a moment, if an inmate approaches the window, or a door is heard to shut or open.

About the latter end of the second week, affairs begin to be placed upon a more regular footing; the parties on or about the battlements and weathercock seem as if they had determined upon a permanent establishment. From early dawn till about ten, there they remain carolling away their communications; at that hour, however, off they go, and till four or five o'clock are seen no more throughout the greater part of the day; being absent in the fields, where they may be seen chattering in company with the inhabitants of a neighbouring rookery, or a noisy set of jackdaws, who have, for time out of mind, been the undisputed tenants of a certain portion of an ancient beech-wood, at no great distance.

About the third week, the plot begins to thicken still more. The field, the lawn, and the weathercock are no longer the only objects of interest. Detachments may be now seen prowling

busily over the roof, cautiously creeping in and out from under the projecting eaves, and by the end of the month the regular establishment, amounting to about thirty, has assembled, and the grand work of the year fairly commences. From this time all is bustle; straws and nest-furniture are seen flying through the air in beaks, contriving, nevertheless, to announce their comings and goings by particular harsh or low muttering cries, according as they think they are watched or not. They are cunning birds, and discover in an instant whether a passer-by has an eye to their movements, and perfectly aware whether he is following his own business or theirs. If he steps onward, without troubling himself about them, they go in and out with perfect unconcern; but if a glance of curiosity or observation is directed to their motions, they are all upon the alert; the bearer of a tuft to the nest wheels to the right-about, and perching on the naked upper twig of a small beech-tree, or the projecting point of a gable-end, sits there, uttering a particular note, which seems to give, as well as words could do, intimation to a mate to be on its guard, as a spy is at hand. If the weather is tolerably favourable, everything goes on smoothly and regularly; but (and we have, in the journal of our starling's proceedings, many instances on record) should a severe and sudden change occur, a violent storm of snow, or continuance of chilling winds, all operations are suspended; not only the eaves and half-built nests, but even the tower itself, battlements, weathercock, and all, are deserted, till a return of fine weather, when the starlings too return, and the work again proceeds. At length the nests are built, the eggs laid, and the young ones hatched. Then a new scene of noise, and activity, and bustle commences, increasing of course as the nestlings become older and more voracious. Then it is that the lawn becomes a favourite resort; hitherto a few idlers may have hopped and pecked up a stray worm or two, but now the search is a matter of serious occupation.

Down they come, the sober-coloured hen, and the cock with the sun glittering on its spangled feathers, with claws and beaks as busily employed as if their very existence depended

upon it. All however in good social harmony, never quarrelling with the shy and less intrusive thrush or blackbird; or with the lively wagtails, contenting themselves with the lighter fare of the myriads of minute flies and beetles hovering over the fresh-mown turf.

The noise and bustle go on incessantly, till the young ones are fledged, when for a day or two they may be seen fluttering about the building, or taking short flights. At length, their strength being matured, old and young collect on the tower, and then wheel away over the neighbouring fields, as if practising for future and more important evolutions. But still the evening finds them roosting near the place of their birth. At last, however, a day comes when all is hushed. No hungry guests are feasting on the lawn, no clamorous throats are calling aloud for food, no twitterings are heard from bough or battlement, not even a straggler is to be seen on the pinnacle of the weathercock.

The joyous assembly is broken up. The starlings are gone, and till the autumn, with scarcely an exception, we shall see them no more. Then, about the third week in September, again on their favourite perch, the weathercock, one, or two, or three may chance to appear towards evening, not with the merry note of spring, but uttering that monotonous, plaintive, long-drawn, whistling cry, as cheerless as the cheerless season for which they seem to bid us to prepare. That these, and the few other stragglers occasionally occupying the same post, are our spring friends, is most probable; for a lame starling was observed for eight years to return to the same nest, and every observation we have made tends to prove that this is a general instinctive custom of, we believe, every bird whatever.

Such a series of observations recalls the studies of Gilbert White in his rural retreat at Selborne. But, unlike White, he combined these tranquil and serene experiences with the more active interests, not only

of his own parish, but of the outside world. Any schemes of practical utility which won his attention in the neighbourhood, or within the circle of his influence or acquaintance, were sure of his co-operation and support; and the novelty of their appearance, which repelled others, had for him a natural attraction. Infant Schools, Temperance Societies, Mechanics' Institutes, and Statistical Societies, found in him a friend and patron, at a time when clerical patronage was as rare as it is now common, and a lecture on Geology, which he delivered at an institution of this nature in the neighbouring town of Macclesfield, was, it is believed, one of the first contributions of the kind from any minister of the Church of England. Amongst his hearers were eight barefooted boys, who wandered in by chance. It awakened in them the first spark of intellectual ardour. One of them, fifty years later, stated to the writer of these pages, whom he met returning from a Continental journey, how, from the impulse then given, he had entered on a prosperous commercial life, and still retained, from the grateful sense of the good then received, an undying interest in his benefactor and his benefactor's son.

In like manner the statistical, scientific, and antiquarian observations which he had carefully made in his own parish, and of which the results were preserved in a complete manuscript history of Alderley, suggested the publication of a set of queries on similar subjects for the general use of parochial clergy, under the title of 'Heads of Local Information.' From time to time

he contributed to various periodicals the results of his studies, or more frequently of the rapid six weeks' excursions which he used to make in the summer months: of these perhaps the most remarkable is an account, afterwards reprinted from 'Blackwood's Magazine,' of an adventure in the Alps on the 'Mauvais Pas' —interesting both as illustrative of his own character, and also as having in all probability suggested to Sir Walter Scott the opening scene in the romance of 'Anne of Geierstein.' He was also one of the earliest and most regular attendants of the meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at one of which he was in 1836 appointed Vice-President.

It has been already implied that on his first entrance on his post he occupied a somewhat isolated position amongst his clerical neighbours, both in the strict discharge of his parochial duties and his devotion to interests of a higher order than the amusements then so common in country life.

There are some cases where singularity is tolerated when it does not offend; but this is not so when the singularity of one leads to a comparison with others, and when that comparison is unfavourable to the many. They then are apt to regard peculiarity as a censure, not less keen because it is silent, and think that they themselves are blamed, when the truth is that they are only conscious of being wrong. Something of this feeling no doubt prevailed in the neighbourhood of Alderley. The Rector did not do what other rectors did; and though he neither censured in public nor reproved in private, his conduct testified to a difference of views, and some were dissatisfied with him because they became dissatisfied with themselves whilst seeing

how he lived. Some allowance might have been made for difference of tastes. Few of them possessed the resources which he carried about within him; fewer still possessed the happy power of giving the whole mind to a pursuit, and of feeling delight in any species of investigation. Men who had been accustomed to look to the sports of the field as the only recreation, were unable to understand the interest which might be taken in natural history and in the arts, and forfeited the influence which their situation included, from not knowing how to employ their leisure judiciously.[3]

This hostility, if such it might be called, gradually wore away, partly from a change in the feelings of the time, and partly from a juster appreciation of his motives, and from the friendly intercourse which he considered it a duty to cultivate with them. Of this intercourse one of the most permanent results was a Clerical Society, formed from the neighbouring clergy, which he was chiefly instrumental in founding.

There, when Turner, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, was rector of the adjoining parish of Wilmslow, many schemes of parochial improvement were formed, which doubtless exercised no inconsiderable influence on the dioceses to which they were respectively called in after years.

It has been necessary to state thus much in order to understand the somewhat prominent part he took in the more general subjects of national and ecclesiastical interest under discussion during the time of his life at Alderley. He inherited from his family strong Whig principles, which he always retained; and he never shrank from advocating those maxims of toleration and

[3] These remarks are again taken from the notes of his early friend.

reform which at that time were still the chief watch-words of the Liberal party, and to which he was inclined by natural character as well as by these hereditary ties. The more solitary he found himself in his position as a liberal clergyman, the more incumbent upon him seemed to be the duty of avowing his principles and availing himself of his station amongst his brethren, both for the sake of the cause itself and of the higher interests of the Church and of Religion, which appeared to him to suffer from the hostility in which they were often placed to the movement and requirements of the age.

The first occasion on which his name thus appeared was in 1829, when, in the excitement and panic which immediately preceded the passing of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, he wrote 'A Few Words in behalf of our Roman Catholic Brethren,' in the form of a short address to his parishioners, with the view of allaying the alarm which, under the influence of the opponents of the measure, had penetrated even to the lowest classes and the most rustic populations. The next public question which called him forth was that of Church Reform, during the crisis of 1831, in which he was the chief promoter of a meeting of the clergy of the county, to consider the expediency of taking into consideration such timely remedies for ecclesiastical abuses as might avert the danger of too extensive changes. This movement issued in a petition, signed by about forty clergymen, and praying for the reform of pluralities, non-residence, &c.—points which, though

they have been since carried into effect with the concurrence of the Episcopal body, were at that time considered to be matters of hazardous experiment. The grounds of objecting to this petition were manifold: such as the need of private reform as a preliminary to a public reform of the Church—the inexpediency of considering such questions in public meetings—the danger of moving at all. But it is instructive to observe that there was not a trace of the theory which some politicians and clergy have adopted in later times, that it was necessary to apply to a clerical synod before the intervention of Parliament. The petition was presented to the King, though not through the Bishop of the diocese, who declined the office. In 1836 another opportunity was offered for an endeavour to conciliate the animosities between Protestants and Roman Catholics. He had made a short tour during the summer of the previous year in the west of Ireland, of which the results were embodied in a pamphlet entitled 'A Few Observations on Religion and Education in Ireland.' It passed through two editions, and attracted considerable attention; and the information which he then acquired gave him ever afterwards a strong interest in Irish affairs.

Whilst entertaining thus strongly his opinion of the necessity of reform, and by nature a reformer of the most zealous kind, he always, as well from inclination as on principle, abstained scrupulously from implicating himself in the personal and local details of party politics, which then were more vehement, and absorbed within their vortex more members of his profession, than would

be the case at present. The only occasion on which he ever publicly appeared at an election was during a contest by one of his nephews for the county of Anglesea, where, as owner of a small estate, he had a vote; and where, in the unavoidable absence of the rest of the family, he felt himself bound, both as a clergyman and a near relative, to repel some calumnious insinuations of irreligion and infidelity brought by the opposite party against the Whig candidate.

Nor did he confine his exertions merely to the reform, without regard to the defence, of existing institutions. His answer to the attack on the University of Cambridge by Mr. Beverley has been already mentioned —an answer the more timely, because (to use his own words, in justifying his coming forward on such an occasion) it was

> the spontaneous evidence, not of a high churchman, neither of one who had in the eleventh hour for the first time proclaimed himself a reformer, but of one who through life had been a persevering advocate of reformation in every department, civil and religious; of one who had, in fact, looked with as keen an eye upon abuses as Mr. Beverley himself, and who had by so doing borne his full share of obloquy and reproach, from those with whom it had been his misfortune to differ.

It is a curious fact, too, that he was one of the original contributors to the 'British Magazine,' then edited by the late Hugh James Rose, who steadily refused any co-operation in his projects of reform, his articles being chiefly intended to refute the exaggerated reports then afloat of the wealth and the inefficiency of

the parochial clergy. In like manner, although possessed of an ardent love of liberty, and hatred of oppression in all its forms, he severely condemned the agitators who, in the troubles of 1831 and 1832, endeavoured to excite the lower orders against property and law. With this view he published a short address to his parishioners, originally written on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his residence in the parish, and which, from its bearing on the social state of the country at large at that disturbed time, he afterwards circulated for general use, under the title of 'A Country Rector's Address to his Parishioners;' and with the same feelings he offered his services, as Chairman of the Board of Guardians, to stem the odium under which the New Poor Law laboured at the time of its first appearance.

It was in the thirty-second year of his residence at Alderley, in the spring of 1837, that he received from Lord Melbourne the offer of the See of Norwich,[4] vacant by the death of Bishop Bathurst. On a previous occasion he had declined overtures of a similar nature with regard to the Bishopric of Manchester, the creation of which was then in immediate contemplation; and the strong bond of attachment between himself and his parish, added to his habitual distrust of his own powers, and his distaste for the burden of episcopal life, ren-

[4] Thirlwall was first thought of, but was reserved for the next vacancy. See Torrens' *Life of Lord Melbourne.*

dered him unfeignedly reluctant to leave his present post. On the other hand, there was a consciousness of energies greater than found scope in the limited sphere of a country parish. Accordingly, after much hesitation, and after a severe struggle, which for a time almost broke down his usual health and sanguine spirit, he was induced to accept the offer. At the moment of his decision he was on a short absence from home, and the sources of grief were opened afresh when he returned to Alderley to make preparations for his final departure. He remained there for three weeks, and during that time a general lamentation prevailed throughout the parish. The unconscious feelings of grateful affection and esteem which had grown up around him for thirty-two years now broke forth in the uncontrolled burst of natural grief, the more affecting from the simple language in which the feeling of the humbler classes finds utterance. 'It was the greatest trial' (such were some of their expressions) 'that ever I had: he was taken 'from us, because we did not make better use of him, 'to a place where they could make better use of him.' The very 'footbreadth' in the road where they had shed tears on first hearing of the news long lived in their recollection, as well as the minute details of parting which ensued. Every day he employed all the time not occupied by the necessary business of removal in riding round the parish to take leave of each of his people individually. On the Sundays, from the time of his appointment to the day of his consecration, prayers were offered up for him, at his request, in the parish

church. He was himself too deeply affected by the sight of that well-known congregation to preach or perform any of his official duties, with the exception of the benediction, which with faltering voice he pronounced at the close of each service; and for this reason his last words to the parish were expressed in a 'Farewell Address,' composed during his stay, and left to be distributed after his departure. It had been a stipulation, on his acceptance of the Bishopric, that his beloved charge (of which the presentation passed, on his appointment, to the Crown) should not be committed to a stranger; and he now made a promise to his parishioners, which he took the earliest opportunity of explaining to his diocese, and which he afterwards faithfully kept, that no year should elapse without a visit from him to the scene of his former labours.

The prospect of the future at first sight seemed hardly less gloomy than the separation from the past. A sphere of labour, for the most part uncongenial and unknown, to an extent beyond what is usually the case with those who are elevated to the episcopate; an anticipation undefined, but, as the event proved, not altogether ungrounded, of a hostile or cold reception in his new post; a requirement of restraints and formalities especially irksome to his free and unreserved manners and habits; above all, an almost overwhelming sense of the responsibility of the office—the more keen from the high conception which he had always formed of its peculiar duties—were amongst the causes which combined with his natural diffidence in inspiring a dread

of the approaching change. At his first interview with Lord Melbourne, on accepting the appointment, he was so much overcome that the good-natured minister was touched by his emotion, and spoke of the like feeling which he had himself experienced on taking office. It was a characteristic circumstance that this depression was first removed by the sight of the dreariness and dilapidation of the old Palace at Norwich, untenanted as it had been for several years. The need for cheerful exertion roused at once his natural spirit and energy, and the interest thus excited revived with redoubled force on his final entrance into his diocese in the month of August. From that time he turned with alacrity to the work which opened before him—a work which afforded the opportunity, seldom offered and often missed, of making a fresh step in life, with the advantages of past experience and of a clear field for the future, and in which, however much he might feel his energies overtasked, he would no more suffer from the restlessness or vexation of thinking that they were wasted.

What were his thoughts at this critical period of his life will best be gathered from a journal in which from this time forward, once or twice a year, on the more solemn anniversaries of his life, he recorded his private reflections, unseen and unknown till after his death, but so naturally descriptive of his habitual sentiments elsewhere publicly expressed, that there need be no scruple in extracting such portions of it as illustrate his general views.

It would be vain and useless [5] to speak to others of what none could feel so deeply as myself. What it cost me to leave Alderley, it is for myself alone to feel—the utter absence of all selfish motives—my reluctance, not to say aversion, for an office for which, in many respects, I feel myself so peculiarly unfitted; and yet could I or ought I to have refused undertaking it, with a consciousness that I might possibly be an instrument, in the hands of a higher power, of working out views which I conceived to be essential to the extension of liberal sentiments in my profession, and yet tremblingly alive to the difficulties I had to encounter, and my incompetency to stem the current if it set strongly against me? Will this change be productive of good or evil—will it aid my progress, or fatally impede it? Time alone can show.

And, in like manner, a few months later, when assailed by insinuations of ambitious or selfish views:—

Little do they guess how engrossed I altogether am in one sole object—the spiritual and temporal welfare of the diocese. By night, in my many waking hours, the working of my mind is how and what can be done by me to promote the end for which I accepted a situation for which in every other point I feel myself so unqualified and unfit. I accepted it with a determination not to make it a source of profit to myself or patronage for others, it being my unshaken determination to expend not only the whole proceeds of the emoluments on the diocese, but the greater part of my private fortune also, saving little or nothing more than it was my wish to do at Alderley; that, with regard to patronage, no motives of private interest, or mere connection, or personal friendship, should sway me in giving preferments; and that the names hitherto on my list consist of individuals known to me only by respectability and fitness for the situations to which I could appoint them. Such are the feelings with which I accepted the office of a Bishop—

[5] On commencing his primary visitation in 1838.

on such I have acted hitherto; and God grant that nothing may induce me to depart from principles which will alone justify me in entering on a line of life and arduous responsibility, drawing me aside from pursuits and tastes with which my habits were far more congenial.

It is a happy peculiarity of the office to which he was now called that it admits of so free an exercise of various and apparently heterogeneous gifts. As the Church of England itself is remarkable for the comprehensiveness of its forms and the mixed character of its institutions, whereby a refuge is afforded for that large mass of the community who have no natural affinity with extremes, so the Episcopal positions which it contains, by the nature of the case, open a field of usefulness which in most other ecclesiastical communities is confined within narrower limits. The large extent of an English diocese, though sometimes too wide for the personal superintendence of one man, yet has its advantage in providing centres for the moral and religious life of each province in the country, such as would be lost if, as in foreign and ancient churches, the Bishop were but the chief pastor of a single town or district. The connection with the Legislature, both by the mode of appointment and by the seat in the Upper House of Parliament, though not without temptations to turn the post to political or ambitious purposes, has the obvious benefit of giving it a place amongst our national institutions, and thereby elevating it above the petty and narrow influences which beset a merely ecclesiastical situation. The combination of various elements, secular

and spiritual, speculative and practical, financial and administrative, such as can be exhibited only in an office like that of an English Bishop, affords an opportunity for the development of diverse characters in the higher order of the national clergy, which else might be confined to one class of mind and opinion, and thus give a false bias to the whole body. In this wide field there was naturally much which lay beyond his grasp; but in every part of it, which he found himself in any way able to undertake, 'whatsoever his hand found to do,' he did it 'with his might.' He passed by none of its duties without at least attempting to fulfil them. He seemed to think it an insult to his position to allow any of its functions to be discharged by another which could be discharged by himself; and thus he became more thoroughly identified with his See, and, if one may so say, more consecrated and solemnised by its influences, than many would have been who abstractedly ascribed a more sacred origin and a more mystical character to the order of Episcopacy.

I. The Diocese of Norwich, which, till its partial reduction by the Ecclesiastical Commission at the time of his elevation, had comprised, as he used to remark, a number of benefices equal to that of the whole Protestant Establishment in Ireland, still contained nine hundred—an amount larger than is placed under the jurisdiction of any other see, with the exception of Lincoln and Chester. Over this large diocese Bishop

Bathurst had presided for thirty-two years, exactly the same period that his successor had presided over the parish of Alderley; and, having lived to the advanced age of ninety-three, it is not surprising that the infirmities of years, added to an easy and indulgent temperament, should have admitted or confirmed many abuses which, from the nature of the case, it was as difficult as it was necessary to remedy. Non-residence; pluralities; one instead of two services, once a week, or sometimes only once a fortnight—an abuse which had reached such a pitch as to have produced one instance (happily rectified before the time now described) in which fifteen churches were served by three brothers; carelessness in admission to Holy Orders; imperfect administration of the rites of Baptism and Burial: such were some of the more obvious anomalies which had made the Diocese of Norwich a byword for laxity amongst the sees of the Church of England. That there were signal exceptions to this state of neglect, need hardly be stated; nor should it be forgotten that the abundance and contiguity of churches, peculiar to East Anglia, rendered some of the above-mentioned omissions more conspicuous in appearance than they were important in reality. Still the general fact is undoubted, and it naturally awakened especial indignation in one who had for many years publicly protested against these very corruptions, and whose whole previous life had been spent in the perpetual discharge of those very duties which he now saw disregarded in his own Diocese. It is not necessary to go through all the details by which he endeavoured (in the

courteous language of one of the clerical addresses presented to him on his appointment) 'to carry out the 'means of improvement which, through the age of his 'venerable predecessor, had been left incomplete.' In some respects he was aided by a concurrence of circumstances beyond his control. The Act of 1 and 2 Vict. c. 106, for the enforcement of residence, which was passed immediately after his elevation to the See, enabled him to require in this particular what no Bishop, however zealous, could have done before, and what no Bishop, however inefficient, could be legally justified in omitting afterwards. To this must be added the co-operation of those faithful officers of the Diocese whom he found or created, and by whose means some of the grossest of the previous abuses had been considerably mitigated in the ten years preceding his arrival at Norwich; and again, the spirit of those of the clergy who partook in the general improvement of the age, and by whose aid he was supported in what else would have been in many cases an unavailing struggle. But it will be admitted that whatever change was effected was in great measure the work of the active head who directed and stimulated the exertions of all, and who was able to meet any complaints of the hardship or impracticability of his requirements by an appeal to his own example and experience. The same keen sense of professional duty which had actuated his conduct as a parochial minister, actuated him in a higher degree as Bishop. He was still the commanding officer of the ship: the difference was only that he had a mightier vessel to direct, and more stormy seas to encounter.

His scientific pursuits, as well as his more active researches, were now almost entirely discarded. A journal of atmospheric and meteorological phenomena, which he had begun many years before he came to Norwich, and still continued month by month with great care, formed the only exception. Whatever time he could spare, for anything like regular study, was now devoted to the more immediate call of his present duties. He applied himself with renewed energy to the study of ecclesiastical history and systematic divinity, and even of the Greek language, which he had long laid aside; and he often employed his leisure moments in selecting and copying such passages as bore upon the duties of a clergyman, not merely from professed divines, but from the general literature of the day, such as the biographies of Scott, Horner, Mackintosh, and the like, so as gradually to compile a volume of extracts, which might have formed a useful manual to many whose attention would have been less forcibly arrested by warnings or lessons from more recondite sources. But the larger part of his labour consisted in the diocesan business, which, involving as it did many uncongenial and distressing topics, seemed to him, as he wrote in his sadder moments, 'to curdle up and wither his very intellect and reasoning powers.' His methodical habits here came to his rescue. The same punctuality which had characterised his management of his parish he now applied more systematically to his larger sphere. Maps and statistics of the Diocese and city were eagerly studied; all letters from the clergy carefully acknow-

ledged, preserved, and laid up in chests devoted year by year to the accumulated store; all anonymous letters carefully closed as soon as opened, but kept unread to verify the handwritings of their respective authors; all his own letters, even on the most trifling matters, registered, endorsed, and copied; the previous career and qualifications of every candidate for ordination minutely required and recorded.

The activity with which he hunted out each case of neglect or abuse, as if with the zeal of a personal friend of the party injured, or a personal enemy of the culprit —and it may be, also, the almost military rigidity with which he regarded matters of discipline and professional duty—at times lent a greater appearance of harshness and severity to his requirements than was really involved in them. It is certain that his strict enforcement of them, especially of those which related to residence and the performance of the full service on Sundays, following, as it did, on a state of great relaxation, produced a bitter feeling in a large portion of his clergy. This feeling was for a long time the chief, though, as will presently be seen, not the only, cause of the general unpopularity which for the first years of his episcopate attached to his name. The resistance which he thus encountered was extremely painful to him; he was unable to conceive a clergyman devoid of the sense of obligation by which he was himself animated; and it was doubly trying to find that he was charged with enmity to the Church, often by the very persons on whom he was vainly endeavouring to impress the ob-

servance of its most important rules. 'I came into the 'Diocese,' he said, 'not with the expectation of finding 'it a bed of roses, but rather a bed of thorns; but my 'greatest trials arise from those of the clergy who are 'loudest in their cry of "The Church is in danger," but 'who never do anything to keep it from danger.' The greatness of the work before him, and of the obstacles thus thrown in his way, weighed heavily on his mind. 'I am well,' he writes in his first Visitation, 'and, as 'far as I can see and learn, am going on well; but the 'more I advance, the more humbled do I feel by the 'importance of my position. My only hope and conso-'lation is, that I am a sort of pioneer for better days; 'and that the seed I am, as far as I can be, sowing, will 'bring forth fruits when I am gone to a more peaceful 'and Christian world than this.'

But his efforts, though only partially successful, produced a visible and permanent effect on the Diocese. Not to speak of the reformation of minor abuses, the greater evils, which have been specially mentioned, were at last broken down. By careful enforcement of the Plurality and Non-residence Acts, one hundred additional parsonage-houses were erected by the seventh year of his episcopate, and by the twelfth year one hundred and seventy-three. The performance of morning and evening prayer every Sunday he required from existing incumbents by circulars and individual remonstrances—from fresh incumbents by promises exacted at their institution; and thus conferred upon the parishes under his charge three hundred and forty-seven addi-

tional services. The increase of residence, arising from these and similar measures, may be best gathered from two instances, selected at random from different parts of the Diocese.

'In 1837,' said a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Norwich, 'I saw from my windows nine parishes, of 'which only one contained a resident clergyman. Of 'those nine parishes there is now (in 1849) only one 'which does not contain a resident clergyman.'—'The 'Deanery of Sandford,' writes a clergyman from that district, 'is made up of twenty-eight parishes, containing 'a population of about 12,000; and owing to the num- 'ber of resident gentry and clergy, the value of the 'rural benefices, and the great width of the district, you 'might naturally expect to find the Church in a more 'efficient condition than in the generality of such neigh- 'bourhoods. When I first came here, in 1837, out of 'the twenty-eight parishes five churches only were open 'for divine service twice on the Lord's day. In 1849 'all the parishes enjoy this great blessing, with the ex- 'ception of three, in one of which the population does 'not amount to fifty persons, and the stipend of another 'does not reach 60*l.* yearly.—In 1837 five parishes only 'within the deanery possessed daily schools in connec- 'tion with the Church. In 1849 we have eight good 'schoolrooms (opened daily) in addition to the five al- 'ready existing; and in five parishes only, and those of 'very small population, are the children of the poor still 'deprived of daily education.'

Nor was it the least satisfactory proof of the result

of his labours, that it was at last recognised by the great mass of the clergy, who, no less honourably to themselves than to him, forgot the private inconvenience under which they had at first complained, in the sense of the public benefits which they were generous enough to allow, and to ascribe to the right source.

In addition to the correction of these more general abuses, he was also active in punishing those more flagrant instances of moral delinquency which, though rare in the clergy of the Established Church, are occasionally to be found, and which often escape censure from the great difficulty and expense which attend their prosecution. Whenever they became known to him, unless attended with extenuating circumstances, he attacked them with a severity unsparing alike of the delinquents and of himself. The thought of screening such cases, 'to avoid scandal to the Church,' was utterly unknown to him. The only professional feeling which he entertained on the subject was the sense of the disgrace which such men brought upon their profession, not by exposure of their vices, but by their continuance in its ministry. 'You could not,' he said, in reply to an officer in the army, who was endeavouring to extenuate an alleged offence in his regiment by suggesting an analogous case in the Church,—'you could not do *me* a 'greater service than by telling me of any such case 'amongst my clergy, that I might call him to account 'at once.' The cost and anxiety which some of these prosecutions involved were very heavy; and he often complained of the state of the law which threw such

obstacles in his way. His sanguine temperament and eagerness to act upon his conviction caused him, perhaps, to overlook the difficulties presented by a social condition and by national institutions so complex as our own; but he always had a strong impression that, if any Government were cordially invited to the task, a measure might be passed such as would secure, on the one hand, greater facilities for the prosecution of moral offenders; and, on the other, secure the clergy from the oppression of individual Bishops, from vexatious litigation on points of doctrine, or from the prejudices of a merely clerical tribunal. But it was a great satisfaction to him to receive from a large body of his clergy an address of sympathy with the course which on one of these occasions he had felt it his duty to pursue. 'With 'such co-operation,' he said, 'I shall be encouraged to proceed in my arduous and often distressing task of 'enforcing that godly discipline indispensable to the 'well-being of a Church.' It may be added, as a trait honourable alike to the clergy and to their Diocesan, that they collected on this occasion a sum to defray a considerable part of the costs incurred, which he accepted, but only to transfer it to the fund of the widows and orphans of clergy at Ipswich.

A more welcome, and to him on every account most delightful part of his Episcopal duties in the Diocese at large consisted in the Confirmations. Like most of the other ecclesiastical institutions of the Diocese, this rite had fallen into comparative neglect. A single instance, perhaps, will again best illustrate the change effected in this respect.

In 1837 the confirmations were septennial, and those for the deanery of Sandford were held within the town of Ipswich. The Bishop now confirms annually, and at three stations; so that in future no children will be distant more than four miles from the church in which that holy rite is administered.

The zeal with which he entered into this part of his duty will best be described in the words of one of his chaplains, who most frequently accompanied him :—

I have often on these occasions seen him weary in body, for the efforts that he would make were greater than I have ever known to be made by anyone, or ever expect again to witness; but with this he never ceased to be fervent in spirit. Whilst a duty remained to be discharged, he was ready to perform it; whilst anyone asked for his attention, he was prepared to give it. He was watchful to spare others; he was resolute in not sparing himself. At these times his interests, his energies, and all the warm parental and benevolent feelings of his heart were peculiarly brought into action. He made accurate observation of the candidates; and the pains taken with them by their respective ministers—the open Prayer-book—the devout and serious demeanour—seldom failed to receive his commendation; whilst anything like carelessness or levity of conduct met with his prompt and sharp rebuke. When adults presented themselves to him, they almost invariably went away with some kind word of encouragement, spoken with an earnestness that could never be forgotten. But the objects that would especially engage his attention were the friendless children that came from the different union-houses. His eye was always quick to discover their homely appearance, and before they were allowed to leave the rails of the communion-table he would address them individually: he used then to request that the chaplain to the workhouse might be summoned, to whom he would express his satisfaction that these children had been brought to him, and would desire that he might be furnished with the list of their names. And it was his habit on his return home to

forward to each a Bible and a Prayer-book, in which the name of the child, the date of the Confirmation, with the words 'Remember the day,' and the donor of the book, were written with his own hand. His addresses on these occasions were extempore, and did not seem to have undergone much preparation. There were certain leading topics on which he generally dwelt. He was quick to seize upon any local incident, and to improve any circumstance connected with the Confirmation. On these occasions he was earnest, animated, familiar, practical; endeavouring to adapt himself to the comprehension of the most ignorant. I never knew him to fail in gaining the attention of his audience—every eye would be turned towards him; and though his addresses always exceeded the half-hour, I never remember the interest in the smallest degree to abate. His language and manners were well calculated to impress those to whom he particularly addressed himself; and it has frequently occurred that when these visits have been repeated, after an interval of three years, cases have been brought under his notice of the good effects that had been produced by his Confirmation addresses. Perhaps I may here mention, that nothing could be more marked than the difference in the appearance and conduct of the catechumens in the early and the latter Confirmations. At the earlier Confirmations, the untidy appearance, the vacant and ignorant stare, the levity and rudeness of some of the labourers' children in the rural districts, were often the cause of considerable disquietude; whereas, latterly, the neatness and propriety of their dress, and the seriousness and devotion which they manifested, have been very striking, proving the increased attention they have received from their pastors, and the progress that had been made in the intelligence, and in the sense of decorum and propriety, to say the least, of the rising generation.

Another point in which the Diocese underwent a considerable change was in his mode of conducting the Ordinations; as, for example, in the regular three days'

examination, the hospitality at the Palace, the requirement of the exact details of the previous career of the candidates, with private letters as well as official testimonials for each. The active part which, in spite of his long discontinuance of such studies, he took himself in the examinations—his kindness to individuals—his deep sense of the solemnity of the occasion—may best be related from the recollection of eye-witnesses :—'Hearing 'that one of the candidates was very nervous and in 'low spirits concerning his fate, he took the trouble to 'walk up, after dinner, from the Palace to the hotel 'where the man was staying, to assure him that his 'work was well done, and that he need be under no 'alarm about not succeeding.'—'I gratefully remem-'ber,' writes another, 'his writing a note to my mother 'the moment my examination for Deacon's orders was 'over, and his walking out into the town to tell her 'I had passed the instant after my examination for 'Priest's orders, because he thought she would naturally 'be anxious to hear the result; and there are few in-'deed who would have thought of little acts of kind-'ness such as these when much pressed by business.'—'There was something,' writes a third, 'very striking 'in the charge which he gave to us in the Palace dining-'room. He sate there, where all could see him, and 'the tone of the word with which he began, "Gentle-'men," is most vividly in my mind. It was stamped 'with deep earnestness; his look was not less than in-'tense, and every limb of his body was at the time 'strung up in the energy with which the word came

'from the depths of his heart.'—'I cannot,' says another, 'summon many of the glowing words which left 'their living impress on the young and earnest hearts 'of those whom he addressed on their admission by 'him into the ministry of our Church. The picture 'rises before my mind of a reverend old man arrest-'ing the attention of all who stood before him, by his 'striking profile, his long silvery hair, and the quick 'glances of his searching eye, and then riveting, as it 'were, that attention on himself, while, with his deep, 'powerful voice, and with a frame gradually acquiring 'a slight tremulous movement as his emotion in-'creased, he urged upon his hearers the responsibilities 'of their new position in simple language—eloquent, 'because issuing warm and fresh from the heart. This, 'indeed, was the character of his oratory. The ex-'perience of others will perhaps confirm my observa-'tion, if I venture to think that those impressive charges 'which we heard in common, when afterwards ana-'lysed and examined, presented little which it might 'not have occurred to any wise and practical man 'to utter on such occasions; and yet they seemed to 'sink far deeper into the heart, and to influence the 'resolutions at least far more powerfully, than similar 'words spoken by other men. Who may tell through 'how many parishes of our land—in how many pulpits 'of our Church—their effects are yet and shall long 'be felt?'

The friendly intercourse thus begun with his clergy at their Ordinations, he continued with them and en-

couraged with their elders on every occasion. The institution of seventy Rural Deans, whom he received at the Palace once a year, greatly facilitated this intercourse, besides the direct advantage which it afforded for the better administration of the Diocese. 'The way 'in which he examined their reports in their presence,' says one of them, 'caused their discharge of that office to 'be effective and of great benefit;' and it may be allowed to insert here a testimony which they unanimously and conjointly bore to the results of this intercourse upon themselves, in a memorial presented by them to his family when he of whom they spoke was no more :—

> We feel that if we have been in any degree useful in carrying out the wishes of our chief pastor, much of our success is due to the opportunities which his generous hospitality so often afforded of associating with one who was ever vigilant and active himself, and anxious only to spend and to be spent in the service of his fellow-creatures.

Nor was it only on these more formal occasions that his clergy derived support from their Diocesan. A few instances of the effect produced upon them by acts of personal kindness and encouragement may be given in their own words :—

> His kindly spirit [says one] I daily felt as the animating principle (under the blessing of God) which encouraged all our parish duties. His excellent advice to me, on undertaking the parish to which he recommended me, is imprinted on my memory, and those words I now recall as an invaluable legacy : 'If you think that you owe me anything for introducing you to your parish, prove it by showing what an enlightened and liberal clergyman can do by improving his people.'

One of the most important posts in the Diocese was the Vicarage of Yarmouth, to which, about the middle of his Episcopate, Mr. Mackenzie, afterwards Bishop Suffragan of Nottingham, was appointed by the Dean of Norwich :—

In my first lengthened interview with the Bishop [writes Mr. Mackenzie] I had been perhaps unnecessarily detaining him with an account of my own feelings of responsibility and sense of deficiency in taking the charge of so influential and so difficult a parish in his Diocese. That quick, yet so often subdued eye of his had gathered in, perhaps more from my countenance than my words, all that I wished to express. In rejoining, he was not content with a simple expression of assent or even of sympathy. His warm heart seemed to pour out confidence; and after a few words of kind encouragement, he rapidly and vigorously sketched the smallness of my parochial responsibility compared with that laid on the higher office-bearers in the Church, and, with a depth of emotion which I can never forget, concluded his remarks with words to this effect :—'You must expect difficulties, and sometimes you may make mistakes under them. We all make mistakes. I know that I do myself sometimes; but I assure you that, whatever error I may commit, my heart is in my Diocese.' Need I say that my affections were at once enlisted on the side of a heart so true; and that, whatever else might betide, my full confidence was won by his frankness, and his fatherly and most Christian sympathy?

Another interview of a different kind shall close this portion of his life, as communicated by one who says that, 'with the exception of the late Rev. Hugh James Rose, he never met with anyone who, in so short a time, and on so slight an acquaintance, found his way

so thoroughly into his heart as the late Bishop of Norwich.'

I was Rector of Waldringfield—one of the smallest and most obscure parishes in the remotest corner of the Diocese, containing a population of less than 170 persons. Nevertheless, to this remote, obscure, and diminutive parish, the Bishop found his way. He came, and spoke kindly and encouragingly to the rustic priest, accompanied him to his church and school, and walked with him through his straggling parish. He took a lively interest in all my little parochial arrangements, as if my parish had been one of the most important in his Diocese. He talked in a simple patriarchal way to the poor children of the school; patted the heads of those of whom I could speak well, promising a Prayer-book to the best girl, which promise was fulfilled by the arrival of a parcel containing a Prayer-book, in which her name was written by the Bishop himself, with the flattering addition that it was a present to her on account of good conduct. Walking through the parish, he asked me to point out to him any persons to whom a word of encouragement, advice, or rebuke, might be useful. I did so; and he stayed and spoke in an earnest manner, full of kindness, to two or three individuals. To a country parson who is old-fashioned enough to believe in the Apostolical Succession, and to regard a Bishop as (in reality what he is professedly) a 'Father in God,' all this was delightful in the extreme. I felt as if a sunbeam had passed through my parish, and had left me to rejoice in its genial and cheerful warmth. From that day I would have died to serve him; and I believe that not a few of my humble flock were animated in a greater or less degree by the same kind of feeling.

II. Next to the improvement of the Diocese at large, his chief object was to serve the city of Norwich. When he first entered on his office it had been proposed to him, in consequence of the dilapidated state of the

Episcopal Palace, to take up his residence at some country house a few miles distant from the town. But against this he indignantly protested. 'A Bishop,' he said, 'should always be at his post in the chief city of the Diocese.' It so happened that the circumstances of his own see naturally accommodated themselves to this view. In obedience to the wise policy of the Conqueror, which enjoined the union, wherever it could be effected, of the ecclesiastical and civil centres of jurisdiction, Herbert, the first Norman Bishop, had transferred the see from the insignificant Saxon town of Thetford, not, as his own feeling had at first dictated, to the sanctuary of St. Edmund at Bury, but to Norwich. The seat of the Bishopric was thus established in the ancient capital of East Anglia—already, at the time of the transference, crowned by the stately Norman fortress by which William held in check his unruly eastern subjects, and still, by its commanding position and its central situation, marked out as the natural metropolis of a large and flourishing province. The Episcopal Palace, formed by gradual additions to the original edifice of Herbert,[6] has, since the destruction of the princely mansion of the Dukes of Norfolk in the course of the last century, naturally become the chief residence in the city. The position thus enjoyed by the Bishops of Norwich he endeavoured to realise with all the energy of his active mind. Not that the other towns of the Diocese were overlooked. Yarmouth, with its shipping and fisheries, its mechanics'

[6] See the curious *Life, Letters, and Sermons of Herbert de Losinga* (the first Bishop of Norwich), recently edited, with copious illustrations, by Dean Goulburn.

institute, and its magnificent church, Ipswich, the southern capital of the Diocese, with its more than provincial museum, received a large amount of his interest over and above the inevitable connexion into which he was brought with all parts of his Diocese by his frequent Confirmations and other similar employments. But Norwich he felt to be his peculiar charge. It was to him what his parish had been before, and therefore he delighted to make himself acquainted with its antiquities and statistics; to become the patron of all its institutions; to entertain at the Palace distinguished guests or societies, whose presence could gratify the feelings or promote the interests of the city. More especially, of course, he devoted himself to such institutions as were connected with its moral and religious welfare. The Cathedral was a constant source of interest to him. Its tall tower and spire, overhanging the Palace-garden, and familiar to him in all its moods of haze and sunshine, became deeply endeared to him. Its structure he had explored in every direction. On one occasion he took advantage of some repairs in its lofty spire to ascend to its topmost summit. He bequeathed to it the Prayer-books of the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, and the Coronation Bible of Queen Victoria, which fell to his share as Clerk of the Closet of the Chapel Royal;[7] and his gift of the central compartment of the eastern window was the first beginning of a systematic attempt to repair the destruction of the painted glass during the ravages

[7] He had been appointed to this office by Lord Melbourne.

of the Civil Wars. In its services also, though not gifted with any remarkable taste for music, he found a lively pleasure, and he always took much interest in the welfare of the little choristers. On the mornings of Sunday he filled his place in the Cathedral. The afternoon he devoted to visiting in rotation the different churches in the city, and thus making himself acquainted with the state of their congregations and efficiency of their ministers. He seldom allowed business to interfere with his daily attendance at the morning service of the Cathedral, enjoying it as a time of peaceful meditation.

On the week-days he usually employed his afternoon walks for two principal objects—the same that, on a less extended scale, had occupied him at Alderley—the schools and the poor. The schools, whether belonging to the Establishment or to the Dissenters, he visited in succession, examining the children, and noticing any defects or excellences that struck him in their management. The same endearing acts which so won the hearts of the children at Alderley, and which so naturally flowed from his affectionate nature, were continued at Norwich; at the Infant Schools especially, the sugar-plums for the little ones were always brought; and when in their daily exercises and singing they marched round the school, he would sometimes himself take one of them by the hand, and join the little procession. His attention was specially directed to the children of the workhouse school.

He mentioned to a clergyman of the city the wretched state of ignorance in which they were then living, and asked him

whether he could find any teachers among his congregation who would willingly devote their evenings to the work of teaching these hitherto neglected children. A number of teachers were soon found, and the Bishop went to the opening of this evening school. The clergyman offered up a prayer, in which a blessing was invoked on the undertaking. It was a striking sight to see the Bishop kneeling on the stone floor of the hall amidst the poor children, many of whom in all probability had never knelt for prayer before—such, at least, was the natural inference from their irreverent conduct. The Bishop was not discouraged, but sat down and instructed a class of boys with much apparent delight; and as he returned to the palace remarked to the clergyman who had accompanied him, 'What a blessing it will be if we can but be made the instruments of saving the soul of one of these poor children!'

In the welfare of the poor he showed his active interest by the various plans which he adopted or encouraged for a systematic relief of their wants or improvement of their condition. Eventually his chief support was given through a large saving club, organised and conducted by his eldest daughter, by which 1,500 of the poorest class were enabled both to receive assistance and to help themselves at the same time. To benevolent societies and institutions, such as the District Visiting Society, the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, the Blind Asylum, he lent a powerful aid, not only by his eager co-operation, but by his fearless disregard of the petty feuds and selfish passions by which all local objects and meetings are liable to be contaminated.

As in his former sphere, so in this, he took especial interest in the operation of the New Poor Law, which at the time of his first entrance into the Diocese was still

labouring under the combined odium of the extremes of both political parties; for which reason, amongst others, he paid that special attention to the schools of the workhouses which has just been mentioned. This avowed advocacy of an unpopular measure, combined with his strong opposition to the Chartist demagogues at that time active in Norwich, exposed him to considerable obloquy amongst the lower classes; so much so that in the most ignorant quarters of the city there were many poor who, even to the day of his death, could 'never speak kindly of him, and this notwithstanding' 'his unbounded liberality towards them;' and during the first two or three years of his residence he could hardly visit those quarters on his charitable missions without danger of insult or annoyance. He was never turned aside by this opposition from what he conceived to be his duty to the truth. On the occasion of a Chartist mob occupying the Cathedral, according to the practice which extensively prevailed amongst them in 1839, he undertook, in place of the usual preacher, to expostulate with them strongly and severely on the futile and mischievous tendencies of their principles. On another occasion, when the ceremony of consecrating a church in the neighbourhood was beset by a similar interruption, he insisted upon returning on foot through the crowd, though at times menaced with actual violence. With those whom he met in the course of his visits he would often argue at length against their peculiar doctrines. The practice, which he had commenced from his first arrival at Norwich, of personally

visiting, consoling, and praying with the poor and sick, became more and more frequent with him during the latter period of his stay. It was not the actual amount of relief received from him, or the mere fact of his visits, which impressed them, so much as his manner towards them. They often spoke of his being 'a gentleman,' and used to observe the way in which he acknowledged the bow of the poorest man who passed him in the streets, and of the attention which he showed to their little wants and matters of business, as much as to those of greater importance in a higher sphere—how, for example, he carefully remembered, after the lapse of some months, his promise to a poor woman who was going to emigrate to Australia, and gave her, before her departure, some money for herself, and for each of her children a family Bible and a Prayer-book, in each of which he had himself written the name, with the date, and 'from the Bishop of Norwich.' 'Such acts as 'these,' says the clergyman who relates it, 'I believe 'to have been continual; and many is the old woman 'in my parish who still speaks of some individual act of 'kindness of the same sort.' 'He used to say to me,' says another Norwich curate, "If there are any de-'"serving cases of sick in your parish, always tell me, '"that I may visit them—it is a kind of work that I '"enjoy beyond all other." And thus did he go about 'all those backyards and alleys which exist at Norwich 'only amongst the poorest of the poor—for I never 'mentioned the name of any sick poor but he visited 'or relieved them that very day, or as soon after

'as possible. He prayed and read with them, and, 'they added, talked with them, just as if he was any 'poor man himself—he was so very humble.'

His own feeling on the subject is best expressed in his Journal. In March, 1842, amidst expressions of disappointment at the little amount of good that he was able to effect in the Diocese at large,

I feel [he writes] that in some points I have chosen rightly, and I often meet with proofs that what my conscience tells me to be right is indeed right. I have been of late more frequently than before, though always more or less so, in the habit of visiting the poor, and in sitting and talking with them have seen and heard much to encourage me to persevere in this line. I have been particularly struck with the case of a poor outcast girl. How ought I to shrink from complaining at any bitter drops in my cup when I see how a poor, ignorant, uneducated creature can rise above her misfortunes, supported by religious principle! If in my position I could establish a system to relieve and to add to the comfort and happiness of a few such unfriended poor, it would tend much to make me go on my way rejoicing.

The fierce opposition which often awaited him brought out in the strongest light his indomitable fearlessness. A bitter assailant,[8] whose acquaintance with Norwich might have taught her better, and who reserved the attack till long after his death, ventured to describe him as 'timid as a hare.' The true account would have been 'courageous as a lion.'

As I read these words, 'timid as a hare' [says one who wrote immediately after reading this strange calumny], I remembered seeing Bishop Stanley, on a memorable occasion, come out of the Great Hall of St. Andrew's, Norwich. The Chartist

[8] *Autobiography* of Harriet Martineau.

mob, who lined the street, saluted the active, spare little Bishop with hooting and groans. He came out alone and unattended till he was followed by me and my brother, determined, as the saying is, 'to see him safe home,' for the mob was highly excited and brutal. Bishop Stanley marched along ten yards, and then turned sharp round and fixed his eagle eyes on the mob, and then marched ten yards more, and turned round again rapidly, and gave the same hawk-like look!

This may be taken as an example of his physical courage. The following is a like instance of moral intrepidity in a different sphere, given, like the former anecdote, by an eye-witness.

In organising a new committee for one of the Norwich institutions, there had been introduced into the list of the Governors the name of the brother of a highly influential person in the place. This gentleman, though a clergyman, had no clerical preferment, and therefore had never come under the Bishop's notice; but he was a man of scandalous life, and his appearance amongst the Governors was considered an outrage on public morality. A large quarterly meeting of the Governors had been summoned, for the purpose of finally determining the Committee; and it was understood that then, or never, was to be made a stand against this name. It was a full meeting of more than 100 persons. The Bishop was in the chair; on his left was the gentleman whose seat was questioned, on his right was the brother. The list of names was read over by the secretary, and the moment that it was concluded the Bishop rose. I knew what was coming, and I trembled in my place. He rose, and in the most solemn manner, and in a voice which resounded through every part of the room, said, 'I insist that the name of one individual be erased from the list. That individual I name before the whole assembly with the deepest sorrow. The Rev. A. B. is the person who, by his shameful conduct, is a disgrace to his profession; and unless his name is struck off the list, my name

shall not remain.' The sensation was immense: for some minutes the meeting was as silent as death. Once more the Bishop named the man: 'I repeat, that I insist that the name of the Rev. A. B. be erased from the list. A man who lives the life that he lives is a disgrace to his profession; and I will never consent to sit here at the table where he sits.' He then put the case to the vote, and the name was erased on the spot. One of the Governors, on whom the scene made an impression which he has since declared that he could never forget, and who was then sitting near the Bishop, turned to him and said, 'My Lord, you have this day obtained a great moral triumph.' 'I know that I have,' was his reply, 'and I am thankful for it.'

III. There was a third department of his episcopal functions to which, in common probably with most of the Bishops, he usually devoted three months in the year—his residence in London. Besides the direct benefits of the law which requires Bishops to be present in the House of Lords as counsellors on those moral and religious interests with which they are presumed to be especially acquainted, it involves the indirect, but not less obvious, advantage of calling them once a year from their several Dioceses to a centre where they can consider measures for the welfare of the Church at large, attend to various schemes of national improvement, and, whether by their position in the legislature or by mixing in a wider sphere of society, find their true level, enlarge their own views, and feel themselves responsible to public opinion for the conduct of their respective Dioceses. Inspired by such sentiments as these, the Bishop always felt that in the pursuit of the various opportunities for usefulness which the metropolis opened to him he was discharging an important

function of his office; and his residence there, though to his active mind not without its peculiar enjoyments, was perhaps the hardest portion of his annual labours. The spirit, however, in which he followed these avocations was for the most part so closely connected with more general questions, that it can only be understood properly through a general delineation of his principles, political and theological.

It may be inferred, from what has been already said, that he was conspicuous among his Episcopal brethren for his advocacy of what are termed 'liberal' opinions. Others amongst the contemporary Prelates may have cherished such views as ardently, or pleaded their cause more effectually; but there was at that time no one who avowed and acted on them, on all occasions, so unreservedly, so fearlessly, and, it was often alleged, so incautiously. It was not merely that he was a Whig in politics, and a staunch supporter of a Whig Ministry, but that, in all the various questions where politics and theology cross one another, he took the side of free and comprehensive, instead of precise and exclusive views; and to impress them upon others was one chief interest of his new situation.

Whether by the increased energy now exhibited by the clergy throughout the country [he writes in his Journal of 1838] the High Church party will become the dominant source of instruction to the people, and put down, or by its exclusive spirit perpetuate and increase, Dissent, time and circumstances must show. God grant that I may be an instrument in His Providence of extending what I conceive to be more enlarged and Christian views amongst the clergy, and thus be the means (and

for this I mainly accepted my office) of disseminating a wider and more comprehensive spirit of Christianity throughout the land.'

Every element in his early education and in his natural character conspired to give this turn to his mind. A practical representation of religion had a charm for him, which no beauty of diction or subtlety of argument could ever lend to the more dogmatic systems in which many, both in present and in former times, have found their chief support and delight. When endeavouring to clear up any theological difficulties, his appeals were to the general instincts and common sense of mankind. 'Read the Gospel of St. John,' he would say to one who was disturbed by sceptical doubts, 'and ask 'whether that book could have proceeded from any 'but a divine source.' To one who had sent for him in the prospect of approaching death, and expressed perplexity at various difficulties as to the doctrine commonly known as the Divinity of Christ, he begged to hear them enumerated. This was done, one after another, and when it was concluded he asked whether anything yet remained. 'No,' was the reply. 'Then,' said he, 'I do not answer one of your difficulties. I 'grant them all. They are difficulties. I cannot ex-'plain them. But now, let me ask you one question. 'Do you, in the prospect of death, feel that anything 'can give you such confidence and support in that hour 'as the belief that Christ is God?' The form of the argument may perhaps not commend itself; but the principle on which it is based is of more general appli-

cation than that special instance. Whilst it will easily be understood that the ordinary treatises of Anglican or scholastic divinity had but little attraction for him, such works or biographies as combined sentiments of genuine piety and practical benevolence with freedom of thought, as the Lives of Leighton, Bramhall, and Sharpe (Archbishop of York), bear the marks of having been studied through and through, with special reference to his own practice, which he in various instances endeavoured especially to form on the example of those good men.

His strength[9] did not lie either in dogmatic statements or in theological research, technically speaking. His knowledge of himself on those points, and his directly practical turn of mind, always seemed to lead him from these less kindred subjects to those where his duty seemed specifically assigned to him. At Confirmations this was clearly discernible, but, from the nature of the case, very remarkably at ordination examinations. It was not indisposition to scientific or exact study in the abstract, for on his own subjects no man could be a more diligent student; but it was always a matter of thankfulness to those who knew him best, that he comprehended so clearly his fields of usefulness, and passed so boldly and steadily by many subjects where his position and the wishes of the world would have justified an opinion which, valuable as it would have been, would probably have shut out something drawn from the treasures of his own earnest heart.

What he felt with regard to minute points of doctrinal difference, he felt still more strongly with regard to differences of form. His imaginative mind and open heart had indeed no sympathy with the coarse and

[9] His Chaplain, Archdeacon Ormerod.

fanatical extravagances which sometimes disfigure the outward aspect of English Dissent; but Nonconformity, as such, he never could regard as a sin. It was observable how marked a stress he always laid on the words in the Bidding Prayer which enjoin a supplication for 'the *whole* congregation of Christian people 'dispersed *throughout* the world;' or again, in the Ordination service, how, in the passage which commands the candidates for priests' orders to 'set forth peace 'and quietness,' after an emphatic pause he added, with the whole strength of his sonorous voice, 'amongst '*all* Christian people.' Bible Societies, City Missions, British and Foreign Schools, Irish National Education —anything which brought together the different sects of Christians on some general and neutral ground, such as he was always persuaded might be found, had an attraction for him from that point of view over and above their intrinsic merits. The opportunity, in particular, which the Bible Society afforded, of meeting with the Dissenting ministers in Norwich, was one of which he gladly availed himself; and on that occasion he always received them at his table, and conversed with them as freely as with his own clergy. Such, too, were the chief occasions on which he came forward in debates in the House of Lords. in which, from a distrust of his own powers, he rarely took an active part. The earliest and most successful of his speeches was in defence of the scheme of Irish national education in 1838; another in behalf of the Government scheme of education in 1839; a third in 1840, on Subscription, which shall be shortly

mentioned again; a fourth on the endowment of Maynooth, in 1842; a fifth on the Dissenters' Chapels Bill. In like manner, in the discussions of the Episcopal body or of religious societies in the metropolis, he always held the same ground. If one question may be mentioned more than another, as particularly vexatious to him from the manner in which it was often handled, perhaps it was the bitter controversy which agitated the National Society in 1839, long since settled in the sense advocated by himself and those few among his order who agreed with him on the subject. Many of the clergy then insisted on the unconditional enforcement of the catechism in all schools—a measure which involved the exclusion of a large class of Dissenting children, to whose attendance and participation in the common instruction the only existing obstacle was two or three phrases relating to the institution of sponsors. Although in these discussions grave differences occasionally occurred between himself and those most opposed to him in views and character, a kindly feeling subsisted which increased in later years in proportion as private life brought them into closer contact. An instance of this mutual appreciation, in spite of great diversity of opinion, was exhibited in his friendly intercourse with the then Bishop of Tasmania, in whose eager self-devotion, and frank and manly character, he felt that he had found a congenial spirit; whilst Bishop Nixon, on the other hand, was startled to find how much there was to attract his sympathy in one whom he had almost shunned to meet as a dangerous latitudinarian.

How gladly [he wrote on his departure to Van Diemen's Land in the close of the year 1847] could I have worked under him as an incumbent in his Diocese; nor would the feeling have been lessened, even though I might and should have differed from him on matters of Church polity. I do admire his high moral courage—his Christian truthfulness—his earnest zeal—his steady resolve to do that which his conscience says is right, despite of all obloquy and opposition. I never shall forget some few words of his just before we parted. He may not remember them, but I shall:—'I hear a great deal about zeal for the welfare of the *Church*. I wish I could hear more of anxiety for the welfare of *Christianity*.'

It was natural, however, that the expression and the carrying into practice of such opinions should create considerable annoyance, and the more so as they were usually put forth in a manner so unreserved, and on occasions so public, as to provoke rather than to disarm hostility, and thus to excite amongst the clergy a suspicion of difference in cases where none was intended. A few instances of this dissatisfaction may be here recorded, both because they illustrate his character, and because at the time they filled a large space in public attention; nor must these outbreaks of discontent be overlooked in reference to the effect on his own character. The immediate annoyance of a theological clamour soon dies away, but the painful and often paralysing recollection of it long continues to operate on the individual against whom it is aimed; and the result must be, as to a certain extent it was with his sanguine nature, that not merely the natural freedom which has given occasion to the outcry will be repressed, but that

active exertion generally will be chilled, from a sense of the want of that support, and absence of that charitable construction, which is by partisans granted only to those whom they suppose to agree with themselves.

(1) His first public appearance in his Diocese took place at his Installation, which was attended by an assemblage of the various Church Societies of Norwich, in behalf of which the Bishop was to preach. The ceremony, both from the length of time since it had occurred, and from the interest excited by the re-appearance of an active Diocesan, attracted much notice. The clergy, who attended in considerable numbers, presented a warm address of sympathy; and the Installation itself was celebrated with the impressiveness which a numerous procession and crowded congregation must always produce in an ancient and majestic edifice like the Cathedral of Norwich. The Bishop was deeply affected by this cordial and solemn entrance into his new office, and expressed publicly, at the close of the day, that 'till then he had never felt anything like 'consolation for the sacrifice he had made in parting 'from his former charge.' The sermon which he had preached in the morning, besides the genuine expression of diffidence in his own sufficiency for the office in which he was on that day installed, and of sincere trust in Divine assistance, entered also on some of the topics suggested by the mention of the societies assembled in the Cathedral, especially the National Society (for Church Education), as represented by 1,200 school-children there collected for the

occasion. In speaking, as he was led to do by his subject, of the Church Establishment and of Education, he chose with characteristic fearlessness, and also with a warmth of expression and delivery which always gave additional force to the enunciation of his favourite principles, to enlarge on two points of considerable importance, but perhaps the most liable to misconception that could at that time have been pressed upon an audience like that which he was addressing. These were the inculcation of tolerance of Dissent (as not involving of necessity the guilt of schism), and the assertion of the desirableness of combining secular with religious instruction as a means of generally elevating and enlarging the mind. Such remarks would not have elicited much observation a few years earlier—nor perhaps a few years later. But at that time the High Church movement, then in its first crude triumph, rendered the clerical mind especially sensitive on these two innocent questions; the influence of the Oxford school, then at its height, had penetrated indirectly into spheres far removed from direct contact with it; and the cry that the Whig Government of the day was about to introduce a system of education without religion, caused every allusion to the subject on one side or the other to be considered as a party watchword, without much regard to what was really intended. To this it must be added that Norwich had just before been the scene of a general election; the angry passions of the respective parties had by no means subsided, and it needed but a spark on a meeting like the one now

described to kindle a general flame. Such a spark was supplied by the fact that a distinguished clergyman of the Conservative party, in proposing the Bishop's health, omitted to request the publication of his sermon; the omission, which might else have passed in silence, was pointedly remarked upon by the champion of the opposite party, then warmly defended by his Conservative antagonist; the mass of the audience took part with the latter, and a general uproar ensued, as discourteous and unseemly in appearance as it had been in fact unexpected and undesigned. By one of the accidents which often befall the press, the London journals eagerly caught hold of the scene; 'the heretical sermon of a liberal 'Bishop,' and 'gross outrage upon the Bishop of Nor-'wich,' were everywhere bandied about as weapons of party warfare, and revived the clamour in its original birthplace, where it had well-nigh subsided. The sermon was printed at the request of the civic authorities: the whole impression sold immediately, and the controversy rolled on for some months before it was allowed to die away. It will be seen that the apparent hostility manifested towards the Bishop was in part accidental, in part greatly exaggerated. He himself sat unmoved throughout the clamour of the meeting, and afterwards wrote to one of the keenest of his advocates amongst the liberal journals, insisting on a retractation of a coarse invective against the clergyman chiefly concerned in the opposition to his views. Still it was an ill-omened accompaniment to what might otherwise have been an auspicious inauguration, and the scene left on his

mind an unfavourable impression of the temper of his clergy which was not easily effaced; though with the individuals concerned complete harmony was soon effectually restored.

(2) The agitation produced by his installation sermon had passed away, and his primary charge, though reiterating in a more detailed and perspicuous form the same sentiments, had been published at the general request of his clergy without provoking any public animadversions, when the tranquillity of the Diocese was disturbed by an incident which, however trifling in itself, threatened for the time to create a new and more serious discussion. In the autumn of 1838 he had been requested by an old Unitarian minister at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with whom he had accidentally formed an acquaintance through mutual friends in Cheshire, to subscribe to a volume of sermons about to be published as a kind of celebration of the fifty-seventh anniversary of his ministerial duties. The Bishop, reluctant to withhold a personal compliment from an old man whose general character he had reason to respect, consented to take a copy; adding, however, with greater caution than was habitual to him, a distinct condition that his name should not be inserted in the list of subscribers, for the obvious reason that, by those who did not know the circumstances of the case, his motives might be misrepresented, and his respect for the individual construed into an approval of all the doctrines professed by the sect. This instruction was inadvertently disregarded; and the publication of the name of the Bishop

of Norwich, with that of Dr. Maltby, then Bishop of Durham—first in the provincial and then in the London journals—as heading a list of subscribers to a volume of Unitarian sermons, was caught up with the fierce animosity often aroused both amongst Churchmen and Nonconformists by that particular form of Christianity, and with the contemptuous antipathy to all Dissenters at that time so largely promoted amongst Churchmen by the Oxford school. The storm raged with considerable vehemence, and, though somewhat allayed in proportion as the exact facts of the case became known, lingered long before it was entirely forgotten either by him or by his opponents. His own comments are instructive.

I certainly ought to have been more cautious; but what a life of wretchedness to be for ever watching over and repressing the spontaneous acts of kindness which opportunities call forth! Could I have foreseen so much misrepresentation about to overshadow me within little more than a year after my undertaking the office of Bishop, I should probably have at once shrunk from accepting it. To be called an enemy of a Church which it is the object of my life to serve, is indeed painful; and still more to have it cast in my teeth that I am an enemy to that revelation of religion which identifies itself with the acknowledgment of Christ as a Saviour.

(3) It was his fortune to be placed in a Diocese in which, partly owing to its separation from the great thoroughfares of the country, partly to the Cambridge education of the mass of its clergy, the opinions of the Oxford school, at that time still popular, had made but little direct progress. Perhaps from this cause, as well as from the growth of a more friendly spirit amongst his clergy, no overt offence was taken at his second

Charge, delivered in 1846, in which he attacked (to use his own words) 'not only the late extravagances of 'that party, but the very fountain-head whence they 'originally flowed—the doctrine of apostolical succes-'sion.' Such, however, was not the case when, two years earlier, on being called upon in London to preach the annual sermon before the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, he took the opportunity, in stating the true claims of the Church of England, to disavow this doctrine in the presence of the assembly of bishops and of metropolitan clergy congregated as usual at that solemnity. At the civic banquet thanks were returned by the host to the preacher 'for the boldest 'sermon that had ever been delivered in St. Paul's 'Cathedral;' but it caused great dissatisfaction amongst the mass of his clerical hearers; and though no public censure was pronounced upon it, the committee of the society deviated from their otherwise invariable rule by omitting to request its publication in the Report of that year. The Primate (Dr. Howley), with that tact and caution by which his career was so pre-eminently distinguished, prevented a public discussion; and the sermon was published separately, with notes, and citations from Anglican divines, in defence of the position there laid down.

(4) From what has been already stated, it may be inferred that he was always eager to vindicate, for himself and for others, that freedom of interpretation with regard to the formularies of the Church of England which common sense and long practice seemed to him

to render necessary. The disputes about vestments, postures, and the like, which during part of his Episcopate agitated so extensively other parts of England, were considered by him as 'points so thoroughly trifling that 'it was not worth while to pronounce any authoritative 'opinion respecting them;' and accordingly, whenever they were brought before him for his decision, they were dismissed summarily with contempt. At that time it was the question only between black and white; the subsequent fashions of red, green, and blue, had not come into play. In any more serious questions, where such innovators sheltered their practices under obsolete rubrics, he always returned the same answer—that he should never interfere to enforce the rule; but if appeal were made to him, he must decide in its favour. And on such points his strict notion of professional obedience to orders rendered him more indulgent than might otherwise have been expected to those High Church clergymen who incurred obloquy for the observance of regulations which he would have wished to alter, but which, so long as they continued in force, seemed to him to offer a justification for the deference paid to them. Such alterations he openly advocated with a zeal which perhaps overlooked the difficulties of reconstructing a time-worn edifice like the Church of England; meanwhile, whether with regard to its doctrine or practice, he maintained the obvious position, that conformity, if required from one party, must be required from all. It was this point which involved the only remaining controversial trouble which need here be mentioned.

In May, 1840, a petition was presented to the House of Lords, praying that 'the letter of the Prayer-book 'and the subscription to the Articles and Liturgy might 'be rendered consistent with the practice of the clergy 'and the acknowledged meaning of the Church.' This petition, signed by sixty members of the Church of England, had been chiefly set on foot by the Rev. Charles Wodehouse, Canon of Norwich Cathedral, who had taken a strong interest in the matter for many years. The debate which followed was the first of the kind which had taken place in either House of Parliament since 1772. Dr. Kaye, then Bishop of Lincoln, expressed decidedly, but with habitual caution, his opinion that the scruples entertained by the chief petitioner were no bar to ordination. Archbishop Howley and Bishop Blomfield attacked the petition with considerable severity. The Bishop of Norwich defended the petitioners, and expressed his wish for a more satisfactory settlement of the question of subscription, in a speech which was afterwards printed, with notes, to vindicate it from the strong language with which it had been assailed by those who, in the heat of debate, forgot that they had themselves expressed similar sentiments elsewhere. It is remarkable that when these relaxations in the form of subscription, then rejected with so much warmth, were proposed to the Legislature in 1865,[1] they were carried in the House of Lords without a division, and almost without a remark from the Episcopal Bench.

[1] The contrast of the two scenes is described by an eye-witness in *Essay on Church and State*, p. 216.

The interest which this debate had roused was revived in his own Diocese by the proposal of the Bishop (in 1846) to appoint the Canon just mentioned to the vacant archdeaconry of Norfolk. The appointment was one which he had long intended to make, according to his usual principle of selecting, independently of personal considerations, whomsoever he judged to be most qualified for the post by general character and by intimate acquaintance with the Diocese. He naturally looked with indulgence on the exceptions which the clergyman in question had long expressed to the obvious and literal sense of the anathematising clauses of the Athanasian Creed, and to the apparent sanction furnished for the sacerdotal aspect of the clerical office in the formula of Ordination and the words of absolution in the service for the Visitation of the Sick. The Bishop well knew that these were forms which no one at the present time receives without considerable qualification. But there were some leading members of the clergy who regarded such scruples as an insuperable obstacle to the acceptance of an ecclesiastical office, and accordingly a memorial was presented from them to the Bishop, praying him to cancel the appointment. His answer was one which, if oftener adopted, would extinguish many controversies. He refused to take the memorial into consideration until the memorialists should explicitly declare in what sense each severally understood the passages in the Liturgy to which the Canon had objected. This they declined to do, and the opposition came abruptly to an end.

IV. Besides the direct assertion of what are popu-

larly called 'liberal' views, there was a higher and more general principle of liberality on which he endeavoured to act, which, whilst it tended to alienate all mere partisans, of whatever section, probably won over to him the respect of candid and serious minds, however divided on other points. 'I never heard of any man,' writes one of his clergy, 'who could so thoroughly un-'derstand and appreciate good, in whatever form, and 'by whomsoever it might be done. He always seemed 'to be so readily able to separate the real solid good 'from the accidents of opinion, often erroneous, with 'which it was overclouded.' To recognise this principle seemed to him as natural as to postpone all personal or family considerations to the public good in his administration of patronage. But it is probable that his uniform endeavour to act on this view was, at least in his own Diocese, one of the chief causes of the misconception which so long prevailed with regard to his character. At the time of his entrance upon his office political party feeling was much more intense than it has been in later years, and of this party feeling the county of Norfolk and the city of Norwich presented perhaps as strong examples as could be found in any part of the kingdom. Every institution, every charity, every public object, was in danger of being warped from its just intention by some factious bias; all classes, from the highest to the lowest, were infected (of course with individual exceptions) by the prevalent disorder; and the opinions advocated revolved for the most part round topics so local and personal, that even any attempt

to rise to more general principles seemed in itself to be a betrayal of the cause. Against this great evil the Bishop steadily set his face from his first arrival, partly by standing aloof from the local controversies or intrigues by which the neighbourhood might be agitated, partly by the indifference to political party which he displayed, as well in all the social matters of life as in his official dealings with his clergy. With them there were, as has been seen, grave theological differences, added to those arising from politics; but, whether in rebuke or encouragement, he disregarded such diversities altogether in comparison with neglect or performance of duty. 'I 'have learned,' he said, in speaking at the close of his career of a young clergyman of devoted life, but as he thought of erroneous opinions,—'I have learned to judge 'of men more by what they do than by what they say 'or profess to think; and when I see a clergyman acting 'in a manner which proves him to be in earnest, I will 'go along with him as far as I can do so without leading 'him to think that I coincide with him in all his notions.' In like manner, on his being told that it was commonly said that he would have entirely condemned Miss Sellon (at that time the head of the 'Sisters of Mercy' at Devonport), who had, by her alleged Roman Catholic practices, provoked in that town a strong opposition, he immediately exclaimed, in an animated manner, 'No, I should not; 'I cannot approve of all she did, but there was real 'good at the bottom.' His first interview with Mr. Mackenzie, Vicar of Yarmouth, has been already mentioned; nor was the cordial feeling then exhibited ever

extinguished by the consciousness of the differences between them. One instance may suffice:—

He had appointed me [writes Mr. Mackenzie] in the year 1846 to preach the visitation sermon at Yarmouth, in his second septennial visitation. I was informed that it was my part to propose, after the visitation dinner, that the Bishop's charge should be printed. To this I at first demurred, for there were, unfortunately, points in that charge to which I was by no means prepared to give my personal support. But it seemed to me on the whole more just and wise to accept the duty assigned to me, and propose the publication of the charge, 'as containing matters of grave importance, which we should desire to deliberate upon in private as well as attentively listen to in public, but without committing myself or any of my reverend brethren to the particular conclusions arrived at.' I need not speak of the painful feelings of that hour. I meant no disrespect, but it was clear that I was doing that which has been considered disrespectful by many persons in authority. I feared there must be an end from that time to the confidential kindness with which I had been treated by the Bishop, but that it was a duty to sacrifice even that to the cause of honest assertion of independent feeling. So far, however, from taking offence, the Bishop, not merely in his response at the visitation dinner recognised the principles advanced, but ended the day by appointing me to preach the ensuing Ordination Sermon.

It naturally required some time to accustom those to whom such conduct was new to regard it in its true light. Because, for example, he was not deterred by his great dislike of the High Church views from earnestly advocating the more frequent employment of art in church decoration, and increased accommodation for the poor by the substitution of open sittings for closed pews

(both practices which had in the first instance originated with the 'Oxford school' of opinion), it was difficult to convince many that he was not himself a partisan of that section of the Church. Because he was impartial in his administration of justice and his distribution of patronage, he was taunted by members of his own party with inconsistency and fickleness. Because he joined Dissenters in any good work in which he could co-operate with them, he was often accused by Churchmen of preferring the system of Dissent to the system of the Church, and was claimed by Dissenters as one of themselves. It was happily impossible that this misconception should long continue; and at least on his opponents it ended by producing the desired effect. 'He was the only *real* Liberal I ever knew,' was the emphatic expression of one High Church clergyman after his death. 'I can truly say,' writes another, 'that I learned very 'many lessons from him, but perhaps none more prac-'tically important than the interpretation of the word '*Liberality*.'

This disregard of party considerations in comparison with general excellence has been described hitherto in regard to his own Diocese, or to those matters which fell immediately under his cognizance as Bishop. It was perhaps still less understood when it induced him to extend his support to objects of general usefulness, regardless whether or not they came directly within the usually prescribed limits of episcopal superintendence.

An obvious, probably to most persons an inoffensive, exemplification of this principle, was the active patron-

age which he extended to all scientific institutions which came across his path; not so much from his own natural taste for such matters, which now he but rarely indulged, as from his deliberate conviction of the duty of the clergy to foster the union—often regarded as impracticable—between Science and Religion. On this principle he considered it as part of his episcopal duties to attend and encourage all such institutions in his own Diocese, as the Mechanics' Institutes at Norwich and Yarmouth, and the Museums of Norwich and Ipswich; as well as in London to entertain the members and frequent the meetings of the Linnæan Society, of which he had been in 1838 elected President. 'On those occasions,' writes one who was often present, 'he never forgot his 'higher office; and I remember with great pleasure 'the way in which he introduced there a missionary of 'the Church Missionary Society, who, like Williams in 'New Zealand, had done something for science in the 'Seychelles.'

The same motive, but in a stronger degree, led him eagerly to assist any schemes for the moral improvement of the lower classes, especially when from their novelty they repelled the usual advocates of philanthropic designs, and were therefore more in want of support. Such was the countenance which now, as heretofore, he gave by his presence, and often presidency, to Temperance meetings, from a belief in the real good effected by them in spite of their extravagances, which he was always eager to correct. These were occasions which rarely failed to provoke censure;

and he was especially blamed for supposed inconsistency in passing (as it so happened on one occasion) from presiding at one of those meetings to a labourers' festival in Suffolk; he of course regarding each object as alike deserving his patronage, although from different points of view. In the metropolis he was equally on the alert to encourage the incipient attempts at raising the character of the humbler classes by improved lodging-houses, 'ragged schools,' and the like. With regard to the latter, his part may be best described by the distinguished nobleman whose name is identified with so many benevolent and useful projects:—

He was [wrote Lord Shaftesbury] the first Bishop (at least I have never heard of any other with prior claims) who had the honour (for such it is) to manifest an interest in the Ragged Schools. His interest was deep and unaffected; he was not over-anxious about externals, he looked simply to the welfare of the wretched outcasts, and their knowledge of the Word of Life. I recollect that in the year 1845 I had taken the chair of a large Ragged School meeting in the depths of Lambeth. It was about seven o'clock in the month of June; the meeting consisted of all ranks and degrees of persons, the children themselves having no rank or degree, but all pretty nearly on the same filthy level. Soon after we had begun, the door of the room was opened, and the Bishop of Norwich came in, and placed himself on the platform at my side. 'I saw your name,' he said, 'on a placard, and I instantly determined to attend, for wherever you go, I will go too.' I felt the force of his kind expressions, and the practical fulfilment of them; the more so as the locality was remote and uninviting, and many who were present were Dissenting ministers. He afterwards addressed the children with parental feeling and great effect; everyone present was truly gratified; and when he

quitted the room there was a general sentiment left that such Episcopal visits would do more to conciliate the mass of the people, and root the order in their affections, than all the laws we could pass for the maintenance and extension of ecclesiastical authority.

The most interesting and, in some respects, the most remarkable exemplifications of this part of his character were the instances of strong feeling of moral disapprobation or approbation, which at once superseded all other considerations, and which signally distinguished his liberality from the mere indulgence of delinquency and weakness which that quality is often understood to imply. In regard to clerical delinquents his severity has been already mentioned; but this was only a particular manifestation of his habitual feelings. Crime and sin, whether they fell under his own jurisdiction or not, seemed to demand from him an expression of his indignant abhorrence, which no softer or more cautious feelings could restrain; hence, in regard to the lower orders, that stern condemnation of their often worthless leaders which has been already contrasted with his tender and affectionate feelings towards the poor generally; hence the firmness with which on all occasions he advocated the continuance of capital punishment for those great crimes to which it is still applied, and, on the other hand, his strong aversion to the morbid sensibility with which the last hours of great criminals are often regarded.

It is a remark often made by ecclesiastical partisans, that the sincere and fixed belief in moral principles cannot be maintained without a persistent adherence to

those controverted parts of theological speculation which in our later times have been called by the name of 'dogmatic religion.' It has been often maintained that without the constant inculcation of those theories the enforcement and exemplification of the central practical truths of Christianity are of no value, and can produce no effect on the world. This singular position, which lies at the root of many of the difficulties which have obstructed the cause of education, both in the higher and lower classes, meets with a practical and irrefragable refutation in an example like that here recorded.

It is not necessary to multiply the instances already given of the effect of his courageous censures. It is more easy to record (what is in fact only a reverse side of the same picture) the occasions on which he felt it at once his highest duty and pleasure to give his public testimony to eminent instances of goodness or beneficence when exhibited in individuals who seemed at the time to be shut out from the ordinary circle of clerical approbation. Some of the most remarkable of these cases shall now be mentioned.

1. At the time of the Bishop's elevation to the see of Norwich Dr. Arnold of Rugby had reached the zenith of his career of usefulness; the great improvement which he had attempted in the administration of public schools had already been effected; and his pupils regarded him with that love and veneration which, through their means, had made itself felt even amid the hostile prejudices of a Conservative and High Church univer-

sity. But in the clerical world generally the name of Arnold was still regarded as a by-word of reproach, much as that of Bishop Colenso in later days; and in the higher ecclesiastical offices especially, except amongst his intimate and early friends, any public mark of favour or esteem to the author of the pamphlet on Church Reform would have been considered as a kind of treason to the Church. It was at this moment that the Bishop elect of Norwich nominated him to preach his consecration-sermon. It was not from mere motives of personal friendship or similarity of theological views that he took this step: they had indeed been acquainted for several years, and their views on many important points coincided, but their tastes were too dissimilar ever to have allowed of a close intimacy or complete harmony of opinion. But the Bishop had long admired the fearless love of truth and goodness which distinguished that remarkable man, and he now eagerly seized the first opportunity of giving that admiration a public expression by an act which he trusted would also tend to remove from the minds of some at least of the higher dignitaries of the Church something of the prejudice which they felt towards one with whom they were perhaps but imperfectly acquainted. The boldness of the proposal was best proved by the result of its communication to the Primate, in whose chapel at Lambeth the sermon was to be preached. Archbishop Howley, whose natural courage of opinion[2] contrasted

[2] As in his reception of Dr. Arnold's doubts on the canonicity of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and his acquiescence in Bishop Thirlwall's Introduction to Schleiermacher's Essay on St. Luke.

strongly with his public caution, whilst expressing his respect for the individual, intimated that such a step would be so 'very ill received by the clergy in general,' that it could not be allowed, and requested the Bishop to appoint another preacher. The Bishop refused to take any such step, and the sermon was delivered by one of the Archbishop's chaplains. No opportunity occurred again to enable the Bishop to show any token of respect equal to that which had been withheld by the prudence of the cautious Primate; but through the five remaining years which elapsed till Dr. Arnold's death, he never neglected an occasion of exhibiting those marks of honour which, as a Christian Prelate, he conceived to be due to one whose services required the highest acknowledgment which Church or State could pay. He procured for him from Lord Melbourne the offer of the Wardenship of Manchester; and on his sudden removal from the midst of his labours, the Bishop of Norwich was conspicuous amidst the band of mourners which bent over the burial vault in Rugby Chapel in rendering the last homage to the memory of the illustrious dead. These public tributes of respect, at the time almost solitary, have since been more than justified. His own thoughts on his return from that touching scene are recorded by himself:—

I attended at the Chapel Royal this day [he writes in his journal, after the discharge of his usual duties of Clerk of the Closet on the succeeding Sunday] at the side of the high and mighty of this great kingdom; but my thoughts were with Arnold in his grave. . . . He rests from his labours—I am

still in the midst of mine ; my earnest prayer at this moment, when the day is drawing to its close, is, that I may endure unto the end, pursuing my course without the interruption of selfish, worldly, or ambitious feelings—increasing day by day in godly charity; endeavouring, without the intermingling of any other object whatever, to promote, by the exercise of every energy and talent, with hallowed zeal, the glory of God and the welfare of the Church of Christ.

2. One of the most extraordinary moral phenomena of the second quarter of the nineteenth century was the conversion of the Irish people to a state of comparative, if not of absolute temperance, principally effected by the agency of Father Mathew. The change was so great that for a time a considerable reduction took place in the duties of excise, and the veneration entertained for the individual through whose influence this change had been produced was so strong, that he was by the simple peasants of his country regarded, in spite of his own remonstrances, almost as a saint and worker of miracles. In 1843 he came, in the exercise of his beneficent mission, to England; and although producing much less effect than amongst the excitable population of his own race and religion, he attracted wherever he went the admiration and attention of the humbler classes in whose cause he was labouring. But the circumstance that he was an Irish Roman Catholic priest was enough to raise amongst the more vehement of the Protestant clergy a storm of controversy and invective against himself and against his Church, amongst all a coldness and alienation, which was naturally increased by the dislike which the more cautious of all churches entertain to any scheme

bearing on its face the marks of an eccentric popular movement.

The Bishop of Norwich, as has been said, had for many years favoured the progress of Temperance Societies, as one amongst other instruments of arresting a great national vice. He was, therefore, doubly predisposed to welcome their chief promoter; nor was he likely to be deterred by the outcry from the Protestant associations which heralded Father Mathew's approach, or by the placards on the walls of the city which deprecated any support from its inhabitants. The simple-minded priest was accordingly entertained at the Episcopal palace with the cordiality due to a distinguished guest, and the reception there given was repeated in public when the Bishop met him on the platform of the first great meeting at which he presented himself to the people of Norwich.

3. Everyone who knows anything of the county of Norfolk, or of the religious history of England for the last hundred years, has heard of the family of Gurney. Of that branch of it established in Norfolk one of the most remarkable members at this time was Joseph John Gurney, equally distinguished by the munificence with which he promoted all public and private charities in his own city of Norwich, for the zeal with which he encouraged philanthropic and religious movements in the world at large, and for the eminent position which he occupied in the Society of Friends. When not engaged in the long journeys which he undertook, whether to

heal the divisions of his fellow religionists in the United States, or as the companion of his sister, Mrs. Fry, in the prosecution of her generous missions, he resided in the immediate neighbourhood of Norwich, and thus came insensibly to be regarded as a leading character of the religious world in that part of the country, and also as the chief benefactor of the city. In the winter of 1846 his valuable life was suddenly terminated by an illness which carried him off in a few days. The mourning of the city was universal—the day of his interment was marked by an almost entire cessation of business—thousands escorted the sad procession to his grave—and the bells of the Norwich churches tolled his funeral knell. It is well known that, in the singular sect to which he belonged, the mortal remains are consigned to their last resting-place with no more ceremony or acknowledgment of the worth of the departed than is implied in the utterance of a few broken prayers and ejaculations by two or three of the bystanders. Such would have been the case with Joseph Gurney, had the esteem for his character been confined to his own society. The funeral service of the chief of English Quakers was virtually celebrated not at the time or place of his interment in the retired burial-ground of the Gilden-croft, but on the preceding Sunday, in the stately cathedral which he never frequented, and with the muffled peals and solemn strains of that music of which he condemned the use. And the chief funeral sermon preached in his honour was that delivered, not by any Nonconformist minister, but by a Prelate of that Established Church

which he had through life, so far as his gentle nature permitted him, opposed and controverted. The Bishop had been absent in London during the days immediately preceding; but in the intervals of business he wrote a discourse, which he preached to a congregation of unusual number, and in which he enlarged on the Christian graces that endeared the memory of the dead to all Christian communities. So obvious a mark of respect to one whose loss all classes combined to mourn, and with whom, in his lifetime, various ecclesiastical dignitaries of eminence had not declined to associate, ought not perhaps to be regarded as any peculiar effort on the part of the Bishop, who had always maintained with him a cordial intercourse, and whose zeal on this occasion was shared, at least in part, by the other leading members of the cathedral and city clergy. Still, so public a recognition of the worth of one who, with all his excellences, was still an unbaptized Quaker, was sufficiently marked to call down praise or censure, as the case might be, from various parties in the Church; and it was asserted at the time, probably with truth, that no such testimony had been rendered by any prelate to any member of the Society of Friends since its first foundation.

4. Among the questions which have in various times perplexed serious men, is that which relates to the encouragement of dramatic representations. The Protestant churches have differed widely from each other in their view of the subject; the Roman Catholic

churches, for example of France and Italy, still more widely. On the one hand, good men have been deterred by the moral evil by which theatres are often beset. On the other hand, there have always been some of a more sanguine temperament, with whom the advantages of the drama have outweighed a sense of its concomitant evils, and suggested a hope that, by proper direction, it might be delivered from them. Among these latter was the Bishop of Norwich, who viewed the point as belonging to the general duty of endeavouring to purify and consecrate that neutral ground of art, science, and genius, which, by the withdrawal of all religious sanction, is often hopelessly abandoned to the dominion of evil. Accordingly, whilst, in regard to attendance on even the least exceptionable of such amusements, he scrupulously conformed to the strictest rules which custom imposes on high ecclesiastical dignitaries, he felt it to be the part of a Bishop to promote any undoubted attempts to rise above the level of a profession and a pursuit so commonly, and, it may perhaps be added, so justly regarded with suspicion by religious men. On this principle, for example, in the earlier days of his episcopate he made a point of being introduced to Mr. Macready, for the purpose of expressing to him the satisfaction with which he had heard of his active exertions to reform the Covent Garden Theatre, of which he was then for a short time manager. It was not, however, till near the close of his career that he had an opportunity of making a still more marked assertion of the moral obligations which he conceived to

be in this respect imposed on the high and responsible office which he held. It was in the spring of 1847 that the London, and afterwards the English world, was thrown into a state of unusual enthusiasm by the arrival of the celebrated Swedish singer and actress, Jenny Lind. Great as was the sensation occasioned by her vocal and dramatic powers, it was considerably enhanced by the impression generally entertained of the purity and simplicity of her life and manners, the good influence which she was supposed to exercise over her profession, and the benevolent uses to which she had been in the habit of devoting the profits of her talent. It was on the ground of this general report, confirmed by concurrent testimonies of high authority, that the Bishop, on hearing of her engagement to sing at a concert in Norwich in the autumn of that year, at once seized the opportunity of testifying his respect for her character, by offering to receive her at the episcopal palace during her stay in the city. The invitation was accepted, and the previous impression was amply confirmed by the four days that she thus passed at Norwich; although, from those who disapproved of such patronage being extended to any individual engaged in her profession, his public reception of such a guest provoked strong expressions of disapprobation both in his own Diocese and elsewhere. On her return in the following year, she announced her intention of devoting herself to concerts and oratorios—an intention which she partially carried out in the winter of 1848—consecrating for the most part the immense

sums which she thus received in her tour through the provinces to charitable purposes or benevolent institutions. One of the occasions of this generous exercise of her powers was at Norwich, when she was again received at the palace, with the increased enthusiasm, on the part of the inhabitants of the city, which a deeper impression of her remarkable qualities naturally elicited. Other ecclesiastical authorities followed, although in a less marked manner, in the track which the Bishop of Norwich had been the first to indicate; and the step, which had formerly been condemned as incautious and unwarranted, was afterwards regarded by many as a proper exercise of Christian courage and episcopal hospitality. It may be added that the general principle of his conduct has been exemplified in the prelate who of all in our later days most nearly recalls his courageous independence and his width of sympathy —Bishop Fraser of Manchester.

Such were the chief features of his episcopal life. The necessary mention of those occasions on which he came into collision with the feelings and opinions of others perhaps gives an impression of a more severe conflict than was actually the case; an impression which is not removed by turning to the record of his own feelings interspersed through the first six years of his episcopate. This gloomy view of the results of his labours confirmed, and was in turn confirmed by, that

natural diffidence which had been entailed upon him by the disadvantage of his early education :—

Perhaps [he wrote in 1839] my greatest obstacle to success in life has been a want of confidence in myself, under a doubt whether I really was possessed of talents on a par with those around me. This painful doubt has of late certainly increased. . . . Whether I ever had them or not in another time, is of small moment now ; for former pursuits and tastes, which interested, occupied, and gratified me, are gone ; and, separated as I am from following them, I can scarcely persuade myself that they ever existed. I have now passed into another channel, and my studies are turned to subjects with which, in self-defence, I must familiarise myself, connected as they are with subtle niceties, disputations, controversies, and too often party differences, the worse for being masqueraded under religion ; all showing how weak, and contentious, and unattractive is the human and moral world. In fact, all seems fading away from me but good intentions, which remain strong and prominent as ever. The will to do good is vividly present, but how to perform that which is good I know not.

But it would be unjust both to himself and to his office, to infer that these occasional annoyances or these moods of despondency were a fair sample of his life or of his feelings. 'There are,' he writes, in the deep depression under which he laboured in the second year of his episcopate—

there are bright spots notwithstanding. Occasionally in the gloom surrounding me I feel something like inspired encouragement whispering better things, and lighting up the path before me. One of these so vividly passed before me during the service on Christmas-day, that I seemed to rise above every difficulty, and I could almost have persuaded myself that it was Divinity itself bidding me to go on and prosper.

So again on Good Friday, in 1842 :—

I doubt whether any former return of this season has been more soothing and really profitable than this. The previous months of this year have been gliding away in a calm and quiet course, which has acted upon my mind like a salutary sedative. I really feel as if I was making some way in stemming the stream which party spirit and prejudice has turned against me; and if God spares my life for four or five years, I yet encourage the hope that a better spirit may prevail amongst the clergy, and that the apathetic, narrow-minded, or inefficient may no longer be considered by others (however they ever will be by themselves) the only real and true Churchmen. I see a gathering of more hopeful ministers, who, I cannot but hope, will end in cordially supporting me ; and then, but not till then, shall I no longer repent that I took upon me the office of Bishop.

A similar strain of peace and satisfaction breathes through the memory of his experience at the close of that year, in which, after expressions of thankfulness for his domestic blessings, he adds :—

But, if possible, more grateful ought I to be at the visible and certain improvement that has taken place in the Diocese. For three or four years I had to stem a steady torrent of prejudice, and more or less opposition; but that current has now changed its course, and I feel gliding onwards with better hopes, supported by, I believe, a great majority of those whose opinion and esteem are worth possessing. God grant that my life may be prolonged until I have effected the great object I had in view in undertaking the labours imposed upon me! May I live to see the triumph of Christian principles in the Church, uncontaminated and undefiled by the lower, sordid, and worldly passions connected with what has hitherto been called so falsely, and so fatally for its real interests, *attachment to the Church!*

Nor were those feelings occasional only. It is gratifying to observe that the tone of his Journal and letters

becomes more cheerful as time advances; and to this in fact corresponded the internal state of his Diocese. 'He had found it a wilderness,' so writes one who well knew its condition before and after his arrival, 'and he 'left it in comparison a cultivated field. There were 'few parishes in which he had not left some monument 'of his activity and usefulness; very many abuses had 'been corrected, churches restored, parsonages erected, 'schools established, the clergy rendered more efficient 'under his fostering and encouraging influence; and 'both clergy and laity throughout the Diocese, both rich 'and poor, felt that they had in him alike a father and 'a friend.' There were still many at a distance who either misunderstood or depreciated him; and he was always to a large degree distrusted by those in authority. Yet the same personal qualities which had endeared him to his parishioners gradually had their weight in a larger sphere, in which they were calculated, when once perceived, to exercise even greater influence. The free, unreserved temper and demeanour, which on public occasions often ran counter to the opinions and predispositions of the world around him, in the more private relations of life were doubly valued. The open countenance, the quick bright eye, the elastic step, the hearty greeting, were but natural expressions of the kindly, manly, cordial intercourse which he loved to maintain both individually with his clergy and with all the various classes with whom his office brought him into contact, whether of the higher ranks from the county or the clergy, or of the middle

class, with whom he would mix in works of charity and beneficence, or the poor, whom he sought out in their crowded yards and alleys. With the clergy especially, though at times abrupt and severe in his manner when insisting on the fulfilment of his requirements of their parochial duties, this frankness enhanced the pleasure of their intimacy, and the value of those acts of individual kindness which thus appeared not merely as the condescensions of a superior, but as the expressions of goodwill from man to man. 'I always found him the 'same,' says one who often had occasion to consult him; 'so candid, so communicative, so ready to listen to any 'difficulties, so prompt in relieving them. It was always 'a pleasure when I had any case to submit to him, be- 'cause I was always certain of a kind reception.' 'There 'were,' writes Mr. Mackenzie, 'many and grave differences 'of opinion between us, but he never for an instant 'checked the expression of those differences. I expressed 'myself to him, I trust, with the respect due from an 'inferior to a superior; but the nobleness of his heart 'always forbade him to take the advantage of his being 'a superior, and he always encouraged in me (and in all 'with whom I ever heard him converse) the frankness of 'the equal. It seemed to be a part of his life to make 'every man at home with him. And yet with all this 'no man ever knew better how to assert nature's true 'nobility when there was exhibited (as I have sometimes 'seen) any tendency unduly to encroach upon his frank- 'ness.' In conclusion may be quoted the words of one who, though differing from him on many important sub-

jects, was eager to render a tribute to his character as a Bishop, after his removal from the reach of earthly praise or censure:—

It has been my good fortune in life to communicate much with gifted minds, calculated by Divine Providence to take a leading part in human affairs. But in all my experience I never knew a man who was more perseveringly intent on the grand objects to which he had devoted his life than this lamented prelate; and such conduct was the more exemplary because the energy of his mind, his varied pursuits, his facility of thought, and rapid conclusions, must have occasioned in his mind a frequent struggle between present wishes and momentary impressions, and that fixed devotion to favourite topics and principles which constituted one of his most prominent characteristics. His temperament was so sanguine, and he so entirely disregarded labour, obstacles, and disappointments, that he would eagerly undertake new projects, however numerous and difficult, which promised a beneficial result; yet without for a moment neglecting the original objects of his efforts. From this cause he frequently engaged in what most men would have regarded as supererogatory labours. He acted as if he considered the offices and exertions of a Bishop due not only to his own Diocese, but to all mankind; and hence, even during his occasional absences, whilst nominally enjoying some relaxation from diocesan labours, he was, in reality, devoting his talents and eloquence to the promotion of objects which one, less ready to spend and be spent in the cause of duty than he was, would have regarded as beyond the sphere of his individual calling.[3]

From the graver concerns of his habitual intercourse with the Diocese, it may be allowed, as the end draws

[3] Funeral Sermon, preached on September 23, 1849, by the Hon. G. Pellew, D.D., Dean of Norwich.

near, to descend for a moment into the more private and ordinary course of his daily life.

If the habitual enjoyment of old tastes and recreations was shut out, still the relish for them, when occasion offered, was as keen as ever—perhaps the keener from the sense of their rarity. Even in his public life, the liveliness of his own interest in scientific subjects, the ardour with which he would hail any new discovery, the vividness of his own observations of nature, would still illustrate with an unexpected brilliancy the worn-out topics of a formal speech; and a burst of nautical enthusiasm would startle an audience prepared only for the stiffness of an ordinary ecclesiastical address. That early passion still survived the snows of age and the trammels of office, and it was touching to see the almost regretful pleasure with which he would scrutinise, even from the banks of the sluggish Wensom, the rigging of the barges from Hull or Newcastle; or, still more, with which he would pace the pier at Yarmouth, and watch the vessels that crowded the roads of that ancient seat of English fishery, and look on with the approval of no inexperienced eye at the skilful embarkation or landing of its active boatmen. Nor was his recurrence to these his long-cherished pursuits confined to the mere gratification of the moment. Whenever opportunity offered, it was his highest pleasure to bear witness to the merits, or to contribute to the welfare, of British seamen. 'He was indeed in the height of his glory,' as they said of him themselves, when at any time of public commendations of their conduct he seized the oppor-

tunity of addressing them on their moral and religious duties, as on the occasion of honours bestowed on the companies of the Yarmouth life-boats, or the arduous services rendered off the coast of Harwich, by H.M.S. 'Scout,' in 1845. Few who were present at the meeting in which the Borneo mission was first proposed to the London public in 1847, can forget the strain of naval ardour with which he offered his heartfelt tribute of moral respect and admiration to the heroic exertions of Sir James Brooke. Many were the rough sailors whose eyes were dimmed with tears amongst the congregations of the crews of the 'Queen' and the 'Rattlesnake,' to whom he preached on board those vessels at Plymouth, whither he had accompanied his eldest son, Captain Owen Stanley, to witness his embarkation from that port in the winter of 1846. 'The 'commander of the "Queen"' (so he wrote of one of these scenes to an old and attached servant of the family, who had been prevented by illness from being present) 'so 'strongly pressed me to address his fine crew of nearly '1,000 men, that I could not but comply with his request, 'and the Admiral and his family came on board for the 'purpose. I spoke to them for about half an hour with-'out book, and you might have heard a pin fall, they 'were so attentive, and many of them were much 'affected. Indeed, I felt so deeply touched myself, con-'sidering the occasion and the circumstances, that it was 'all I could do, now and then, to command my own 'feelings. Never, probably, shall I have such a service 'to perform again, and such a congregation.' 'The ser-

'mon' (so the Admiral told the Bishop's son, more than twenty years afterwards) 'was never forgotten. The 'men were so crowded, that they almost sat on one 'another's shoulders, with such attention and admiration 'that they could scarce restrain a cheer. He addressed 'each class in turn—shipboys, midshipmen, officers, cap-'tain, admiral.'

Nor should the more solemn pleasure be overlooked which he derived from his visits to his former parish of Alderley. Year by year he fulfilled the sacred pledge which he had made on parting from them, and again and again went the familiar rounds to those whom he had best known and loved during his long parochial ministrations, and who still looked forward to his return as the greatest pleasure of their lives.

I have been [he writes in a letter of February 1849] in various directions over the parish, visiting many welcome faces, laughing with the living, weeping over the dying. It is gratifying to see the cordial familiarity with which they receive me; and Norwich clergy would scarcely know me sitting by cottage firesides, talking over old times, with their hands clasped in mine, as an old and dear friend.

Above all, in the continual prosperity of his domestic life he gratefully acknowledged that the occasional troubles of his public life were more than compensated. 'Thank God,' he writes in his Journal, 'and from my 'heart I do, for such blessings.' In the success and welfare of his children he felt that interest which he had formerly derived from his own favourite pursuits. 'For 'them I live, and for them alone I wish to live,' are the

words of his more solemn moments, 'unless in God's 'Providence I can live to His glory.'

He had already, on his elevation to the see of Norwich, passed the limit which separates the prime of manhood from the decline of life; yet none who knew him could connect with his active habits of mind and body the thought of old age. The profusion of his snow-white hair had indeed, long before that period, imparted to his appearance a solemnity beyond his years; but his step was as quick, his voice as firm, his power of enduring fatigue almost as unbroken, as when he traversed his parish in earlier days, or climbed the precipices of the Alps. 'His eye was not dim, nor his 'natural force abated.'

But across his own mind from time to time there seemed to have passed premonitory signs of the end, chiefly in the slight failure of memory and the diminished clearness of apprehension; and it was always his anxious wish that he should not outlive his faculties, or that he might then be enabled to resign his post to another. So far back as the close of 1842, when recording in his Journal his general thankfulness for the blessings of the past year, he adds :—

I cannot deny, indeed, to myself that I do feel the gradual approach of mental decay. I have not that vigour and freshness I once possessed; but may I possess what I have for the time required, and may I not survive their existence—a useless, feeble occupier of a post in which I can no longer serve my Master's cause. Daily do I feel a greater weight of responsibility; daily do I feel an increasing disposition to carry out my objects, under an impression that I may at any moment receive

my summons. I am anxious to work while it is day, aware of the fast approach of the night, when my earthly work must cease.

One other wish stands recorded a few years earlier:

I feel [he wrote, in speaking of his vexations in 1839] that I am placed in a high and commanding position, and try again and again to avail myself of its influence; and I am alone supported by an occasional passing hope that I may yet, before I die, be the cause of some good, directly or indirectly. God knows, however, how fully I feel that I have ceased to live for myself; and could I once more see my five children with their mother all collected together, I know not that I should wish to remain much longer; at all events, if death come upon me without suffering or severity, I should be little loth to meet it.

Of this prayer that part which related to his family was fulfilled in 1843. On the Christmas Day of that year he was enabled to write—

For the first time since they have attained to maturity of years, and probably for the last time to me, those five children so dear to me have assembled together.

And shortly afterwards, on the last day of the year (his youngest son having in the meanwhile left home for his official duties),—

In another hour I shall have passed the midway boundary between the threescore years and the threescore years and ten: that limit allotted by the Psalmist for the usual life of man. Suffering under few of the infirmities of advancing years, age has crept on so imperceptibly that it is difficult to bring the reality of decay and the rapid approach of non-existence vividly before me; and yet sixty-five years of my appointed time have gone and passed away, leaving a dim shadowy vision of times, persons, and things, here and there, however, as clearly and intensely recalled as if they were but of yesterday; while others

again, prominent and important in their season, shrink into vague insignificance.

The question *now* with me, or rather long since has been with me, 'Watchman, what of the night?' How stands my account? With respect to my professional feelings, they stand recorded in the preceding pages of this Journal, and I see no cause for diminishing or adding to them. I have closed the evening by family prayer: all assembled, save my dear Charles. God knoweth how earnestly my heart yearned to him, and how warm was the blessing I in secret offered for him. The Scriptural reading for the night was the conclusion of St. John's Gospel; the passages to which I alluded, 'Lovest thou me?' 'Feed my sheep,' 'What is that to thee? Amen.' And my private prayer shall be that we may, while life is granted to us, each pass that life in closest bonds of affection, uniting it with as sincere and devoted a love for the Saviour as can be excited and can exist between a finite and infinite Being, whose full and perfect character and sacrifice we can only know in all its height and depth when our mortal shall have put on immortality.

May we all in our respective stations feel, that as by our example and conduct others may stand or fall, we should ever prove in the earnestness of our Christian profession that we would be feeders of the sheep in the Christian fold!

To myself, more especially, the injunction comes with twofold force, and few suspect and fewer know how incessantly, in season and out of season, the sense of my responsibility haunts and overwhelms me. God give me judgment and understanding in the exercise of those high functions committed to me, and may I, when tried in the balance, not be found wanting! If I feel impatient and excited under the manifestation of those evil and angry passions in which the controversial Christian would delight to indulge, as if bitterness of spirit were a Gospel virtue, may I avert my thoughts from dwelling on those topics which separate man from man, and answer to myself, 'What are these questions of strife to thee?' May God impress me more forcibly with the importance of diligently

carrying out the essence of religion, as declared by our Saviour to be comprised in the two great commandments, Love to God and to my neighbour. And with the closing year may we form such resolutions as shall strengthen us for whatever may await each member of our united circle in the year now dawning upon our existence. . . .

And now, after an interval of five years, during which his eldest and his youngest sons had left England for Australasia (the former on a voyage of scientific exploration, the latter as Secretary to the Governor of Van Diemen's Land), there appears in his Journal, on the last day of 1848, and the eve of his seventieth birthday, the last record of his thoughts which it contains :—

In a few hours I shall have attained the threescore years and ten, and closed the eleventh year of my episcopal life. . . . Seventy years are now passed and gone their way; forty-four of them in a profession dedicated to the service of God, of which the last eleven are the most essentially important from the position in which circumstances so unlooked for and so unsought for have placed me. And though these latter years have been accompanied with much labour and pain and sorrow, more and more alive as I am to the difficulties presenting themselves, still I feel satisfaction in what I have been instrumental in doing. How many parishes have been supplied with resident clergy, in which no pastoral care had been for years and years manifested! How many churches have had the full measure of services prescribed, in which from time immemorial the most scanty administration had sufficed! And how many schools have been established for the benefit of the thousands who had been, with the most culpable negligence, permitted to remain brutalised and uncivilised, and perishing for lack of knowledge! . . . And now, oh my God! whose eye is upon me, and who canst search my heart

to the very inmost, hear the prayer I would offer in sincerity and earnestness on my entrance to probably the last division and scene of my mortal life. The threescore years and ten have passed, and the remaining years must be few in number. Grant that Thy Holy Spirit may enable me so to act in the high and responsible vocation in which Thy Providence hath placed me, that my declining years may be devoted to Thy service, and that in all my doings and intentions the advancement of Thy holy religion, and the true vital interests of the Catholic Church of Christ, may be my prominent object and end and aim.

The beginning of the year was marked by the death of his only remaining sister, who had been long far gone in years and infirmities. 'If I am spared long 'enough to wind up her affairs,' he had written in the above-mentioned entry in his Journal, 'there are no 'sufficient reasons why the curtain should not close on 'my earthly stage. I should like, indeed, to see our 'family circle once more assembled: but with so many 'possible, or rather probable, intervening causes, I dare 'not too confidently look forward to so ardently desired 'an event.'

The spring was spent in his usual avocations in London, but with somewhat more than his usual labour; he was not to be persuaded to decline engagements which others felt to be too much for him, as if under the consciousness that his time was short, and that he must work whilst it lasted. 'It is better,' he said on some such occasion, 'to wear out than to rust out.' On his return to Norwich in July an unwonted sense of fatigue made his family anxious to procure for him a more

complete relaxation than he had hitherto enjoyed. Accordingly, after a three weeks' stay at home, during which he entertained the chief guests, and attended with his usual spirit the meeting of the Royal Society for the Promotion of Agriculture, held at Norwich, and then went through the labour of an ordination, he started with his wife and daughters for a short tour in Scotland. His absences from his Diocese had down to this time been confined almost entirely to his residence in London and his annual visit to Cheshire. The decease of his aged relative had now relieved him from the duty of attendance on her declining years, and the work of the Diocese was in a state to admit more readily than usual of the absence of its head. One stipulation only he made on consenting to give himself an entire rest —that if the cholera, which was then ravaging the rest of the kingdom, should reach his own city, he should return at once. 'The moment the cholera breaks out, 'I return instantly to be at my post.' After a few visits in Yorkshire, and a rapid passage through the west of Scotland, they reached Brahan Castle in Ross-shire, according to an engagement of long standing with the Hon. Mrs. Stewart Mackenzie, the then head of that ancient family. The Bishop seemed for a time to have derived advantage from the change of scene, but the disorder, which had been gradually creeping on, was suspended, not checked. It was his general practice on his absences from his Diocese to visit the schools that fell in his way; and on the present occasion he had, with his habitual energy, examined a Highland school in the vale

of the Conon, on the estate of his hostess. It was on his return from this walk that the pain in his head first assumed a more determined form. His departure from Brahan was delayed, and a fortnight elapsed, during which, however, no alarm was excited. But on the 3rd of September a decided change took place for the worse: his mind became slightly affected, and the medical attendant was for the first time alarmed by the heavy slumber of his usually wakeful patient. On the morning of the 4th he rose apparently refreshed: he begged to have a passage of Scripture read to him; and, after having listened attentively to the words in the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, which describe the perishing of the outward man and the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle, he said, in his usual manner when in deep thought, 'Let me hear them again.' But the rally was only for a moment; he expressed a desire to go down to the warm sunshine of the bright autumnal morning, which lay on the greensward under his window, and rose to attempt it; but his strength was gone; he could but just cross the room, supported on either side, and sank down upon the bed in a deep sleep. That moment the physician entered, and saw at once that the disorder had turned to congestion of the brain. Remedies were applied: he was roused to animation, but not to consciousness. A few wandering words and sentences escaped him on the topics most familiar to him; the projected voyage to Edinburgh to which he had been looking forward with delight, as he always did to anything which brought him into con-

tact with his favourite element—the thoughts of his charge at home: 'Then I shall be within reach of Nor-'wich, to return for the cholera'—the distribution of money to schools—and the enforcement of full services in small congregations: 'If there are but twenty, they 'ought to have their double service.' Before evening those faint gleams of life and reason had passed away; at midnight Dr. Bright, the eminent London physician, arrived from Inverness, where he happened to be staying, and concurred with the medical attendant of the placet hat hope was extinct. For two days the unconscious struggle of nature continued; but on the night of Thursday, the 6th of September, in the presence of his wife and daughters, who had been with him throughout, and of his second son, who had arrived from the South on the evening of the 5th, he breathed his last.

In the Bishop's papers at Norwich was found a short direction for his burial, written in 1843, to the effect that 'individually he should have preferred 'Alderley Churchyard, there to rest amongst those 'with whom he had so long lived'—but that 'circum-'stances and the wishes and judgment' of those in whom he most confided 'might decide upon the spot 'which had been the last scene of his ministerial la-'bours.' 'If so, let me rest in Norwich Cathedral or its 'precincts.' That desire, which had been expressed more decidedly in latter years as he grew more attached to his

last sphere of duty, had been already anticipated. The mortal remains had been conveyed by sea from the neighbouring port of Invergordon to Yarmouth. It was the time of the equinoctial gales, and it was therefore not without anxiety that the arrival was awaited; but the storm abated, and on the evening of Wednesday, September 19, the steamer conveying the precious freight entered the roads of Yarmouth, and there, by the joint exertions of the hardy boatmen, whom he had often watched with so lively an interest, it was landed on the quay amidst a crowd of spectators collected in silent respect on the spot,—the colours hoisted half-mast high on the ships and on the Town Hall,—and the civic and ecclesiastical authorities combining to show the last mark of honour to him, who could not, had he chosen for himself, have wished a place or mode for the reception of his last mortal remains on the way to their final resting-place, more fitting than amidst the roar of the winds and waves on the familiar shores of his own Diocese, where he had been so often cheered in life by the sight of his own darling element.

The funeral took place on the 21st of September. One document alone had been found amongst his papers expressive of his own wishes on the subject, beyond what has been already stated. In the preceding July, a few weeks before his departure for Scotland, he had written a short direction, to the effect that, 'if 'he were buried at Norwich, anxious as he had been 'through life for the education of the humbler classes, as

large a number of the school-children as could conveniently be collected should attend his funeral.'

The details of the day on which his remains were committed to the grave will best be described in the following extracts from letters written immediately afterwards by eye-witnesses to distant friends.

It was [wrote Professor Sedgwick] the most touching and striking ceremonial I ever witnessed. The mayor and corporation in their civic dresses, covered with crape, led the way. Then followed the coffin and pall-bearers—then the family and mourners, among whom went Mr. Wodehouse and myself. About four hundred clergymen, in full robes, followed. There were also present most of the Nonconformist ministers of the city. And lastly, a great multitude of the respectable inhabitants in the city and neighbourhood. The procession was so very long, that I could only see a very small part of it. When the doors of the cathedral were thrown open, on each side of the central aisle of the nave were seen eleven hundred children from the different schools of the city, arranged in triple rows. The members of the corporation descended through the nave to the choir, followed by the choristers. Then the coffin and pall-bearers, followed immediately by the family, and the rest in turn and in the order above described. I was told that the clerical body, walking four abreast, extended from the west door to the organ screen. As soon as the choir was filled the door was closed, and the funeral service was read by Dean Pellew and Canon Philpott. After which we returned to the grave in the centre of the nave, keeping the same order as before, the organ pealing the solemn Dead March in 'Saul.' At the grave-side the choristers sang a solemn dirge, and then the concluding service was read by the Dean. All parts of the triforium were filled. Almost every eye was dim with tears, and you could hear the modest and half-concealed sobs of the little children as you passed down the nave:

for the Bishop had visited all the schools again and again, and was loved by the children; and it was at his request, expressed in a written paper found in his study after his death, that they were all invited. The day was beautiful, and between the palace gate and the Erpingham gate we marched, through, I should think, not less than 20,000 spectators, who were all respectful and silent, and many of them were sorrowful. Nothing happened to break in upon or mar the moral sublimity of the solemn procession and service.

Two other letters may be quoted, as adding some particulars of their own.

I was early in the Palace garden [wrote one who held the office of Rural Dean in the Diocese], and had an opportunity of observing the persons arriving to pay their testimony to the sense they had of what the occasion called for. Knowing as I do personally most of the clergy of the Diocese and the principal inhabitants of the city, I was first struck with the sight of the extraordinary mixture which presented itself—the perfect fusion it showed of parties of all opinions both in Church principles and political differences. Some of all stations in society, not attending so much officially as individually, because (as I verily believe) they each felt that they had lost a personal friend, who had borne himself honestly, fairly, and kindly towards all.

I took my place late in the procession, and had the means of watching it from first to last. Upon leaving the Palace gateway it had to pass through very large masses of the assembled populace, but not a sound of any kind was to be heard but the trampling of feet; and (what still more plainly indicated the solemn feeling which pervaded the crowd) there was no closing in upon the rear of the mourners as soon as the curiosity was satisfied. I have attended many impressive funerals, but I never saw such marked decorum, and it was continued throughout the route. The entrance into the

Cathedral was very affecting—children's tears are genuine, and many a sorrowful little countenance was to be observed surveying the proceedings with real grief depicted on it. But the most remarkable moment was that when the body was in the act of being lowered into its final resting-place. The edifice itself is peculiarly adapted to such a scene as was then passing beneath its roof, and the spot chosen for the grave—the very middle of the nave—had something grand in its selection. From my position I could command a view of the whole area at once, filled, as it seemed to be, with mourners, and these rising in tiers one above another to almost the vaultings of the roof, the flat parts above the low and sturdy arches of our Norman structure. And the countenances of all were peering towards the little opening which was receiving the remains of one in whom all appeared to have so deep an interest.

The more general impression is thus given by the Rev. Edwin Sidney, a well-known clergyman in the Diocese:—

Everyone's heart was touched—every face bore, when the subject was alluded to, an expression of sadness; while the only transition from the principal topic was to make anxious enquiries respecting the state of his mourning relatives, or to dilate upon their numerous charities and kindness to the poor. At Ipswich there were great demonstrations of respect; and on the day of the funeral I came from Yarmouth, and we were joined on the way by many clergymen and others, anxious to pay the last outward testimony of respect by following him to the grave. I would not lose the impression of that scene upon any account. The day was bright and lovely, and the sun never shone, nor its beams glistened, in tears of more complete sincerity. I accompanied Lord Bayning and the Dean into the Cathedral through the vestry, and the first sight that met my eye as we passed along the floor, over which only a few officials were here and there scattered, was the whole of the arches above filled from the east end to the west

with females in the deepest mourning, and with countenances that plainly showed that the outward garb was a true index of the feelings within. Never shall I forget the opening of the great doors, and the first entrance of the throng and their demeanour. Each person slowly went to his seat, and soon the thrilling sounds of wailing music ushered in the precious remnants of his mortal frame, followed by a large array of clergy and ministers, I believe, of every denomination in the city, for once in their lives unanimous in the all-pervading wish to show how deeply they esteemed him who regarded all with good feeling, and remembered the apostolic injunction, *honour all men*, and was now honoured by all men. The affecting service in the choir finished, we all moved towards the place where the body was to rest. There all were unmanned. The poor chorister boys, often caressed by their dear Bishop, could hardly utter the notes for sobbing. The girls of Miss Stanley's school, in deep mourning, stood behind me weeping, and about eleven hundred more children of the schools were arranged on each side of the nave, and manifested such an impression as, I believe, has seldom been witnessed in such a gathering of young people. Heartfelt regret at the loss sustained, and the most unfeigned concern for the survivors, pervaded the mind of everyone present, and no pen that ever wrote could convey to you an adequate idea of the thrill of the moment when the Dean, with great tenderness of manner, uttered the final words of interment. Nor were the indications of what was in the breasts of those present less unequivocal as one by one they gave the last look into the tomb, and passed away in solemn silence. Almost every shop was closed, and every public office ceased from business. No one seemed to think, or was scarcely heard to speak, except on the one chief matter of the moment. At night I encountered a well-known Norwich tradesman standing at his open door, and he was one not thinking with the lamented Bishop. 'I am listening, Sir,' said he, 'to the muffled peal of St. Peter's bells, and thinking of the friend Norwich has lost. We shall never see his like again.'

At the same hour as that in which the cathedral-bell announced to the city of Norwich that the mournful ceremony had begun, a funeral knell was tolled in the humbler church of a far-distant parish, which awakened a grief as severe and as touching as the more public manifestation of sorrow at Norwich. From the moment that the sad tidings had reached Alderley, the whole place was overcast with mourning. During the twelve years since it had lost its beloved Rector, many changes, inward and outward, had come over it, and the number of those with whom he was personally acquainted was necessarily diminished. But the grateful recollection of him, always kept alive by his annual visits, still remained; and many a cottage was darkened, and many an eye filled with tears amongst those who felt that the same event which had left vacant a place amongst the prelates of England, had deprived each of them individually of a dear and devoted friend. Nor had they been forgotten by him. With the documents discovered after his death were found, besides those which have been already mentioned, two addresses—one to the parishioners, the other to the school-children, of Alderley, written about a year before his removal to the see, and countersigned by him about seven years afterwards, with a request that a copy of each might be sent after his death to every house in the parish.[4]

Deeply and generally as his loss was felt and his memory cherished in the hearts of the people and of

[4] See pp. 113–115.

the clergy of Norwich, no tomb or effigy marks the site of his grave. He had expressed more than once his wish that, if any memorial were erected to him, it should not be any statue or mural tablet, but the restoration of the great western window. 'It will never 'be accomplished in my lifetime,' he said on one occasion; 'but I trust that it may be my monument when 'I am no more.' His wish was remembered, and has been fulfilled. Under the light which streams through the stained glass of that window of the Cathedral, his last remains repose in the thoroughfare of the great congregation. A simple slab of black marble marks the place, in the centre of the nave, with the following epitaph inscribed upon its surface :—

BORN JAN. 1, 1779.

IN THE FAITH OF CHRIST
HERE RESTS FROM HIS LABOURS
EDWARD STANLEY,
32 YEARS RECTOR OF ALDERLEY,
12 YEARS BISHOP OF NORWICH:
BURIED AMIDST THE MOURNING
OF THE DIOCESE WHICH HE HAD ANIMATED,
THE CITY WHICH HE HAD SERVED,
THE POOR WHOM HE HAD VISITED,
THE SCHOOLS WHICH HE HAD FOSTERED,
THE FAMILY WHICH HE HAD LOVED,
AND OF ALL CHRISTIAN PEOPLE
WITH WHOM, HOWSOEVER DIVIDED, HE HAD JOINED
IN WHATSOEVER THINGS WERE TRUE, AND HONEST,
AND JUST, AND PURE,
AND LOVELY, AND OF GOOD REPORT.

INSTALLED AUG. 17, 1837.

INTERRED SEPT. 21, 1849.

DIED SEPT. 6, 1849, AGED 70.

POSTHUMOUS ADDRESSES.

THE two following Addresses, to the Parishioners and the School Children of Alderley, found amongst the Bishop's papers after his death, were written about a year before his removal to the see of Norwich, and countersigned by him about seven years afterwards, with a request that a copy of each might be sent after his death to every house in the parish, and to each of his former school-children.—*See Memoir*, p. 110.

ADDRESS TO MY PARISHIONERS.

THE God in whose presence I now stand knows how deeply I was interested in your welfare, and how earnestly I sought to bring everyone who heard me to a knowledge of the Gospel. While life was granted, such was my desire ; in the hour of death, it will still be my wish. Accept, then, from the grave the last Address you will ever receive from a Minister who would meet you again in a better world. The time will shortly arrive (you know not how soon) when you will be called upon to follow me. Are you prepared? Have you endeavoured to prepare, with due earnestness, for your eternal summons? It is an awful thing to depart from life—to be separated, in a moment, from all that occupied or interested us here below. What is the world now to me? My days are past like a dream—the eternal world is now before me. And soon shall it be thus with you. Your life is as a vapour, and quickly it passeth away ;

but the record of your good or evil ways is not forgotten. The good and the evil shall appear again, for or against you. From the grave I put the question : What has been your life ? Have I been the instrumental means of increasing your faith, and preparing those committed to my charge for the great change which I have undergone ? Or, heedless of the advice it was my wish and duty to give, have you lived from hour to hour, from day to day, indifferent to the future, and thoughtless as to the things that shall come hereafter ? If such has been your course, let me not speak from the grave in vain. I speak for your eternal good—for the salvation of your souls—while time and opportunity are still within your reach. But if some were indifferent, all were not. Some amongst you were steady and faithful followers of that Saviour who, in life, was my hope, and in the grave is my dependence. If, as a departed spirit, I am permitted to look upon the scenes in which so great a portion of my mortal course was spent, with what pleasure shall I behold your going on to that perfection which awaits the true Christian in heaven ! In life I knew and loved you ; in death I would not be divided. My dear parishioners, may we meet again to commence a closer and dearer connection, as angels of God, in the world of blessed spirits !

Farewell !

EDWARD STANLEY.

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN.

MY DEAREST CHILDREN,

When I lived I loved you as a parent, and I spared no pains to make you good and happy. Now I am gone down to the grave, and you will see me, you will hear me, no more. But, though dead, I would yet speak. Forget not then the parting words of one who so earnestly wished for your present and eternal welfare. When I lived I spoke to you often of God and of your Saviour. You will soon be called from the world to follow me, and then you will, I hope, feel how blessed

a thing it was to have known and served them. In life you can see them only with the eye of Faith—in death you will behold them as they really are. So live, then, that you may look forward to the hour of your departure as to an hour which shall place you in a state of everlasting happiness. If you would thank me for the pains I bestowed upon you when on earth, show that thankfulness by the purity of your lives. Attend to the following short rules, and God grant we may meet again in heaven, where you may rejoice in having done so.

Pray to God morning and evening. Prayer, like a ministering angel, if rightly offered, will guard you from sin in the hour of temptation.

Watch over your words and actions; for God is a witness to all you say and do.

Reverence the Sabbath; keep it as a Christian ought to keep it. A holy Sabbath is the parent of a holy week; and holy weeks shall end in a holy immortality.

EDWARD STANLEY.

IT was not known till the December following the Bishop's death that, three weeks before his own life was closed, his youngest son, Captain Charles Edward Stanley, had on the 13th of August, 1849, been suddenly cut off by fever at his official post in Tasmania. It was not known till the summer of the following year that, six months after the Bishop's end, his eldest son, Captain Owen Stanley, had, on the 13th of March, 1850, suddenly expired on board his ship at Sydney. The two brothers rest in those distant regions, one at Hobart Town in St. George's Churchyard, overlooking the approach from the open sea; the other in the quiet graveyard of St. Leonard's, on the north shore of Sydney Harbour, close to the spot where, in after years, were laid the remains of the lamented Commodore Goodenough.

The younger, Charles, had lived long enough to leave in all who knew him the most endearing recollections alike of his conscientious discharge of all public duties, and of his affectionate nature in all private and domestic relations. Entering, in early life, the service of the Royal Engineers, he had been stationed at Corfu during the erection of the now deserted fortifications of Vido, and was afterwards employed for several years on the Ordnance Survey in Wales and in the north of England. Through the mutual affection and regard which subsisted between them he was selected by Sir William Denison, Governor of Van Diemen's

Land, for the office of private secretary, which he filled at the time of his death.

The elder, Owen, had been sent to the Charterhouse to follow classical studies, with a view to the Bar, and there contracted a lifelong friendship with Henry Lushington (brother of the distinguished Greek scholar who afterwards became Professor at Glasgow). In the literary and legal distinctions of after years, the remembrance of this early companionship was never effaced. In both of them sprang up a passionate desire for the naval profession. In young Lushington it was, perhaps happily, thwarted, but in Owen Stanley it was indulged, from the sense of the painful effort which it cost his father to surmount the same impulse. After serving his noviciate in several ships, he was appointed to the 'Adventure,' under Captain King, at Valparaiso, to assist in the exploration of the Straits of Magellan. This was his first initiation as a nautical surveyor. When promoted to the rank of Lieutenant, he was appointed to co-operate with his friend Captain Graves in the Mediterranean, where he surveyed the Gulf of Lepanto in a small boat, which he hauled over the Isthmus of Corinth, probably the first feat of the kind since the ancient usage, which in classical times gave to that part of the Isthmus the name of 'Diolcos'—'the dragging place.' In 1836 he was appointed to the 'Terror,' under Captain (afterwards Sir George) Back, on her expedition to the Polar Regions in search of Sir John Ross; and on this voyage he had charge of the astronomical and magnetic operations. Of all the Arctic voyages, till the fatal expedition of Sir

John Franklin, this was the most perilous. The story of it is told at length by Sir George Back.[5] A winter of unusual severity closed in upon the vessel; the icebergs repeatedly threatened her total destruction; the men were worn down with scurvy, and the officers with anxiety; and when, at last, the ship was liberated by the return of summer, it was with the utmost difficulty that, by 'undergirding the ship,'[6] they were able to make their way across the ocean and struggle to the northern coast of Ireland. 'On the night of the 3rd of September, 1837,' says Sir George Back, 'trusting to the soundings, we 'glided silently past the lights of the fishermen's cottages, 'and near midnight anchored safely in Lough Swilly. 'When morning came, with what indescribable delight 'did we inhale the fragrance and contemplate the beauty 'of the land! Imagination could scarcely picture a scene 'so enchanting as to our weary and frost-dazzled sight 'appeared that soft and lovely landscape, with its fresh 'green tints and beautiful variety of hill and dale. It 'was an enjoyment to be felt but once in a life, and how 'much was that enjoyment enhanced when the wind 'suddenly changed and blew a gale off shore, which 'but a few hours earlier must have driven us back to 'sea, and, in all probability, terminated our labours 'fatally.' When, thirty years afterwards, Owen Stanley's only surviving brother visited those romantic shores, in company with Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry, whose charming poem on Lough Swilly has so faithfully de-

[5] *Narrative of an Expedition of H.M.S. 'Terror,'* by Captain Back, R.N.

[6] Acts xxvii. 17.

picted its scenery, he found the memory of that early morning still fresh in the minds of the fishermen and their families. Old men and women were still full of the recollection of 'the ship heaved up like a mountain 'over against the point of the bay, the chains all fastened 'round her;' 'the green vegetables' that were hailed with such joy by the sickening crew; the young Lieutenant who left as tokens of gratitude to his Irish host sketches of his adventures in the Arctic seas.

He was in 1838 appointed to the command of the 'Britomart,' in which vessel he aided in forming the colony of Port Essington, on the northern coast of Australia, and in making a survey track of the Arafura Sea.

During this expedition he had the opportunity of rendering a permanent public service by securing to England the possession of the Middle Island of New Zealand. The Governor of New Zealand (Captain Hobson) having in 1840 received an intimation that sixty French emigrants in a whaling vessel (the 'Comte de Paris'), accompanied by a frigate ('L'Aube'), had been sent out to form a settlement at the port of Akaroa, to the north of Banks' Peninsula, sent orders to Captain Stanley to proceed in the 'Britomart' in order to anticipate their arrival.[7] He started immediately, formed a hasty

[7] The details are given in a despatch from Captain Stanley to Governor Hobson (No. 448, p. 81, of 'Papers on the Colonisation of New 'Zealand,' printed for the House of Commons, May 11, 1841). Governor Hobson, in sending it to Sir George Gipps, Governor of Australia, adds: 'The measures which Captain Stanley adopted with the French emigrants 'are, I think, extremely judicious, and the whole of his conduct evinces a 'degree of zeal and intelligence which I trust you will consider worthy of 'the notice of Her Majesty's Government.'—(ibid. p. 81, No. 82).

encampment, and held a court of petty sessions under the shade of a large tree on the beach, while the French frigate was outside the harbour unable to work in. The French emigrants eventually landed under the British flag, until the further decision of the respective Governments became known.

He was appointed in 1846 as Captain to the 'Rattlesnake,' a small frigate expressly fitted for carrying on a survey in the Indian and Australian seas. The importance of the expedition may be stated in the words of one well qualified to judge :—

> It must be remembered, that an important and increasing commercial intercourse was opening between China and India on the one hand, and the Australian colonies upon the other. Now it will be obvious that there are two roads open for ships travelling between these countries, one by the south coast of Australia, the other by the north coast, between Australia and New Guinea, through the Straits of Torres. It will be noticed that while the southern route presents a fine open sea free from all danger, the northern passes through that triangular space of the Pacific, bounded by Australia upon the west, by New Caledonia, the Louisiade, and New Guinea upon the east and north, so filled by a labyrinthine mass of coral reefs, islands, and shoals, as to have received the appellation, which it well deserves, of the 'Coral Sea.' At first sight, then, it would appear that the southern route was infinitely to be preferred to the northern ; but here conditions of climate came into play, and the navigator found it far better to trust the gentle and favourable breezes of the southern trade wind which would accompany him upon the northern passage (reefs and shoals notwithstanding) than to encounter the almost certain delays and dangers of the strong westerly gales, which made the neighbourhood of the Leeuwin almost as much to be dreaded as that of Cape Horn.

The passage by Torres Straits, therefore, was that which gradually came to be exclusively adopted by mariners. But the peculiar physical geography of this part of the world—whose structure is altogether unique—divides that portion of the northern route which lies between Sydney and Torres Straits into two routes, known respectively as the inner and the outer. The reefs of the Coral Sea, in fact, are, in the main, gathered into one huge rampart, with openings here and there—the Great Barrier Reef—which stretches from opposite Breaksea spit far into the great bight of New Guinea.

Outside this wall of reefs the sea is tolerably free from scattered patches, but it is of immeasurable depth; it is open to the whole sweep of the Pacific, and offers not the slightest shelter of any description. To get through the narrow openings in the Barrier Reef, the sailor was forced to trust entirely to his latitude; and, like Cook, he might be carried away at the mercy of any of the multitudinous currents if the wind fell light as he approached the reefs.

In spite of the previous efforts of Captain Blackwood and Captain King,

it still remained a great desideratum to ascertain whether—if a ship had been carried beyond the latitude of any of the known passages in consequence of thick or heavy weather—there was any possibility of her passing round the northern end of the reef between it and the mainland of New Guinea, which would of course always afford an excellent landmark.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties that have been mentioned, masters of merchant-ships infinitely preferred the outer to the inner route. Within the Barrier Reef, indeed, the obstacles were of precisely the opposite kind. The sea is comparatively shallow, and the great reef acts as a sort of breakwater in diminishing the violence of the waves. So long as the whole space had not been carefully examined and triangulated would there be a necessity for frequently anchoring; and the difficulty of distinguishing any dangerous reefs ahead, in consequence of the

glare of the sun upon the water, prevented the passage from being used by merchantmen. Another circumstance rendered the examination of the inner route a matter of much importance. A steam communication with Australia (now happily existing) was then beginning to be talked about, and it was thought that steamers, with their abundant power always at command, would find the smooth water of the inner passage peculiarly favourable, if the dangers in their way were only clearly pointed out.

It was, then, to the exploring of the Coral Sea, both within and without the Barrier Reef, in such a manner as would best contribute to the safety of vessels passing through Torres Straits, that Captain Stanley's instructions directed his attention.

Combined with this general object, was the subordinate, but still important, purpose of exploring the Island of New Guinea.

Three centuries ago this vast island formed the point of junction between the two great currents of geographical discovery which set, the one from Portugal round the Cape of Good Hope, the other from Spain, through the Straits of Magellan and from the Pacific coast of Central America, whence the restless activity of Cortes impelled ever new squadrons. In 1526, Don Jorge de Meneses, sailing from the Portuguese settlement in Malacca, to be governor of the Moluccas, drifted unwillingly out of his course to the north coast of New Guinea, which the people of the islands to the westward called Papua. This was the easternmost point of Portuguese exploration.

On the other hand, Peter Martyr (quoted and translated in Hakluyt) tells us that 'in the south sea of that huge vastity, he (Cortes) built ships, that fro thence he might trye the Æquinoctial line, 12 degrees only distant fro the shoare, to the end that he might thoroughly reach the islands next under the line, where

he hopeth to finde plenty of gold and precious stones, and also new and strange spices.' Alvaro de Saavedra, one of the captains despatched on these errands, in his return from the Philippines in 1528, came upon the northern shore of New Guinea, and thus completed the chain of explored lands between the eastern and western shores of the Pacific. Saavedra found so much gold in New Guinea, that he named the country 'Isla del Oro,' but the dangers of the navigation seem to have deterred the early voyagers from repeating their visits. In fact, Torres did not reach it till nearly a century later; and though portions of the coast were examined by the Dutch navigators as well as by Dampier, Bougainville, Forrest, D'Urville, and Blackwood, yet, when the 'Rattlesnake' sailed from England, the south-eastern portion of New Guinea and the Louisiade Archipelago were essentially a 'terra incognita,' and, perhaps, the very last remaining habitable portion of the globe into which European cruisers and European manufacturers had not penetrated.[8]

The details of the voyage thus undertaken may be found in the published narrative of Mr. MacGillivray.[9] One or two extracts from Captain Stanley's letters will give his personal experiences:—

August 4, 1849.

Those only who have known the intense anxiety attendant upon a lengthened cruise amongst a mass of shoals and reefs can at all understand the delight with which I went to sleep when we were fairly clear; for the nature of the shoals among these islands is such, that the lead gives no warning whatever; and though, day by day, the look-out from the mast-head may see the shoals, he is of no use at night, and even in the day-

[8] 'Science at Sea,' *Westminster Review*, New Series, vol. v. 1854, pp. 101, 102, 107-110.

[9] *Narrative of the Voyage of H.M.S. 'Rattlesnake,'* by John MacGillivray, F.R.G.S., Naturalist to the Expedition.

time I have taken the ship over shoals, with very little water on them, that looked like deep water from the mast-head, simply from the difference in the colour of the coral of which the shoals are composed. And it does not add very much to one's happiness to know that these isolated patches, many not larger than the ship, rise suddenly from deep water, so that, if you hit them hard enough to cause a serious leak, you have every prospect of going down, with some little chance of saving the lives of the crew, but none whatever of saving anything for them to keep them alive.

August 16, 1849.

Of one scene I will try to give you a faint idea, and a very faint one it must be ; for I never saw the like before, and very much doubt if it will ever be my good fortune to see the like again.

After leaving the Louisiade and its surrounding reef, which, though it had given the French so much trouble, afforded us smooth water and good anchorage, we approached the coast of New Guinea. For nearly a fortnight we were prevented by thick, misty, rainy weather, heavy gales, and strong currents, from gaining an anchorage ; but one evening, having stood close into the land, to my very great joy I saw the 'Bramble' and tender coming out from the mist with the signal flying, 'Anchorage is good.' To make all possible sail, and follow her in, was the work of a very few minutes, and after about three hours of the most intense anxiety I heard the chain cable running out. It was then quite dark ; so the next morning saw us all anxiously waiting for the sun to rise, to show us the land ; but alas ! though the sun rose clearly enough from the sea, over the whole of the land hung one dense mass of clouds, through which the space-penetrating power of Lord Rosse's telescope would have had no effect.

Except the island under the shelter of which we had anchored, nothing whatever could be seen on the land side but masses of heavy clouds above, and volumes of rolling mist below, while, to make it more tantalising, to seaward all was clear as possible.

About an hour before sunset, a change came over the scene far more magical, far more sudden than anything ever attempted on the stage, when the dark green curtain is drawn up to show the opening scene of some new pantomime. All at once the clouds began to lift, the mist dispersed, and the coast of New Guinea stood before us, clearly defined against the sky tinged with the rays of the setting sun.

The mountains seemed piled one above another to an enormous height, and were of a deeper blue than I have ever seen before even in the Straits of Magellan ; they were intersected by tremendous gorges, and from the foot of the lowest ranges a considerable tract of low and apparently alluvial soil reached to the beach.

To give an idea of this scene by description would be utterly impossible ; the intense blue of the mountains contrasted strangely with masses of white fleecy clouds driven rapidly past them by the gale ; the bright gleams of the setting sun on the nearer hills, covered with most luxuriant vegetation, from which mysterious jets of very white smoke from time to time burst out ; and the two surveying ships quite in the foreground, surrounded by native canoes, completed the picture, which we did not enjoy very long ; for in these latitudes there is no twilight, and in less than an hour from the time the clouds began to rise, all was dark, and though we saw many of the peaks again, we never had another chance of seeing the whole range so clearly.

Mr. Brierly, the artist who accompanied me from Sydney, made the most of the time ; but no painter can ever give due effect to that sunset.

From subsequent observations I find that some of the hills must have been forty-eight miles off, and were at least as high as the peak of Teneriffe.

If from so great a distance the effect could be so grand, what must it be amongst those mountains themselves !

At Cape York, on his return to Australia, he heard of the death of his beloved brother at Hobart Town.

At Sydney, on his arrival on the 7th of February, he found awaiting him the tidings of the death of his father; and early on the morning of the 13th of March he was discovered dead in his cabin. The first tidings that met his brother's widow on her entrance into the harbour in the hope of meeting her brother-in-law's welcome was that he was snatched away. His end must have been sudden, as he had been called not long before by the officer of the watch. His remains repose, as has been before observed, in the graveyard of St. Leonard's, in the secluded spot which in the case of his dying in Australia he had selected as his final resting-place.

'Of all those who were actively engaged upon the 'survey' (wrote one who in that survey took an active part), 'the young Commander alone was destined by 'inevitable fate to be robbed of his just reward. 'Care and 'anxiety, from the mobility of his temperament, sat not 'so lightly upon him as they might have done, and this, 'joined to the physical debility produced by the ener- 'vating climate of New Guinea, fairly wore him out, 'making him prematurely old, before much more than 'half of the allotted span was completed. But he died 'in harness, the end attained, the work that lay before 'him honourably done. Which of us may dare to ask for 'more? He has raised an enduring monument in his 'works, and his epitaph shall be the grateful thanks of 'many a mariner threading his way among the mazes of 'the Coral Sea.'[1]

Nor will this be his only reward. The mountain

[1] 'Science at Sea,' *Westminster Review*, as above, p. 115.

ranges of the island of New Guinea preserve his name for times to come.[2] The future commonwealth of New Zealand will connect his memory with the annexation of the Middle Island to the English Crown. One splendid scientific fame will be inseparably linked with the voyages which provided the first materials for long subsequent years of world-wide inquiry and speculation.[3] And even without counting these more tangible results, 'it[4] is happy for science' (to use the words of another faithful friend whose narrative has been freely used in this account) 'that she is her own reward, and 'that her votaries court her for herself. By his love 'of science, and by his zeal in the arduous path of 'scientific duty, Captain Stanley was enabled, with 'but slight physical or constitutional powers, to throw 'into the performance of his laborious mission his 'distinguished father's energy, and patiently, for the 'benefit of the whole family of man, to track, as it were, 'the steps of Him, "whose way is in the sea, and his '"path in the great waters, and whose footsteps are '"not known." To investigate these, so far as we are

[2] The whole central range of New Guinea is called the 'Owen Stanley Mountains,' but the name is specially appropriate to the summit, 13,200 feet above the level of the sea.—MacGillivray's *Voyage of the 'Rattlesnake,'* ii. 85.

[3] Professor Huxley was Assistant Surgeon on board the 'Rattlesnake,' and his voyage with Captain Stanley thus bore the same relation to his future researches as the voyage of the 'Beagle' with Captain Fitzroy to the no less celebrated researches of Charles Darwin. It is to his pen that we owe the essay in the *Westminster Review*—his earliest composition of this kind—from which so many extracts have been given.

[4] *A Visit to the Indian Archipelago*, by Captain the Hon. (now Sir) Henry Keppel, R.N., vol. ii. pp. 215–234.

'allowed to do so, is exclusively the privilege of the 'scientific mind; to define them, for the guidance of 'mankind, is amongst the most sublime and philanthropic 'applications of which genius is susceptible on earth. 'The nautical surveyor needs no memorial beyond the 'records of precious lives, noble vessels, rich freights, 'saved from peril by his accuracy; the commercial 'facilities emanating from his difficulties; the quiet 'confidence amid strange and treacherous waters which 'nations derive from his anxieties. In every such record 'throughout the world the name of Owen Stanley has 'achieved a place.'

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND JOURNALS OF CATHERINE STANLEY.

THE following selections have been made, with the view of giving such passages as possessed intrinsic value, or as might seem to illustrate the general history and manners of the time.

It will be observed that the first extracts date from a time when the writer was of a very early age. Two or three were written when she was not more than seventeen. They are taken chiefly from journals or letters belonging to the period of her stay at Alderley, from 1810 to 1837. They become fewer after her husband's removal to Norwich, from which time the altered condition of her life left less leisure and opportunity for such records either of thoughts or acts. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that, owing to this circumstance, greater prominence is given to the period of imperfect progress than to that of mature experience. She used to say herself of strong friendships: 'It is a great comfort to 'feel how secure and deep the foundations of our affec-'tions are laid, out of the reach of change, or absence,

'or *silence.*' Still, it may well be that, besides the instruction always inherent in such tentative suggestions, there is also some value in the insight which they give into the religious and intellectual culture furnished by an education characteristic of the early years of this century.

The journals speak for themselves. The letters were for the most part addressed to intimate friends or relations of opinions and characters more or less diverging from her own; a circumstance which gives to them a certain combative or apologetic tone, yet not enough to interfere with their native freshness and simplicity.

It is also to be noticed that the extracts of the earlier period belong not only to a time before the great social changes which so largely increased the complexity and publicity of life, but also to the deep seclusion of a retired provincial existence, varied only by a few brief visits to or from friends in London and elsewhere.

Soul.

January 18, 1809.

What an expressive word is '*soul*'; it gives an idea of something more than heart, something more than mind, something, in short, which includes every feeling we are capable of, and which cannot be expressed but by the word '*soul.*' If it conveys the same ideas to your mind that it does to mine, I think you will agree with me that there are many people who, though neither deficient in heart nor mind, have no soul. Now, though in one's own common acquaintance and friends one may be perfectly satisfied with a tolerable portion of heart and

mind, in an intimate friend (how much more then in the most intimate of all friendships) '*soul*' is absolutely necessary, to my ideas of happiness.

Foster's Essays.

July 3, 1809.

I am inclined to pass over all faults of language in Akenside and Foster (with many other authors I could name—Wordsworth and Southey, for instance), for the sake of the *ideas* which they may occasionally express ill. I have been more delighted with Foster, on reading him again, even than I was before ; his manner of thinking comes nearer to my own feelings and thoughts than any book I ever met. The 'Essay on a Man's Writing 'Memoirs of Himself'[5] has many not sentences but pages which I could read over and over again with increased delight. The memoir proposed to be written is of a man's own mind; feelings, and sentiments : the changes they have undergone since the earliest period he can remember having an idea, and the causes of those changes. In suggesting a few of the causes, in stating the circumstances and occurrences of life which have the greatest influence on the mind and character, he pleases me better, and comes nearer to what I feel to be truth, than anyone I know. I value him not only for the reflections which he makes himself, but for those which he invariably leads me to make upon my own character every time I take him up. Do you never feel that there are some books which have the same sort of effect upon your mental frame that a fine day has upon your outward

[5] Essays by John Foster.

frame (of course, anything violently affecting either one or the other will destroy all the sensations and emotions occasioned either by a fine day or a book)? that it continues to give you pleasure after you have shut the book, by leading your mind to an exalted or a pleasing train of thought? To meet with a book that can do this is a piece of good fortune indeed, and which seldom occurs. I do not know more than half-a-dozen which have this power. Of these, Mrs. Grant's 'Letters from 'the Mountains' stand foremost. I often take them up for a few minutes, in the quality of a tuning key, to raise my mind to a certain pitch, and they seldom fail to bring the tone of it to what I wish. I remember, when I was at school, whenever I felt myself in a melancholy mood (that sort of melancholy, I mean, which is pleasant), I always used to read 'Paul and Virginia,' whose conclusion I never could read without tears. It always had an effect on my mind long after I had laid down the book; and if I wished to be merry, or in high spirits, I should just as soon have thought of going to a funeral as of reading it. But now to return to Foster. I had not read the second volume before, and I was delighted with it; not merely with a remark or a passage here or there, but with the whole tenor of it. It is a most interesting subject, and it is one about which I have thought often myself, without being able to come to any determinate opinion. Foster has just struck me particularly. He appears to me to unite 'the moral and intellectual faculties' most completely and most satisfactorily. I never could bear the idea that the subject which, of all others, most concerned the faculties of the soul and mind, should be precisely that

upon which it was not deemed necessary for them to exert themselves, and that, whilst in every other pursuit of knowledge, philosophy, science, a superior mind aimed at soaring out of the common track, at reaching the utmost point attainable by human power, it should (when religion was the pursuit in question) either sit down contented with commonplace views of the subject, or, what is more commonly the case, despise it altogether, as a thing not calculated to exert the intellect, or to fill the powers of the mind. Foster's views of religion are what I call liberal, in the best sense of the word. His remarks on the tendency of the classics, at the end of the volume, preclude all thought of his notions being too free. He is himself a professor of 'evangelical 'religion,' and therefore his remarks on the language of religion come with greater weight, as being entirely free from all prejudice, and the result of a candid, inquiring mind, zealous in the cause himself, and anxious to remove everything which may prevent others from seeing it in the light in which he himself sees it; and that the cant language (if I may be permitted to call it so) which is often made use of, when other terms would convey the same ideas, has the effect he attributes to it, I feel not the slightest doubt.

Alderley Mere.

December 17, 1810.

The purplish brown of the wood rising above the softened reflection of it in the water; a few touches of brighter brown in the shrubs and ferns near the edge; the boat-house relieved by the dark wood behind it; a line of

yellowish brown reeds breaking the reflection of it in the water; and another still brighter yellow-and-brown island coming immediately before it; the soft blue haze spread over the water and softening the reflected outlines of the wood without weakening the effect, contrasted here and there with the vivid and determinate outline of a few leaves or weeds lying on the surface of the water; the scene enlivened now and then by a wild duck darting from the reeds across the lake, making a flutter and foam before her, and leaving a line of clear light behind her on her path, her wild cry distinctly echoed from the wood, and sometimes both from the wood and deerhouse together—such a simplicity, yet variety of tint, such a force of effect, and such a softness of shade and colour! Artists, one and all, hide your diminished heads!

Prayer.

1813.

The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is certainly a difficulty, but it does not strike me as insuperable. The Scriptures do not and cannot interpret themselves: by what can we then interpret their meaning, but by experience? We see those who are earnest and sincere in prayer and zeal holding different doctrines and falling into different mental errors, perhaps; but we see them increasing in devotion and love to God—the *sincere* of every sect always seem to resemble one another in this respect—may we not conclude, then, that the assistance granted to prayer is not the enlightening the understanding for the discovery of the nature and ways of God, but the purifying, strengthening, and improving those faculties

of the heart or soul which regulate our character on earth and will form our resemblance or non-resemblance to God in heaven? The prayers of all those who are sincere are certainly answered, and answered consistently with each other in this respect; for, as has been said, there is but one sort of devotion, though there may be many truths. Whether prayer answers itself, as from the nature of real prayer it must do, or whether there is any immediate assistance granted, cannot be discovered by experience; but experience offers nothing which can contradict it. And then, perhaps, as to that greater or less quantity and error and absurdity in our inquiries after truth, the approximation of any or all of us may be so infinitely small that, in the eyes of God, the contrast between the conception of a Newton and the most ordinary of our friends may be much the same as the appearance of our great mountains and valleys to an inhabitant of the fixed stars; and therefore all which is of importance in His sight is 'our being 'renewed in the spirit of our minds.'

Effect of Character.

December 18, 1813.

By what unknown laws do characters act on one another? How involuntary, how indescribable both the feeling of interest excited and the causes which excite it! Who can describe that turn of countenance, that peculiar expression which has this magical effect on himself? Days and years may pass, one individual after another each deserving and obtaining esteem and approbation, but there is no emotion produced; the heart

remains still and quiet—we feel happy to see them and happy not to see them. But then one character comes who makes all other intercourse in comparison dull and spiritless. To common observers perhaps there may be no difference; there may be less cleverness, less beauty, less many things, than in others; in short, the difference is only known by the effect. Ten thousand feelings seem to be called into play which have hitherto slept—a warmth and glow imparted at once to the character. Anxiety, hope, curiosity, seem to have lent just such a portion of themselves to the feelings as to give them quickness and vividness; absence is felt as a void; in short, this is the spiritual part of love which a woman feels towards a woman. It seems, however, to depend, in great measure, on imagination; it is a feeling that wears out, and, in proportion to its vividness, it is changeable. I love a person more in this way, on a first acquaintance, on a first discovery of those traits which interest me. Perhaps this is because they suggest to my mind hints of a character which I fill up myself. What I do not see I imagine. When the character is more fully known, perhaps two sources of interest are destroyed, that of curiosity to understand and know what does not appear at once, and the reality, more fully developed, leaves no further exercise for the imagination—perhaps destroys the charm which it has already formed. Whilst we are not fully acquainted with a character, every word and every look produces almost a variation of feeling as it advances or recedes from that imaginary outline we have drawn of it; there is something so delightfully interesting in feeling your ground and training your sentiments and your sympathy—and then

when such a character does fall within reach, it seems as if it were impossible to make enough of it. Time spent in common conversation, which might be had with others, seems lost.

The Spring.

March 25, 1813.

How delightful is the spring of life and the spring of the year! There is something so exhilarating in the sight and smell and feel of a fine spring day, that it seems to renovate one's existence, to impart a brisker flow to the spirits, a more animated glow to the feeling, to call forth every energy of the soul. The ideas expand, and there is a vigour and activity given to the whole system, internal and external, which prompts the full exercise of every faculty, the desire of opportunities to exercise them. I seem to be more alive to my higher nature, to aspire after a higher degree of excellence, and to feel as if no difficulties should obstruct the path which leads to that virtue and excellence. It places us in a state of mind so pure, so elevated, by giving a higher tone to all the faculties of the mind and soul, that there is a pleasure in contemplating ourselves under so fair an aspect, reflecting our feelings; and the possible perfection of man is present to our imagination and emulation; we exult in the consciousness of our nature, our existence, and our powers. If this state of feeling could but last, what a being it would make of man! It is just this *constant* state of energy, emulation, and activity which is required to make a great man. Perhaps every man would be great in his way, if he did but call out to their full exercise the peculiar powers with which Nature

has gifted him ; and perhaps these starts of energy are intended to show us of what we are capable, and the immense distance there is between what is and what might be. How provoking it is to feel these fine feelings gradually subside away under the thousand influences of weather, health, &c. &c., and nothing but the dregs of the character left! to feel almost as if you were another being, who had no connection with the recollections and ideas of the former being of half an hour ago! It may be a question how far the frequent cultivation and *search* of these feelings may confirm them into a habit, and whether, even when they evaporate in the chilling influences of contrary causes, they may not leave a salutary influence on the mind.

Unity of Nature.

January 1814.

'Quand on arrive à cette hauteur où chaque science 'touche par quelques points à toutes les autres, c'est alors 'qu'on approche de la région des idées universelles, et 'l'air qui vient de là vivifie toutes les pensées. La plupart 'des axiomes physiques correspondent à des vérités 'morales, et la philosophie universelle présente, de mille 'manières, la nature toujours une et toujours variée, qui 'se réfléchit tout entière dans chacun de ses ouvrages.'

If there is any truth in these ideas, they throw an important light upon religion. If the God of nature and the God of revelation are the same being, the one must interpret the other. Revelation must be considered as a part of the universe, and it must reflect back the same

image as every other part. 'For the invisible things of 'Him are clearly seen by those things which are visible.' If there is a point where all the powers of the mind and all the principles of nature unite, that point must be God. He is most truly and philosophically the Beginning and the Ending, the First and the Last. He filleth 'all in all.' He is the first principle from which all other principles branch out, the last conclusion to which all that is true and great and beautiful tends, till everything is again subdued unto Himself, till God is again 'all in all.' 'La nature n'est pour l'heure que les feuilles éparses de 'la sibylle dont tout jusqu'à ce jour n'a pu faire un livre.' 'God is the mysterious book, the union of all the sepa-'rate parts.' 'If he gather unto Himself His Spirit and 'His breath, all flesh shall perish together.' He is the perfection of everything that is imperfect on earth. In the vast expanse of thought which this view opens, the human mind feels lost and bewildered, as if left without a guide on the boundless waters, without sight of land; the feeling in both cases is awful and sublime. 'God is 'great, and we know Him not.' But though the whole is beyond our grasp, the parts into which it has subdivided itself are within our comprehension. Each part of nature has a beauty peculiar to itself. Each individual has its own appropriate excellence, whether of moral or physical beauty. In most characters this is very obvious; we like every one of our acquaintance for a different quality. Perhaps no two characters are ever exactly alike, and yet we have an equal degree of esteem and affection for a great number of characters, all differing from each other in nature and disposition. The nature of our esteem and affection, indeed, differs

with the object of it. Some qualities call forth one feeling and some another, but still the principle remains the same. Our love and esteem is not limited to one peculiar conformation of mind and disposition. We often like what differs essentially from ourselves. The varieties of character, like the varieties of natural production, seem each intended to produce something perfect in its own nature: therefore he is as deficient in moral taste who is capable of admiring only one species of character as the man is deficient in taste, commonly so called, who only admires one separate part of nature. Here again we come involuntarily and almost imperceptibly to the principle of union. A man of true taste will admire everything that is perfect or beautiful in its way—a flower, an animal, or a landscape, the discoveries of science, the effusions of genius, the ingenuity of artists, as well as the different beauties of moral character (which are more immediately under consideration); he will admire all in the degree in which each presents to him an idea of beauty. He may prefer one sort of beauty to another, according to the particular turn of his mind; but to a genuine sense of beauty, all that has intrinsic beauty, be it what sort it may, must give some gratification. The principles of the possible perfection and actual corruption of our nature bear a very strong analogy to each other; the corruption is not the uniform destruction or depravation of one particular faculty in all the human race, nor is it the depravation or destruction of all; it is to be traced in each individual differently. All who are wicked are wicked in different ways, and so must all who are perfect be perfect in different ways. A post can have but the perfection of a post. The only

perfection to which man can reasonably aim is the improvement of the particular nature with which he is endowed, not the union of other natures. This seems to be quite consistent with the laws of nature. When we read of the image of God being stamped on man, it seems as if we should understand it thus: not that each man was in himself a compendium or miniature of the Divine nature, for the number and nature of the Divine attributes and perfections are too infinite to find room in the finite nature of man, but that the Divine essence was divided, or rather decomposed, into an infinite number of particles, each containing a different portion of the Divine nature, and each amply sufficient to form a living soul in man, whilst at the same time there exists a sympathy between these different particles which bespeaks their relationship. And this may be traced in the love which has been spoken of, which we feel towards such apparently opposite qualities, but more especially in that recess of the soul, where each reflecting mind draws to itself an imaginary picture of excellence which may be generally found to be composed of the union of all those qualities which we admire in human nature, in the feeling that leads to that imagination which is dissatisfied with every character, and feels something wanting in all. All that is genuine in mind, in heart, and in science unites at a certain elevation—so does all moral beauty. There is a point also in which all religions meet—a point out of reach of all the war and conflict of opinions, where the real essence of religion alone finds its way.

Every moral quality and energy of which the human character is composed seems to have within itself the

power of rising into virtue, or sinking into vice; and here is the field for our moral exertion. We have each of us in our own character and disposition the means of becoming, in a certain way, very good or very bad. The way in which we are to walk is appointed us by nature in the powers with which we are endowed; but whether we walk in our appointed way backwards or forwards is our own affair. This is exactly illustrated by the parable of the talents. The number of the talents was the business of the Giver; the use of those appointed to us was all that was entrusted to the servants. It may, perhaps, be asserted too in this parable that the several talents were in the end to be invested in the Master's treasury.

The Old Testament appears to contradict the Platonic and sublime idea of the universality of the Divine mind, and reduce it to particular points of being. It is as if in the account of the creation of man the system was according to Plato; but when an irruption had been made into the established order, the government of God changed its nature, and, in order to bring human kind still to the same end, different means, according to their changed circumstances, were adopted. God accommodated His requirements to the nature of the mind, no longer able to raise itself to the contemplation of Him in His real essence, and seemed to interfere in a particular manner to preserve the knowledge of Himself, and to govern by a particular as well as a general providence. When things are described as created anew by the redemption, and in a certain degree restored to the state in which they were created, then, in the place of this more particular providence, the true idea of God seems to be unfolded, and man left a second time to raise himself to

the Divine nature. Probably in the old world the instances of His interference were much fewer than those we have handed down to us. Knowing that the thing did exist, it would often be fancied where it did not; but I believe it is not doubted that there were interferences of Supreme Power besides the Jewish. Whether they ceased entirely with the Apostles cannot be positively ascertained, because man would still, from the habit of hearing and considering the thing possible, fancy such interference on every occasion. But miracles and prodigies seem now to have been entirely forgotten, except by rank enthusiasts or impostors.

Supposing Plato to have derived his ideas of theology from the Jews, again they prove the divinity of Christ's doctrines. The Jews were unable to understand their own doctrines, or to develope their sublimity. The mind of Plato saw the Divine mind through the forms which satisfied the Jews, and unfolded it in his own words. The Christian revelation proved that he had interpreted right, and that the two were consistent with each other. Every day you hear stories from different sides, totally different; and it must occur to the candid, unprejudiced mind, What reason have I for believing this story in preference to the other? Both are alike open to the temptations of falsehood, exaggeration, prejudice, and to the perversion of circumstances. And when you look at the decisive judgments commonly pronounced in the world on persons and things, how seldom does it happen that you cannot trace them to the influence of prejudice in the most accurate meaning of the term. How seldom do you see the abstract nature of the question carry any weight with it. And

this principle is of such unlimited extent, and reaches so far into every subject on which a judgment or decision is necessary, that it becomes one of serious importance, and leads to a sort of scepticism and indecision which hangs a clog round all our pursuits and enjoyments. I fall into different circles: I hear what is praised in one censured in another; I see a totally different standard of taste, virtue, agreeableness—the whole style of opinion and judgment perfectly at variance. I find my own estimates of feelings and things vary so entirely from one hour to another that I am almost as different from myself as the people I see are from one another; and on whom am I to depend? In short, could I but describe the state of my mind at this moment, it would present an epitome of my feelings on every subject. I sit down, with pen and paper before me, in the determination to enjoy solitude and liberty of thought. I endeavour to recall my thoughts to myself. After debating for ten minutes what I shall think about, my pen begins to go: the ideas come and go like figures before a glass. I catch one, but the rest fly away; and even that single one, how impossible to describe and give it those minute shades which characterise it in my mind! it appears quite commonplace in the endeavour, so different from the original in my mind that I throw the paper aside, and try another sheet and another idea. That meets the same fate. After the first half-page, I find myself running into the same story, and I throw up the concern in despair, and find nothing but commonplace, narrow, shallow thoughts. There is a feeling of incapacity to satisfy or express my idea which makes me perfectly discontented and dissatisfied with myself,

without knowing how to set about the remedy. I am tormented by a sort of involuntary sympathy with the opinions of the people I am with, so that their opinion, although it does not alter mine, positively makes it unsatisfactory to me.

Thus I feel in danger of degenerating into a common character, like my writing—as if I had not *lived*, not used all my powers—as if I wanted to feel some new emotion, to call forth feelings and passions to make me know my own powers and my own character; and these are just as necessary to the welfare of our moral being as exercise and freedom are to our physical frame.

There is something quite *bizarre* in my pleasures. I cannot account for them to myself in the slightest degree; they turn on such slender threads.

External Influences.

July 1, 1814.

How can one's feelings of happiness and pleasure be guided as they are by circumstances and situation? What can a large room, an exterior prospect have to do with the feeling of the mind, more than as far as immediate comfort is concerned? But so it is. How unaccountable are the sources of our enjoyment! To-day mine has been innocent, simple enjoyment, without the interference of variety, interest, or novelty—the mere pleasure of using all my faculties of mind and body with no restraint or curb, and the disposition to use them. I walked with the girls; I swung with them and I drew with them, and I believe the power of sympathy makes me feel younger with them; and it is so delightful to be able to be a girl again; the moments are

really too precious to be lost. Then came our walk this evening, our returning and playing at cricket, drinking tea on the lawn, and breathing the sweet evening air in the garden; and the cheerful, happy group drawing round the table with books and pencils, the arm-chair in sight of the moon, and then the being made miserable by Mrs. Opie's 'Father and Daughter.' All these things I have enjoyed, and I have felt happy, and they have caused pleasant thoughts and imaginations to pass through my mind. In short, my body and mind have been in perfect health, and everything has tasted well to them, for I believe that is the secret of all happiness; the mind is alive to the circumstances which suggest ideas of ease, elegance, refinement, and freedom, as well as to those which suggest the wilder images. It is as much influenced in its way by the luxuries and comforts of a large place as by the beauties of nature in their different forms, and this without by any means finding or feeling the same circumstances necessary to one's own possession of happiness, any more than it makes one miserable to live out of a fine country, because it makes one happy to be in it.

Worldly Dissipation.

July 18, 1814.

It is satisfactory to all my views, to all my feelings and wishes, to see how much more vanity there is in people of the dissipated than of the literary world. The absence of some pursuit beyond the mere living in society narrows the heart as much as the mind. Where the natural sense of beauty and excellence is destroyed, where neither is felt or admitted but through the me-

dium of circumstances, connections, or some prejudices of this nature, how the character is debased and lessened, how the selfish principle expands! The moral and intellectual nature are and must be connected. The mind and soul are more nearly related than any other parts; they are both but modifications of the living principle, so that they are used often synonymously; their relation, their mutual dependence, their difference, are all of so subtle a nature as to require the nicest shades of discrimination and expression. How completely does experience confirm and explain the spirit of those laws and precepts which declare a worldly spirit more repugnant to the love of God and feelings of religion than the state of a real sinner! The fact is that crimes have derived their nomenclature and character from man and not from God, or at least from the relations of man to man, rather than from those of man to God. The crimes held the most odious are those which interfere with the welfare of society; by common consent they have now a character of infamy attached to them which it would be as dangerous as impossible to change: and for the welfare of society it must be so. But the matter of fact is that those very crimes so odious do by no means necessarily argue a heart so contrary to the spirit of religion, so far from a union with God, as many other dispositions. Let anyone reflect on the motives of his own character—whether he might not be moved to the commission of the sixth, seventh, or eighth sin even by certain emotions or gusts of passion, which would leave his mind afterwards much more fit, and much more capable of rising towards God, than the habitual deadening pursuits of the world. The state of

heart in the two cases is very different, and Christ has decided which He prefers by the whole tenor of His conduct. He is merciful to all sinners commonly called such, but most bitter against worldly deceit. This doctrine is liable to every species of abuse, but it cannot surely be denied that such is the doctrine of Christ, nor that such is the unprejudiced decision of an unprejudiced inquiry into the nature and motives of the human heart and disposition.

Love.

July 24, 1814.

'Love is Heaven, and Heaven is Love'—not what has married you and you and you, but that innocent expansion of the heart and soul by no means occasioned or limited by one object, but by certain circumstances, and certain situations, which can be compared to nothing but the bodily feeling of having one's pores opened and all the nerves called into action. What can the moon or the sky have to do with this? but they have as direct an influence as upon the tides, or anything else; and does it not prove our connection with, and affinity to, all the parts of the Universe that they should hold such dominion over us, and that the External and Internal world are adapted to act on each other and improve each other, and that those are improperly framed who have not this correspondence in their nature? 'Love' has a grand but also a very limited signification, which, in the common acceptance of the word, by no means describes the feeling of which I speak. What is commonly meant by Love, is but a *part*, but *one* direction of the feeling, and the idea and the term are so corrupted and debased and alloyed by popular use, that often

one cannot speak on the subject with safety. 'Love,' however, describes the feeling better than any other word, because it is the same sort of sensation on a higher and larger scale. It is certainly the approximating point of soul and matter. When we look upon it in the light in which it is regarded by many, we might think it impossible that two ideas so opposite as ours and theirs can come under the same denomination, and it might seem that they, having multitude and experience with them, prove ours to be mere useless ornaments of the thing, and no more intrinsically connected with it than the shadow is with the substance. But there are moments of internal conviction that there are truly and indeed such things as these pure, refined, exalted feelings of which so many disbelieve the existence. Perhaps the things should be separated at once —moral and physical love, or of our two natures, the soul and body. Where there is no soul, of course there can be only one sort of love felt; where there is, there may be the two sometimes counteracting and reacting on each other. But in each case the causes which excite the passion or sensation seem equally involuntary and inexplicable. Who can tell why such a face excites the sensation of love in him, any more than I can explain why certain sounds and certain sights excite the sensations of my soul? To be in love concentrates all these feelings in one object; thus all nature, and all external excitements, do but produce and turn to this one idea; but to enjoy all these same sensations without an object is more delicious, and more innocent and elevating, and expands into benevolence, philanthropy, and patriotism. We think of excellence, or beauty, or some sort of per-

fection till the heart swells and pants, as in common love, with the recollections or thought of the absent object; we feel a desire, a longing for we know not what; the soul seems insufficient to its own powers, it pants to escape; and there is in all these emotions (for emotions they are) a thrill which borders on pleasure and pain, on satisfaction and dissatisfaction, worth every other feeling that can be felt. Poets have described these feelings from nature, I suppose, but afterwards repeated the description—one the copy of another, not of the original—till all the spirit and nature is lost, and one turns away with disgust as from cant and commonplace.

Predestination.

1814.

I doubt whether any real misfortune, any external embarrassments or distress, can give more uneasiness than the conflicts of mind and character to which many minds are painfully subject; the one is ostensible, the other passes unknown, undiscovered; and whilst we are often obliged to feign more than we feel on what are called common losses, we are quite as often forced to disguise those weaknesses which do really prey on our happiness by secret and constant pressure, those trifles which we are ashamed of feeling ourselves, to whose insignificance we assent with all our heart, and whose influence we deprecate, but which still hold us in their strong but invisible bonds, through which we are unable to break with all our struggles and protestations of freedom.

It would require less courage to face a gun than to make a confession, even to oneself, of the trifles which

not only occupy but influence our thoughts in the course of the day; but it appears that only some unhappy few are doomed to the misery of feeling their chains gall them. Superior minds have them not (at least so one supposes), and inferior ones feel them not: the one are conquerors, the others willing captives: but the intermediate state is really miserable. The idea of spells, enchantments, destinies of fate, predestination, &c., must have originated from some of these feelings to which the intermediate line mentioned are subject; for nothing but a spell or destiny can convey the idea of that involuntary power which forces people to do what they despise, and to be what they do not like. The thought of Orestes, urged on by the fates to the murder of his mother against his will, against his reason, is apparently but not really more distressing than the thought of the man who sees and feels what is right, and has a vague idea of what he wishes to become, without the power of arriving at it; and it is in fact the same case. Theologically and philosophically what is predestination but this: That a man is placed in such a situation as to be unable to avoid such and such things? A soul comes into the world under such a form, with such dispositions and such faculties; these determine the part he is to act in the world, and the character he is to assume; it is his destiny, in short, and the force of it is universally acknowledged: no one is expected to act 'out of character.' It seems as impossible for one person to act the part of another, as for fire to act the part of water. Reason and education are only set to work to counteract this destiny when it is a bad one, and sometimes they partially succeed, but Nature will

still take the lead and give the bend. You constantly see characters where the least penetrating can discern that 'nothing could spoil that disposition,' and others where it seems equally evident that nothing could have saved them. Each character has an impetus to itself leading to a particular point; it may be guided, obstructed, diverted, or hastened in its progress more or less; but let it alone, and it will fulfil its appointed course.

When a watchmaker forms the wheels of his watch to strike the hour, does he not predestine that watch to be a repeater? or, what is more to the purpose, is not the barrel-organ *predestined* to play a certain tune and no other? And the effect of an assemblage of characters often too nearly resembles an assemblage of organs all playing different tunes at the same time, where the chance of two concordant notes is infinitely small, and the certainty of discord infinitely great.

Kean the Actor.

June 1814.

I will describe Mr. Kean while he is fresh in my mind. I was quite right in my first apprehensions; it was impossible to see his countenance through his black complexion, especially as we were in the second row of boxes. His eyes appear to be of great use to him, but we could only see the whites of them rolling about. On his first entrance, I could think of nothing but his voice and figure, which are striking disadvantages. He was a full head shorter than any other person on the stage, which gives him an insignificance almost ridiculous in his Moorish dress, and he looked like a little black girl in a shift. His voice, whenever it rises out of the

common level, is so bad as to make you involuntarily *clear* your throat for him. In short, till the first scene with Iago—I mean the first of his jealousy—I was disappointed; but here mind did rise over matter indeed. The way in which he held Desdemona, without seeming to know that he held her, before Iago's suggestion had advanced as far as a suspicion! I was most delighted with his 'Not a jot.' The suppressed agony with which he stands for two or three minutes after Iago says, 'You are moved, my lord,' and then recovers himself! The beauty of his acting is its simplicity; he never moves a limb unnecessarily, and when they do move it is so easily that even with his figure it becomes graceful. In the last part I did not like him so well again; perhaps there is less opportunity for nice touches and discriminations when the passion is once clearly roused, and there is nothing but passion to be expressed—then his voice annoys one again, and he becomes more like a common actor; when it is not strained there is great variety in it, as he showed in his 'farewells,' and the change of tone with which he came to 'Othello's occupation's gone.' His dying was very fine, but unnatural; he remains for a minute after he has stabbed himself motionless in the same attitude, then gradually relaxes and falls down. I had much rather have seen him in Iago—there would have been no necessity for ranting, if ever there can be such a necessity.

I have been told that he was the harlequin of a country theatre, and was actually engaged as such at the Lyceum, and now pays two guineas a night to some substitute to fulfil his engagement. He told Sir George Beaumont, who is enthusiastic about him, that having

been forced to explain himself in dumb show as harlequin was, he was sure, a great advantage to him, and had given him whatever powers of action of that sort he now possessed. He says that the country theatres swarm with actors as good as himself, and that if the managers would give him a commission he would undertake to fill their theatres with a good set.

June 18, 1814.

We had the resolution to go into the pit on Monday to see Kean. We went at five; stood twenty minutes in the lobby amongst a well-behaved crowd before the doors were opened, and when that happened had one minute's squeeze into the house, and got comfortably seated in the fifth row in the pit without any inconvenience; but had I suffered forty minutes' squeeze, and double the heat, Kean's first speech would have amply repaid me. Now I can say that I have *seen* him, and his countenance really forms so important a *half*, at least, of his acting, that one might as well be out of hearing of his voice as out of sight of his features and expression. I liked nothing so well as that first speech —his start and look when he says 'the door is barred.' Whether one is accustomed to form one's idea of Richard from Cooke's translation of it, I do not exactly know, but he rather struck me as deficient in the calm, deep, designing villany belonging to Richard's character. He *acted* the hypocrite rather too much—there was more flippancy and liveliness than sarcasm in many parts; but perhaps Cooke's countenance in itself gave a different idea, and maintained more dignity than Kean's can do. He flags very much towards the middle

of the play till the scene before the tent scene, when he draws the plan of the battle with his sword; in the last, when his fencing really puts you out of breath—it is not fencing, it is fighting for his life, and nothing can be finer than the effect of the disarmed hand fighting on, but he certainly manages his voice ill, and rants it unnecessarily. I should still like to see him in Hamlet, but I shall be satisfied now if I do not.

The Allied Sovereigns.

June 13, 1814.

At half-past ten we started for the illuminations, and nearly made the tour of the whole town, from Park Lane to St. Paul's, in the open barouche. I cannot conceive a more beautiful scene than the India House; they had hung a quantity of flags and colours of different sorts across the street, the flutings and capitals of the pillars, and all the outlines of the buildings, marked out with lamps, so that it was much more like a fairy palace and a fairy scene altogether than anything else—the flags concealed the sky, and formed such a fine background to the brilliant light thrown on all the groups of figures. We did not get home till daylight. There was nothing the least good or entertaining in the way of inscriptions and transparencies, except a 'Hosanna to Jehovah, Britain, and Alexander!'

Monday, 8 a.m.

Yesterday after Church we went to the Park. It was a beautiful day, and the Emperor may well be astonished at the population, for such a crowd of people I could not have conceived, and such an animated

crowd! As the white plumes of the Emperor's guard danced amongst the trees, the people all ran first to one side and then to the other; it was impossible to resist the example, and we ran too, backwards and forwards over the same hundred yards four times, and were rewarded by seeing the Ranger of the Forest, Lord Sydney, who preceded the royal party, get a good tumble, horse and all. We saw Lord Castlereagh almost pulled off his horse by congratulations and huzzahs as loud as the Emperor's, and a most entertaining walk we had.

We dined at Mr. Egerton's. Mr. Morritt rather usurped the conversation after dinner, but I was glad of him to save me from the history of each lady's adventures in search of the Emperor or the illuminations. The opera must have been a grand sight; it seems undoubted that the Emperor and Prince Regent, and all in the royal box, rose when the Princess of Wales came in, and bowed to her—it is supposed by previous arrangement. Lord Liverpool declared that he would resign unless something of the sort was done. One man made forty guineas by opening his box door and allowing those in the lobbies to take a peep for a guinea apiece. We made an attempt on Saturday to get into the pit, but it was quite impossible. I would not for the world but have been here during the fever, although what many people complain of is very true, that it spoils all conversation and society; and in another day or two I shall be quite tired of the sound or sight of Emperors. The merchants and bankers invited the Emperor to dinner; he said he had no objection if they would promise him it should not exceed three-quarters of an hour, on which Sir William Curtis lifted

up his hands and exclaimed, 'God bless me!' He is tired to death with the long sittings he is obliged to undergo. The stories told of him quite bring one back to the Arabian Nights, and they could not have chosen a more appropriate ballet for him than 'Le Calife Voleur.' If he stayed long enough, he might revolutionise the hours of London. I was close to Blucher yesterday, but only saw his back, for I never thought of looking at a man's face who had only got a black coat on.

Your letter just arrived. You may safely rest in your belief that I do not enjoy anything I see or hear without telling it to you, and you are quite right in your conjecture as to what your feelings would be here. I have thought and said a hundred times what a fever of impatience, disappointment, and fatigue you would be in. I am better constituted to bear all three; and you are also right in supposing that you know as much and more of the Emperor than I do, for one has not the time or the inclination to read what one has the chance of seeing all day long, and it is so entertaining that I feel it quite impossible to sit quiet and content when you know what is going on. One person meets another: 'What are you here for?' 'I don't know. What are you expecting to see?' One says the Emperor is gone this way, and another that way, and of all the talking couples or trios that pass you in the street, there are not two where the word 'Emperor,' or 'King,' or 'Blucher,' is not in one, if not both mouths; and all a foxhound's sagacity is necessary to scent him successfully, for he slips round by back-ways and in plain clothes.

June 18, 1814.

On returning from Miss Fanshawe's we saw a royal carriage in George Street, at Madame Moreau's, and we waited to see the Emperor and the Duchess (of Oldenburg) get into the carriage. He was in a plain blue coat; she without her curious bonnet, so that I had a good view of her face, which I had the satisfaction of finding exactly what I wished to see. The extreme simplicity of her dress—she had nothing but a plain white gown and plain straw hat, with no ornament of any sort—and her very youthful appearance, made me doubt whether it was really the Duchess; but it was. She is very little, and there is a strong expression of intelligence, vivacity, and youthful unsophisticated animation, in her countenance. I fancied I could see so much of her character in the brisk step with which she jumped into the carriage, and the unassuming lively smile with which she bowed to the people. The Emperor looks like a gentleman—but a country gentleman, not like an Emperor. His head is very like Richard Heber's. The Duchess allows herself to be pleased and to express her pleasure at all the sights without the least restraint. She asks few questions, but these very pertinent. She is impatient at being detained long over anything, but anxious to silence those who would hence infer that she runs over everything superficially, without gaining or retaining real knowledge. At Woolwich she was asked if she would see the steam engines. 'No,' she had seen one already, and understood them perfectly. As they passed the open door she turned her head to look at the machinery, and instantly exclaimed, 'Oh! that is one of

Maudesley's engines,' her eye immediately catching the peculiarity of the construction.

June 23, 1814.

At our dinner Mr. Tennant came in late, with many apologies ; but really he had been hunting the Emperor —waiting for him two hours at one place and two hours at another, and came away at last without seeing him at all. He said, in his dry way, that 'Have you seen the Emperor?' has entirely superseded the use of 'How do you do?' In the morning he had gone into a shop to buy some gloves, and whilst he was trying them on the shopman suddenly exclaimed, 'Blucher! Blucher!' cleared the counter at a leap, followed by all the apprentices, and Mr. Tennant remained soberly amongst the gloves to make his own selection, for he saw nothing more of his dealers. Rooms are letting to-day in the City at 60 guineas a room, or a guinea a seat for the procession. Tickets for places to see it from White's to be had at Hookham's for 80 guineas ; 50 have been refused.

Your letter revived me after five hours' walking and standing and running after reviews, &c. I did see the King of Prussia, to be sure, and the Prince, and the people climbing up the trees like the grubs on the gooseberry bushes, and heard the *feu de joie*, whose crescendo and diminuendo was very fine indeed, but altogether it was not worth the trouble of being tired, and jammed, and squeezed for.

At the reception at Sir Joseph Banks' house last night the most interesting object of the evening was a sword come down from heaven on purpose for the

Emperor! Let the Prince Regent, and his garters and his orders, and the merchants, and the aldermen, and everybody hide their diminished heads! What are they and their gifts to the philosophers? This is literally a sword made by Sowerby from the iron from some meteoric stones lately fallen—of course in honour of the Emperor. There is an inscription on it something to this effect, but not so neat as the subject demanded, and it is to be presented to Alexander—who does not deserve it, by the bye, for having entirely neglected Sir Joseph amongst all the great sights and great men, which has rather mortified the poor old man.

Edward went off this morning for Portsmouth on his way to Havre, but the Havre packet is employed in pleasuring people up and down to see the ships. Not a bed is to be had in the place, so he has secured his berth in the packet, if he can find her and get on board at night after her morning's excursions. Standing room is to be had in the streets for three shillings; seats are putting up in, and for two miles out of, the town; all the laurels cut down to stick upon poles; in short, everybody is madder there than in London. Can the English ever be called cool and phlegmatic again? It is really a pity some metaphysicianising philosopher is not here to observe, describe, and theorise on the extraordinary symptoms and effects of enthusiasm, curiosity, insanity —I am sure I do not know what to call it—*en masse.*

One should have supposed that the great objects would have swallowed up the little ones. No such thing! they have only made the appetite for them more ravenous. The mob got hold of Lord Hill in the Park at the review, and did literally pull his coat

and his belt to pieces. He snatched off his Order of the Bath and gave it to Major Churchill, who put it in the holster of his saddle, where he preserved it from the mob only by drawing his sword and declaring he would cut any man's hand off who touched it. Some kissed his sword, his boots, his spurs, anything they could touch; they pulled hair out of his horse's tail, and one butcher's boy who arrived at the happiness of shaking his hand, they chaired, exclaiming, 'This is the man who has shaken hands with Lord Hill.' At last they tore his sword off by breaking the belt, and then handed it round from one to another to be kissed! My regret at not having been at White's is stronger than my desire to go was. It must have been the most splendid and interesting sight one could ever hope to see.

Judgment of Character.

November 10, 1815.

There is a sort of idleness which may be called a waste of existence, and there is a sort which may be called the enjoyment of it. Where, in fact, does the benefit of the higher rank of society lie but in this privilege of leisure? Leisure, it is true, is but the choice of how to employ time; and when this employment is suited to the inclination, whatever it may be, then the purpose of leisure is answered. But when we see the employment thus voluntarily chosen of no other species than those which the common routine of business would have given equal scope for, it is impossible not to feel that leisure is ill bestowed, since anything else would have done as well. It is to a limited few that leisure is really valuable. There are minds requiring a constant

stimulus and exertion, which find no pleasure in having time within reach of their disposal; at least, to whom other objects present so much more attraction that they are willing to make the sacrifice for them which the labourer makes for his bread, with this difference, indeed, that to them it may perhaps be a sacrifice, to him none. When A superintends the detail of his estate with the persevering attention of a bailiff, when B watches the planting of his trees, might he not as well have been a steward? When C spends his mornings in his laboratory, amusing himself in making what may be better made for him, might he not as well be a manufacturer? When D scarce snatches the moments for eating and sleeping from the accumulation of business which his high office and credit provide for him, might he not as well be a clerk? When E finds amusement invariable in tambour work, might she not as well have worked for her bread?

September 10, 1815.

I woke in the night from a dream, in which I had just taken poison, and was under the conviction that I had only a few hours to live. For a few minutes the impression was so strong as to call forth the state of mind in which the reality would place me. Every idea was completely absorbed in the one overwhelming expectation of the awful moment that was to present my character in its naked colour to its Judge. A thousand things rushed at once into my mind—concerning my children—what I wished done with my things—and they were as immediately dismissed under the strong conviction and recollection that I had but a few hours

to purify my soul from these and all other worldly thoughts, and to raise its tone to that of a spiritual being. The terrors of crime cannot be very much greater than the dreadful misgiving which the consciousness of misspent hours inflicted. I felt, in its fullest extent, what by the gifts of nature I might have been, and what I had been. How truly we are the judges of our own deserts! how truly is the heart the interior of judgment! and in such a moment its decision may be trusted. It seemed as if a veil was drawn from before my character, which displayed it in such colours—such a wanton misuse of talents and faculties that it would be impossible to see it so and not reform it. How important do trifles become when they are considered the evidence of the mind!

What a state is a death-bed for a mind capable of reflection, and which has hitherto not exercised it! One can scarcely enter into the conception of a character replete with passion and energy which has so long formed a constant source of anxiety and interest, subdued and reduced to nothing. One can scarcely imagine the form and features, once replete with life, in the calmness of death. What an interval for the mind when told that recovery is hopeless and dissolution approaching! We are familiarised with death in its general appearance, but when it is thus brought home to our consciousness and feelings how awful it is! What a complicated number of contending feelings are brought into play by this crisis of a person whose conduct to you has been constantly raising indignation and annoyance, whose death is for your interest in life in every way!

How must all moral disapprobation, anger, &c., fade away in the contemplation of the impotence of passion! One can enter into the feelings of angels over a repenting sinner, and into the (perhaps) dangerous belief of a death-bed repentance, when one considers how the development of any hitherto stifled feeling of affection or good would outweigh all former error in one's mind. How eagerly one should seize the first symptom, how dearly one should prize every word and look, and how softened beyond the demands of justice would the whole character appear! There are such a multitude of obstacles interposed between the intercourse of one soul and another—it is so seldom we can see and believe we see the inward feeling—that when an occasion does occur in which it can be known without disguise, when one heart can speak to another heart, what happiness it is!

There had been no uneasiness felt in the prospect of change; no consciousness of wrong, for there always seemed to be reasons for what was done, according to the notions of right at the moment—and so does everybody act according to their own notions of right; but then the question comes, What notions are right? and the result is, that if there has been wrong, it is often the error of judgment, not of will. Then how far are we answerable for our blindness of judgment? Just so much as we have contributed to blind them ourselves, by allowing will and wish to interfere, and then wilful self-deception becomes a sin. But it seems almost as possible to trace the influence of will over the members of the body, to say how it is that my fingers move when I will they should, as to ascertain the modes and degrees in which one's will influences one's powers of mind

and judgment. How impossible for any but God to judge us!

The intricacies and inconsistencies of human character lead one more directly to God than anything else. Everything seems so strongly to declare that we are one part of a whole; each character has some good in its way: but how different are those ways!

What can lead us so strongly to dwell with anticipated delight on the thought of perfection, as that disappointment which every character inflicts, when, after raising your expectations, kindling sympathy and affection, it suddenly falls short, or turns aside from the path that appeared to you to be its natural course to excellence?

February 26, 1816.

Why does the tide of affection which sometimes rushes on the soul fill it with melancholy as well as pleasure? Where lies the charm which calls forth that warmth and softness of feeling that fills the eyes with tears? We have more knowledge of, or power over, the means by which our souls are affected than over the things which agree or disagree with our bodily constitution. How is it that, with the same person, I should feel at one time a *tête-à-tête* oppressive, that I must stretch my thought, and this often in vain, for something to break a silence, and at another time, without any change of external circumstances, that after two hours' conversation I have so much more to say than at first that I could go on for ever?

What can be compared to that abandonment of intercourse in which two souls seem to feel the same

thing, at the same instant to communicate without the aid of speech, as if the better part of each nature had united and taken a flight for one short interval into the 'paradise of hearts,' leaving their mortal parts below? But it can only be a flight—it cannot be sustained long; and one sinks back into the old state, almost to wonder at what has been; and how oppressive and sickening is this thought of what will be when it comes across the present enjoyment! One can only feel enough to make one wish for more. Here there is not perfect confidence. I cannot say all I think or all I feel, partly indeed because I trust to sympathy explaining better than my words would do; and when there is an uncertainty of how a thing may be understood, I do not like the risk of breaking the charm I am enjoying by risking a misconception which would be fatal to it. Then if I were to talk of such feelings, I should be told of the mixture of good and bad, and wonder how I could love such and such things. But what has all this to do with the question? I love that which is good when it is present to me in such a form as to outshine and overshadow the faults. I feel that in cherishing what is good, whatever and wherever it may be, I am cherishing the love of excellence, the love of God.

October 19, 1816.

There is a sort of crookedness of thought and feeling where you cannot exactly point out where the first deviation from the straight line begins, but where you feel that your own sympathy is left behind: just as the eye cannot look through a bended tube, though it can scarcely discern where the bend begins. There is a

charm in the simplicity of mind which allows the thoughts to come out clear from all prejudice, and from all fear of prejudice, fear of consequences and interpretations, from all wish of giving one particular impression, of playing one particular part, where thought and feeling are genuine and original, and so force their way out, not because they have been said and thought before. There is a charm that is delightful in this genuineness, whether you agree with the thing or not.

How delightful it is to have beautiful ideas of a person's mind and character formed by little circumstances! Sometimes a few of these give the leading strokes so well that one can fill up the rest. I heard read a journal of Lady Douglas which gave me extreme pleasure, perhaps not nearly so much from the words themselves, as from the image they formed in my mind of her mind. Elegance, refined simplicity, taste, playfulness, affection, and feeling, all in their exact places and proportions to form the accomplished, elegant woman—the delightful companion. The *abandon* of feeling and character is very delightful sometimes; but there is a beauty in chastened feeling, in delicate taste, and in the propriety which results from these, which is also delightful, and which leaves a sort of calm pleasure on the mind that does one good. One has a satisfaction in perceiving the nicer parts of character, and then the feeling of sympathy and emulation called forth. What an advantage to live always with one's superiors! to act under the inspection of those of whose judgment one has not yet discovered the fallibility! And yet, is not this always the case? Do we not always act under this Infallible Judge? Oh that it were possible so to

realise and embody our ideas of perfection as to make them act upon us in the same way that individual perfection does! All these feelings must be parts of the love of God, only that when the things come to be generalised, the feeling for them is generalised too, and loses its distinctness and force. If it were but possible to seize and incorporate all these different bits of perfection that fall in one's way! And it must be possible, because, if the feeling of sympathy be there, the capability of the thing itself must be there. This would be the true way of enjoying society, and of making everything conduce to one great end. When I am with persons whom I admire, I could trace out exactly the character I would wish to be in order to suit them, and those parts of me which might be unfolded, and all that might be changed and improved, and all the little details into which the change might extend; but then all this vanishes like the dew before the sun, and leaves me to wonder what was there.

October 27, 1816.

What a perverse thing is mind—that in moments of occupation thousands of thoughts which want analysis and description should crowd into the mind, to the exclusion of more necessary objects of attention, and that when the wished-for leisure arrives it should be entirely passed in a listless, fruitless search for any one thought worth developing!

A Prayer against Prejudice.

1820.

O Thou who hast in Thy wisdom decreed the difficulties and temptations with which the road to Thee

and to truth is surrounded, assist me to obtain that simplicity, singleness, and purity of intention which may lead me best to discover the true way of serving and worshipping Thee. Assist me to love Thee, to think of Thee, and to believe in Thee as I ought. Assist me to throw aside pride, prejudice, vanity, and all earthly passion in reading Thy word ; that, amidst the contending judgments of my fellow-creatures, I may rest my faith and my hope on what is essentially Thine. Keep alive within me the thoughts of Thee, to be the guide and standard of every thought, of every action, of every pursuit.

O Thou Almighty, Eternal Spirit! what ideas can I form of Thy being, Thy power, Thy greatness? How vain my attempts, how limited my powers, how weak my desires! How everything fails—heart, mind, and soul—in the endeavour to raise itself to the contemplation of perfection and truth! Holy Spirit, enable me to dispel those shades which cloud and darken my soul, to shake off the feelings of indolence and dissatisfaction which impede every pursuit. Enable me to use the powers of my mind unfettered by prejudice and opinion. May the love of Thee, the sense of Thy presence, the awful feeling of my relations with Thee and the eternal world, so diminish this temporal world and its concerns that I may find my difficulties imaginary, my anxieties trifles, and that I may enlarge my sphere of thought and action, and be no more an unprofitable servant.

I am under the influence of trifles which cloud my judgment, pervert my thoughts, and freeze my feelings. Oh, where are those true feelings of love to God, that

true sense of my relation to Him, that true, free thinking which would elevate my mind beyond their influence? I suffer the best feelings and best powers of my mind to perish by disuse.

Two Sisters.

Dec. 7, 1821.

When one sister has a decided character for some particular object, the inferior one should turn hers, if possible, the other way. Interference provokes comparisons which would not, need not, be made otherwise. Here it is you see the effect of manner and countenance. Actually the very same things which bore you in one sister, interest you in the other by dint of looks and manner. I believe, on cool reflection, they do say the same things, though it is hardly to be believed, considering the effect produced. There is always this difference, indeed, that the one has the ease and confidence of being always indisputably first—the other, the little uneasiness attendant on being always second, and not being entirely content so to be; so there is an elevation of the voice, and a shrillness of tone, an exaggeration of language and an eager pouncing upon the thread of conversation, that corresponds to the lines in her face which are so different from the dignity of the elder's.

There was nothing particularly clever in her conversation, but it was natural, lively, characteristic, and easy-flowing. . . . 'How I hate the necessaries of life—that's the money that's thrown away—when they come to tell you you must have glass-cloths and dusters; and then I had to pay 10*l.* or 20*l.* for a kitchen dresser. I thought

dressers grew in kitchens. What was I the better for a kitchen dresser?'

There is all the foreign art of *savoir vivre* about her—enjoyment without form or state. Then she has such wonderful animal spirits, the power of amusing and of being amused. There is an expression of such vivacity, nobleness, and interest in her eye, such grace and playfulness in her manner; you feel that she could do so many of the great things one has read of; that there is a richness of character about her which is or has been capable of being so finely worked up.

But there is a great deal in being a privileged person. She will talk for ten minutes on what I should not venture to trouble anybody with for a moment. She will laugh, she will offend your good taste and your judgment, and yet you cannot find it in your heart to find fault; you console yourself that it is her way, and would be very angry with anyone who made the same remark one has made unconsciously to oneself. She deals in praise like one who has been used to so much herself as to receive it as her due, and to return it as the due of others. There is a sort of constant indirect flattery of ways and looks that fascinates one for the time, but leaves an uncomfortable impression behind, that all the commonplace cant about flattery and the deceitfulness of the world is more true than a person living out of the world is apt to believe.

With a person who commands your interest and your sympathy very strongly, and whose life has been of a totally different complexion from your own, you seem to enter upon quite a new world.

There is another reason why one sister falls so far

behind the other: the one loves and likes more, as well as is more loved and liked. They may be mutual cause and effect; but so it is. You resume your place just where you left it with the one, you have to go back many chapters with the other. There is one thing remarkable and most respectable, which is, that with this similarity of pretension, this rivalship, there is no jealousy, no suspicion, no dislike; their differences of opinion are expressed without fear, and discussed with interest. They converse with each other, and their character of mind, being such as usually to take different views of a subject, brings this into constant observation. People who live together, especially women, and more especially sisters, generally know each other too well to think it worth the trouble to hear them. It is a proof of great freshness of mind, as well as of other things, when this is not the case.

People who live in that state of seclusion which makes society an accidental duty, can hardly conceive how those live whose daily bread it is. Well may they be agreeable, well may they have the talk, when one feels that it is not want of brains, but want of practice, that keeps one from this sort of drawing oneself out too, which, instead of exhausting, extends the store. There appears enough for everybody; in her head 'are many mansions,' as she once said. Now this crowd must sometimes jostle one another inconveniently, but still she feels at the time the same interest which she expresses, and which she feels, in another person the next hour; and if all these people come on the stage together, some must seem neglected; and it is very fine for those to accuse her of uncertainty, caprice, who have more than enough room

for all that ask admittance. But the truth is, *everybody* plays the same game to *somebody*. The grand charm is Nature: what she says is the thought of the moment;—it is all young, fresh, lively; the talent of lending herself entirely to the moment is the charm of her manner; she is all yours for the time being—not more yours than other people are in time absent: and hence perhaps disappointment.

The Divine Perfection.

1822.

God created man in His own image; he fell from it by the abuse of the free will given him; and the grand object and end of our being is universally now allowed to be the approaching again to the purity in which we were created; though the beauty in which we were created was contaminated and perverted by us, it is not destroyed. Whilst we see imperfection or vice, the portion more or less of everything, we see almost in everything some portion of remaining good, or the Divine nature; some have more and some less, as a single glance round our acquaintance will inform us. Perfect wisdom, perfect truth, and perfect love are the attributes of the Deity. We can conceive the idea of perfection which we cannot realise, therefore we can judge when we approach or recede from these attributes. Socrates and Plato were universally considered by the heathen world as approaching as near as human power could do to wisdom and truth. Their doctrine and theology met with an internal evidence in every breast. They were the best and the wisest of men, and appear to have had an unusually large share of the Divine nature remaining

in their nature: in so far as this is true, their doctrine must be true. Our faculties proceed mediately or immediately from God. We have free will, and consequently power, to pervert them or not; but wherever this perversion is avoided or overcome, the mind approaches to the universal mind, and is derived from it, and consequently will approach to Divine truth in its researches. When two theories show a singular coincidence, the one proceeding from the highest degree of human wisdom, and the other professedly proceeding by immediate revelations from the Divinity Himself, they confirm each other, and prove each other at once to proceed from one source, and that source to be Divine. Christ's doctrines are proved by Plato to be such as were to be expected from the Divine mind; and Plato's are proved by Christ to be the fruit of true wisdom, unperverted by human prejudices, and therefore approaching to the Divine.

Ambition.

Feb. 1, 1822.

There is a sort of existence into which my imagination and wishes dart with a feeling that it would be life over again—a sort of mixture of delicate sentiment, playful wit, ease, perfect abandonment, tact, and interest, everything of exaggeration rubbed off by the world. It would be in reality what La Fontaine, Dante, &c., are in their particular beauties—the light touch, the allusion, the suggestion, nothing elaborate, diffuse, or flowery. Perhaps it would be unwholesome—perhaps the fear of commonplace would lead from simplicity—the dread of exaggerated sentiment from natural feeling.

It is a kind of refined worldliness, but it is the very height of civilisation, of the play of intellectual cultivation; it puts one on a level with the very first of the first. Ambition rises within one; to think of it would seem to raise one out of one's usual sphere. One is lifted from the commonplace into the romantic, from the romantic into this. One might almost make Dante's circles of it. This is as great a change as the other was, perhaps; but is it not the consequence of age and experience? There is a great deal in making the most of one's situation and character relatively to all these little things.

Feb. 3.

. . . I am afraid all this is dangerous. I do not like to investigate too much, yet I feel the general results without any investigating: the way in which little circles form themselves in the mind, the way in which one goes round *à l'insu de tout le monde!* Have other people their secret wheels within wheel? Should one be surprised with the unravelling of much that we think simple? I could envy those who attach, or think they attach, meaning to words which to me have no definite shape or meaning. When one has thought much or at all upon one's own heart and the workings and tendencies thereof, all *talk* of the path of virtue, the deceitfulness of sin, &c., amounts almost to a mockery. It is indeed threading a needle with a cable, and sweeping away dust with a rake. One feels disposed to push aside all these incumbrances impatiently to get at truth.

The Mental World.

Sept. 1822.

Does the world of starry spheres show a more wonderfully complicated variety than the mental world? The part one has to play in life seems at one time so deep, at another so simple. The standing midway between two circles gives a difficult, though a most extensive point of view. I see that I see so much that those in either exclusive sphere do not; and this view of the infinite variety of characters and circumstances extends one's conception of the Universal Mind more than any other point of creation. There is a certain point by which characters lay hold of our regard; often we cannot describe it, but it carries with it a conviction of reality that nothing can shake. There are different judgments to which this sort of perception leads, almost (it would appear) different grounds on which they are formed; for who is not conscious of judging different people by different standards? There is a sort of tacit agreement by which we take an intuitive view of what to expect from each species; and is there not also an intuitive conviction that we have, by glances and glimpses, what the Supreme Being has in perfection, that there every part of the complicated whole lies distinct yet in its proper relations? How miserable, contemptible, and false seem all the narrow views of Divine judgments! the cant of sermons, the commonplace on that subject which of all others is most out of reach, most superior, and most dissimilar to human calculations. To see the distance between ourself and others above us, and

those below—how we are the head of some and the footstool of others in the same breath—how differently we are estimated and understood!

Then the quality of good and evil—how the proportion is kept up of great and small qualities—how the great vices are redeemed, and how the small virtues are dimmed. There is X: everyone is ready to find fault, and just fault. In all those qualities that appear on the surface—that are almost taken as necessaries of life—that are indeed necessaries—she is palpably deficient. One cannot call her, by any transmutations of candour, amiable, pleasing, useful, cheerful, or good-tempered. Her temper is unhappy, her habits loose, her mind discontented, her manners unconciliating. Everyone can see that she is easily discomposed, that she will not give herself the trouble to amuse or to be amused. Z, on the contrary, is always occupied; put her in almost any situation, she is cheerful and content; never showing ill-humour, calm and sensible, fulfilling the different relations of life irreproachably, when X is giving occasion at every turn to observation. There would be no comparison between a favourable majority of judgments formed of the two; but put these two in any given point of difficulty, anything where qualities of the heart as well as the head were required, the one will sink and the other will rise. There is a certain nobleness of nature in X, which, when once we have the perception of it, raises her above the common standard, and makes us no more think of finding fault with her deficiencies in the ordinary virtues of domestic life, than one would with a gnu for not playing like a dog.

Reserve.

October 13, 1822.

The want of accurate knowledge of what one knows is one great cause of the habit of not giving one's whole mind to what one hears or does; and causes superficial views, especially when living with those with whom superficial views are enough.

There cannot be a more unwholesome situation than this—appearing constantly what you are not, sometimes better, sometimes worse; the fact is that worse in any way would be better. All strength of character depends in acting upon—weakness in being acted upon by—others. One sees how, by energy, one can take the command of certain people, and clearly one of the great arts of life is in gaining that power over the characters around you, whether friends, acquaintances, servants, or children. It is the same story all the way through. It is putting precisely the same powers in action that gained Lord Chatham his ascendency in the House of Commons, knowing how to *tirer son parti* from each one of the surrounding materials. You are to do to your children and servants what you are to do to your own immediate faculties—draw them out, make the best of them, put each to its proper use.

This kind of reserve or inadequacy of attention is an alarming character, for it so exactly answers the description of the unprofitable servant, the talents laid up in the napkin. The remedies are—

Accurate and minute investigation of any given subject.

Giving undivided attention to whatever is the occupation of the moment.

Carrying each point of education to the furthest view of the case.

Hazarding—forcing oneself to hazard—opinions, and taking the consequences.

Reserve, English reserve, a fear of committing oneself, a susceptibility of blame or ridicule, creating timidity and destroying confidence, is the greatest bane to character, and prevents any subject from being *appro-fondi.* You dare not draw yourself out, you dare not launch forth your opinions with that boldness absolutely necessary to command attention. You wait on others only because they have just this, which you have not; you yield to inferiors; you feel the constant struggle of appearing below yourself, of wasting yourself; every fresh dissatisfaction increases your want of self-confidence. When you have been once roused, when the restraint has been thrown off, whether by pleasure, anger, or any other animation, there is a satisfaction in finding oneself capable of being launched out. The difference of character and mind is much more in the difference of this power than anything else, for the very act of drawing forth freely creates fresh life, makes a running stream; the stagnant remains stationary.

No one will be able to say exactly where or why they are dissatisfied. All common points are observed, there is no positive deficiency to lay hold of; yet in any given point there will be a deficiency felt, there will be a hesitating *but,* a want of that full satisfaction which prompt, full, and decided acting gives. It will always be a shrinking from a little before the point—conversa-

tions *entraîné* but not *suivi*; a giving way to that sense of the intricacies of characters, subjects, and ways of acting which makes one passive; an avoidance of any prominent part; a certain degree of assimilation to those with whom one lives, not by way of hypocrisy, but involuntary sympathy, which yet destroys that freshness of character that promotes interest and briskness in society. Accordingly, whilst all intimate society *se sert* of this, beyond a certain point that tendency becomes *fade* and *insipide*, with a feeling all the while that if only we were to bring these different parts of character into collision fairly and openly, the thing would be redeemed; but a sort of nightmare seems to reign to interfere with all resolutions of this kind, and the feeling is just that of nightmare whilst we see others drawing out their little all, and living away on their capital, while we can hardly get at the interest of our money.

Changes of Character.

March 1823.

How impossible it is entirely to foresee the effect of certain circumstances on one's own mind. The reality, when it comes, differs as much from the preconception as the sketch from memory differs from the sketch from nature, or as the voice varies in singing from the pitch of the instrument. It is usual to say, in seeing a good portrait, without knowing the original, from a sort of internal evidence of truth, 'That must be like.' There are certain little details, little inconsistencies sometimes in nature—moral or material nature—into which an abstract idea never shapes itself. There are many odd feelings connected with these discoveries. One is the

satisfactory reflection that every one of us has a secret fund, unknown to himself, to draw upon in any emergency. Things we now shudder at become familiar. Another reflection is unsatisfactory, that we are so entirely formed by circumstances (as Owen of Lanark would say) that we can have no dependence on any permanent feeling or view of a case, and after all experience the judgment will follow the feeling of the moment, at least in a degree.

Great anxiety for a sick person exhibits, perhaps, more than any other state, this variation. The sudden changes from hope to despair—each change showing how much more you have hoped and despaired than you thought you did—how instantly the idea of immediate danger softens every feeling towards the individual, and places them in a different relative position to you! How instantly every fault you have ever found sinks, or seems to fall, rather, on your own head! How all the best parts of the character rise at once to your view—every reason of regret, every tie, every feeling of tenderness or affection! How every idea of trouble, inconvenience, and *désagrément* disappears! Nothing seems too much to do. Attendance becomes from a duty a pleasure, inasmuch as it is the only satisfaction you can feel.

A Country Neighbourhood.

July 1823.

A *carte raisonnée* of a neighbourhood is like developing the *dramatis personæ* of the plot from which any story that we pleased may be raised, and the parts are in general well proportioned. There is one of every sort requisite to make out the tale. It would be rather a new line of observation for the traveller to pick up

(which might be done even from the coachmen and guards of the mail coach) data whereon to ground conjectures as to the domestic policy of the several circles in the several counties in England; a sort of metaphysical topography: there are so many places which have as decided a physiognomy and character merely in their outward circumstances and appurtenances as any set of features can have.

We judge of a man by his face, by his voice, by his dress, by his room, by his house. It is not indeed always that so much of the individual man gets outside the door, but still there is altogether a different air about every house, as difficult to define, but as easy to see, as that distinction of outline which marks one man from another when there is not a feature to be seen.

And so, without the help of gossip, one may pick up the general tone of society in a neighbourhood by a critical bird's-eye view of the component parts or places. It is a pity there is not something to distinguish 'gossip' from that kind of curiosity which inquires into the habits and manners of human beings with the same motives and views with which a naturalist searches into the ways of the animal creation. The human naturalist listens with interest to the most trifling details with this object in view; he does not care for names—he does not care whether he has acquaintance or concern with the parties spoken of or not—that is a different sort of interest: this is purely abstracted science, and all that is the index of character becomes valuable in his sight.

At a distance of less than a day's journey from London you come to a bright triangular spot of green called, *par excellence*, 'The Green,' on which the lads of

the village play at cricket. This has a peculiarly sheltered, secluded look from the tall, thick trees which hang over the paling on one side, that shuts in an old park full of trees, where you see that not one has been cut down for centuries. The owner must be fond of old customs. The park is cut up into fields here and there. The owner must be poor. The house as it was also a century ago, out-buildings and corn-fields accompanying you up to the very door. You are sure before you enter that you will be ushered into a large hall, swallowing up half the house. Then a square parlour—a real parlour —being covered with family portraits. You are sure that the chairs will be against the walls, the tables without covers, and that if any book is found there, it will be the 'Spectator,' in dark brown, or one volume of Sir Walter Scott's last but one novel there, by the work-basket; that you will find the owner a primitive country gentleman, of simple habits, well-powdered pigtail, and extra civility: a face shining with health and benevolence, and a mind stored with the learning of the time when he was young. His wife, the contemporary country lady. A smooth velvet lawn, coming up to the windows on the garden side, vistas cut in the pleasure-grounds, and appropriate verses over every rustic seat.

To return to the Green. We have accounted for one side; the second is edged with low picturesque cottages. You hardly perceive, at the first glance, that there is one at the end which rises above the others, and is rather more retired from the Green—separated by a lawn, hedge, and flowers—the house itself hid from view by the vines and roses which have covered its walls; the windows are shaded by Venetian blinds, and the whole

presents a surface of green. You enter through a *berceau* of honeysuckles into a low room, serving for hall and dining-room; you go up into a low room, opening into a conservatory, that opening again into another low irregular room—being what romantic girls imagine a *cottage*. Here we find two sisters, of a certain age, of a good family, of good education, who have lived in the world and know its forms, so as to be at ease in their retirement, and are come here for economy and quiet, while their family are struggling with difficulties and embarrassments abroad. Here the Cottage has seen the world, but the Hall has not. *Cela va sans dire* that the owners of the Park are full of attentions and kindnesses to the ladies of the Cottage: that they give them the key of the Park, are happy to see their friends walking there, and are rewarded in their turn by hearing the news.

A mile further up the road you come to the Parish Church, where live the Patron and the Rector; the Rectory, with all the comforts and ornament that people with any taste and money bestow on the place where they live solely and constantly. You see that every stick and flower about the house is an object of care and interest—that these make the events of their life. Here is the happy domestic life peculiar to England—its comforts, its quiet, its innocence. Here is a remarkable instance of a man whose taste is perfect *dans son genre*, a taste for the picturesque as well as the comfortable—who yet cannot bring it forward for any of the purposes of conversation, or make any use of it except in pure active business.

The great house on the other side the road is as great a contrast as can be imagined. Here you see that

the master lives not, feels not—that his heart is not here. It is large; you see it is a nobleman's, not of the first magnitude. But it is all glare: no repose, no comfort inside or outside, except in one room, in which you see they are superior people; and so they are: peculiar, but carrying it off with that air which belongs to rank—making a point of interest in the neighbourhood, a subject of conversation, a wonder.

A mile on the other side you see another church and another rectory, good, substantial, unornamented, uninteresting, with a good *ci-devant* tutor, an orthodox divine, a fat wife, and a pew full of children; and the small white house, newly painted, where dwells the curate, who fills up the dinner-table vacancies, keeps the book club account, &c. &c.

Two miles further on, high on a terrace of lawn covered with fine trees, intersected with smooth gravel walks, stands the milk-white villa of the East Indian Director. Here you are ushered into diapered rooms, Gillow's furniture, alabasters, and modern elegances; nothing that looks twenty years old in possession of the family. These people are busy, gay, good-natured, but ostentatious; condescendingly kind to the ladies of the Cottage—wondering to see that 'my Lady' takes more notice of them than of themselves. They morning-visit in their finest bonnet and pelisse, oppress you with wines, let you hear their money jingle at every corner, and never look at ease. They wonder to see Lady —— driving about such a figure, and never find out how heartily she despises them and their finery.

We will close the circle with the venerable Castle, whose spacious park and magnificent timber also tell their

story. Here all is simple, resting in its own solid grandeur. The mansion stands unadorned, further than neatness and comfort demand. Here the splendour consists in the mossy walls and the air of antiquity which requires no date. You cross two quadrangles, you enter a hall, you traverse suite after suite of apartments hung with portraits of the family—of all those with whom the family have been connected. You are told who slept in such a room, and just when you are going out an open door gives you a glimpse of the private apartments, where you see all the ease, elegance, and simplicity of taste which belongs to the retirement of the great. Here the intercourse of the neighbourhood reacheth not; here the card of inquiry—of compliment is left, a public dinner perhaps is given, but no natives are admitted. Such as visit the house are strangers, whose very names are unknown.

Candour.

September 21, 1823.

How inconceivably delicate are those shades by which characters act on characters, and are linked together—the way one seizes hold of or misses influence! Courage and enterprise will do more than talent. If I could use the penetration I have, I could do anything with anybody. Now my mind often misgives me, that I do not do it enough. Without prejudice, all parts seem so equal, it is difficult, to the satisfaction of one's conscience, to take a decided part; it is so much more agreeable to hold aloof, to make a reserve in one's own mind of dissent, to have the character of coldness and indifference when you see and feel *all*; to live in a sort of atmosphere around you which prevents anything

coming quite close; then the effect of this is that all about you is misty—nothing comes clearly out—the vague, the indefinite, the unfinished will do no good. There is a shrinking from responsibility, a certain failure at a certain point in everything, a want of substance, a reality to lean upon which must come out sooner or later in the conduct, though the accompaniments of amiability, smooth temper, agreeable and accommodating ways, pass it all off for better than it deserves; but it is *the* character which your original strong characters will neglect, they hardly know why; which does not make way, it does not know why—some all the while crying it up as perfection; and so it would seem, without knowing all, for it is all fair and well proportioned, but there is a hollowness within—a want of stuff —which more than compensates many decided faults.

The remedy for this is to be forced to draw out one's powers, to shape thoughts into definite words, to make everything, in fact, take a definite name.

June 26, 1824.

Perhaps there is no one thing which so essentially makes the difference of happiness or otherwise as implicit confidence *somewhere.* One resting-place is enough. Aye, but where? When you know everybody very well, you know their weak points, you know their liability to fail, and, above all, you know your own, and, after all, that is the rub. When a person is not possessed of that blind self-possession which never does or can judge itself, how can they avoid, in looking back on past conduct, judging from events, and thinking if such had been said or done such would have

followed ? Then at the present time it seems impossible for some people to carry on their calculations to the future. Present circumstances have so strong an effect, and so fill the eye, that it can see nothing beyond. Events that you receive with indifference produce an effect you would not have guessed ; the tables get turned. People who won't see, won't feel, and go obstinately and pertinaciously on to their end in their own views, and conquer you. There is something in a sturdy assertion of right and innocence which carries its own point. Candour is one of those virtues that does not meet with its own reward. How easy it is to say for other people, it needs nothing but a little concession on both sides to make the matter up ; and nobody but the parties directly concerned can ever understand the tiny magical ties that make these concessions so impracticable. The imaginary difficulties with which the heroes and heroines of novels are encompassed, and which sometimes try one's patience, like a labyrinth, where one sees one's way straight, and is obliged to make *détour* after *détour* by the slightest barriers, which one longs to break down—these difficulties are not so imaginary as may be sometimes supposed ; they meet with their type in real life. In all disputes there is something of this nature, which every bystander thinks might be so easily set right, and which nobody can do when they come to try. The most distressing situation is for persons of quiet character to be induced, from some of these undefinable motives, to take some decisive step, of which they have not calculated the consequences, and so find themselves involved in a set of consequences wholly foreign to their nature. Taking one step out of proportion throws

everything wrong. You get into a wrong position, and you cannot hold yourself there with any steadiness or comfort. But the more one thinks of right and wrong in the minor varieties of character and conduct, the more perplexing is the result, the more bewildering the decision. To know to a hair's breadth what everyone will think and say, and to know it very well, implies a certain sense in your own mind that they have some reason for thinking so.

Repentance.

May 4, 1822.[6]

To understand the importance and value attached to *repentance*, we must analyse the feeling, cause, and effect, without which it would seem rather the natural consequence and punishment of error than any foundation for the beginning of virtue. The being aware we have done wrong, the being 'sorry' we have done wrong, gives but an inadequate idea of that state of mind which, in Scripture doctrine, wipes out all transgressions, and places the character in a fresh point of view.

Repentance in one sense seems rather the sign of weakness—the undecided never act without repenting—the easy never yield to temptation or persuasion without repenting—the passionate repent, the calculating repent; but all this may and does happen, and no result takes place. This is natural; this is easy; but this is not the repentance which wiped away David's sins, not the sorrow which reconciled the prodigal son to his father.

[6] This Essay, as well as that on p. 200, was published in Caroline Fry's *Assistant of Education*. It may perhaps be well to notice that the Biblical meaning of *repentance* is even wider apart from the popular conception than that given here.

There are certain circumstances in which it is easy to be candid, but there are others in which a spirit of justification rises up—our whole faculties are bent to the discovery of palliation, extenuation, excuses, reasons —our partial admission of error is followed by never-ending '*buts*'; and there is always an angry feeling either of injustice, of misconception, of wounded pride, or of vanity.

And, though it is hardly to be sufficiently accounted for, no circumstances seem to rouse this spirit of self-defence so universally as the suffering from or through our own faults—nothing that we are more unwilling to allow than that such *is* the case—nothing we are more anxious to conceal from the observation of those who have blamed the fault and prophesied its consequence, and who we anticipate will be ready to triumph in our punishment and their own sagacity.

All the lurking pride of human nature here comes out: see the struggles of children, how early they begin on this subject—how difficult for youth to yield to the experience of age, and how still more difficult for age to give up its long-established preconceived opinions.

Here nothing but a deep feeling of real humiliation could set aside these minor feelings. A simple feeling should not seem so rare; but it is. We are so constituted that there are hundreds of eddies to divert the pure stream, and it must go with considerable force to preserve its original course; and there is as much difficulty in finding single-hearted repentance as single-hearted charity, love, or faith.

But the prodigal son is a remarkable instance of this. Every misfortune which must have been denounced

against him by his friends as the inevitable consequence of his way of life happens. Having wantonly thrown away the blessings of home, friends, and competence, he finds himself in a far country, without friends, without resource. That he should repent of his previous conduct—see the imprudence and folly of it—is natural; but it would also have been natural for him to have felt the impossibility of returning to exhibit himself so complete a spectacle of just punishment—to have comforted himself that his injured father would at least not witness his humiliation—that no suffering could be so great as this—that, after all, his fate was the result of circumstances—he had been unlucky—no one could foresee famine, and the like—all would have done well but for this or that.

Nothing of this sort enters his mind. 'I will arise and go to my father,'—he makes no apology—suggests no palliation—makes no promises—but in the fulness of an oppressed heart exclaims, 'I have sinned against Heaven and before thee. I am no more worthy to be called thy son!'

It is much easier to feel than to describe the effect such an appeal would have upon the heart of a father, or indeed of a fellow creature: for everyone must at one time or another have felt how such an avowal has cancelled injury, changed the whole current of anger, restored affection almost before we could account to ourselves how it was done. What comes *from* the heart goes *to* the heart, and no analysis of the difficulties, the pain of repentance, could convey to the mind such an idea of its nature and value as that involuntary, instantaneous effect which it produces on the soul.

And as in its purer parts the human nature is a prototype of the Divine, so hence we may form some conception of the mode in which human repentance softens Divine justice, how it is at once accepted as the earnest of better things, as the beginning of a new life, and as being in itself the fruit and pledge of that Christian simplicity which brings us to the condition of little children. We must have conquered many worldly, many complicated, many anti-Christian feelings, before we arrive at the repentance of the prodigal son. And if there is one moment more than another in which mortal spirits may taste the purity of heavenly joys, it is that in which unconditional submission and unconditional forgiveness are exchanged between man and man—joy, not triumph, on the one side; humiliation, not despair, on the other—parental tenderness and compassion towards the offender; heartfelt love and gratitude towards the offended.

Well may it be conceived how this state of mind is more congenial to the Divine nature—has in it more softness, more faith, more love, more elevation, more purity, than the calm virtue of ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.

Divergence of Character.

November 7, 1823.

The presence or absence of a person whose frame of character is uncongenial makes the difference of liberty or confinement. The intuitive sense which love gives one of trifles is quite matched by the opposite. There is no one thing you can do with satisfaction in the sight

or hearing of the person so situated. If love hangs upon trifles, so does its opposite, that despairing sickness which comes over one when one sees with a glance how and where the thing will be taken up wrong, in those shades where we cannot point out where you began to disagree, and yet do, as radically as Whig and Tory—when we never feel *with* them—when we have no confidence in the stability of feeling—when you see it change with circumstances, all so unconsciously, opinions dealt out more or less strongly according to the persons.

August 2, 1824.

If all could bring their individual family bore or bugbear to exchange with someone else in the mountain of miseries, it would be found, firstly, that every family had its bore; secondly, that on the average the sufferings so inflicted were very equal; thirdly, that everyone would soon wish for their own back again.

August 8, 1824.

There is a way of making the best of the situation you are in—of everybody and everything around you; and there is a way of looking forward to every situation, *except* that in which one finds oneself, as *the* one for success and exertion. There is an unaccountable spell comes over one just when one is within reach of seeing, hearing, and doing this or that, which chokes up the wish to do it; it becomes a matter of indifference the moment it is possible; in travelling, in society, it is all the same—the past and the future have it all, the present is a void; it becomes a series of opportunities lost —powers thrown away, from little things to great—a

sort of shirking the present responsibility. The reason is, indeed, that what is best to be done is easily perceived at a distance, but it is only when near and present that the difficulties—petty, but innumerable, perhaps—assume any form.

It seems an odd fault to find that one does not enjoy the present moment enough; yet, in its best sense, so it is. The vagueness of the past and future induces a vagueness of speculation and contemplation—it is idle, unreal, flattering, useless; it is the realisation of what is within our immediate grasp that must give force and distinctness to the character and impressions, that can alone have real effect in active service;—throwing oneself into the pursuit of the moment would cure more faults than one is aware of.

Unprofitableness. The sure road to it is the constantly referring yourself to another time, and a different set of circumstances, carrying your plans and resolutions all in the future, feeling the present opportunities misplaced, the wrong time—in short, throwing away present good, present power, present time. Yet how tempting to the indolent, to the imperfect, conscious of present imperfections; it is such a salve to the mind to say within itself, 'This is bad; but when so and so happens, I will do so and so.' It is a comfortable thought to rest one's views upon. No one can know or guess, till they try, how many difficulties there are in the way of making the most of the time being. '*Volente forte*,' I am more and more disposed to think, is the one and great thing needful to do this, and any thing. Hence great men were always wilful children.

'*Gil Blas.*'

August 10, 1824.

Some books give one ideas of places without descriptions; there is something which suggests more vivid and agreeable images than distinct words would—'Gil Blas,' for instance. Now there are different sorts of romance: there is the English novel, there is the Oriental, and the German; there is this more refined, cultivated, sophisticated sort. It opens into a mine of history, chivalry, Spain, orange trees, olives, fountains, guitars, omelettes, muleteers; there is the picturesque in history, and the sense of the picturesque as distinct as in actual objects—the wild imaginings, the sense of wild nature, not of beauty so much as of total savageness, independence, freedom.

Solitude.

August 12, 1824.

There is a selfish pleasure in being alone which would entirely disqualify one for society or living with anybody. It is easy to understand how old bachelors, in the generic sense of the term, are formed: liberty to do, to say, to think, to go where you please, no *embarras*, no consultation, no second will, all your conveniences and powers to yourself, living continually in the atmosphere 'where the power and the will are one.' There is a constant jarring of fancies, inclinations, and wants, which are to be reconciled as best they can with everybody. A person with a grain of selfishness in his or her nature cannot but feel this, cannot but feel the freedom from it. A person without it, or who lives much for others, feels a blank,

and there is a talk of *isolement*, nobody to care for, &c., and so I suppose one should feel the moment the liberties became familiar to one.

Tares and Wheat.

Aug. 29, 1824.

There are two sides to every character; it is circumstances more than anything else which determine which side is uppermost in your sight; and nobody seems to understand that you may still see the one side, while you hold to the other.

Tares and wheat there are indeed in every character; who can separate them? 'who can judge, who can choose?' It is not merely that in every character there are good and bad qualities, which can be thrown into different scales and balanced accordingly, but human nature is so fine in its gradations, and so nice in its shades, that it is perhaps every quality of which a character is composed, which runs at one end into the good, and another into the bad. Every motive is mixed, every feeling is mixed. You cannot root out the violence of temper without endangering the energy and vigour of the character. You cannot eradicate indolence without injury to that placid temperament which is the foundation of such quiet happiness to oneself and family. Touch obstinacy and you infringe on decision and firmness.

Lovers of truth like details for this reason: they see the fallacy and inaccuracy of all generalities from the great natural variation and circumstances of parts. What seems a uniform tint to the unpractised eye shows a hundred varieties of shade and colour to the painter

who has to give the effect, and who can give it only in proportion to his attention to, and perception of these nice distinctions. So, in character: age, experience, and extended knowledge of the world, when they do produce an effect on the judgment, produce this—the moderated opinion, qualified praise, and guarded censure: odious to the young, the vehement, the enthusiastic, and the prejudiced, but unavoidable to those who open their minds to truth without the bias of passion or prejudice.

And so must it be with the Divine judgment. What we do most imperfectly with regard to others, imperfectly with regard to ourselves, He must do perfectly with regard to all. The sword of the Spirit will divide that which to us is all intricate. When the parable speaks of the good and bad being left together till the harvest, from the impossibility of dividing them, it would rather seem to allude to the good and evil of human nature in the abstract, not as parcelled out in individuals. There would be no difficulty, one can apprehend, in sorting mankind according to certain proportions, if this was meant—no danger of rooting out good with bad. It must be the good and evil entwined as we see in every man's destiny, in every man's nature, through every modification of mind, heart, soul, and character. And here we come to this other conclusion: if so, then the harvest is the gathering together of the abstract good and evil, as by a chemical process our natures will at once separate themselves into their component parts, and our individuality will remain with the largest half.

Reginald Heber.

Oct. 1824.

If ever there was a man of whom it might be said as of Nathanael, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile,' Reginald Heber was that man. In him was realised the simplicity and singleness of purpose brought before one's mind so perfectly by the description 'Be ye as little children.' His was 'the charity which thinketh no evil, which vaunteth not itself, seeketh not her own, which rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things.' His mind seemed as completely unspotted from the world as a child's, and for the same reason: it seemed never to have come in contact with it. All his interests, pleasures, and pursuits lay so completely out of the sphere of worldly affairs, that he was as a being who had no concern in them. Any interest he might take was for the sake of others; any opinion he might give, as upon an abstract question in which he had no individual concern. He seemed positively not to know from his own experience the existence of evil passions, and the effect of this was that he could never be brought to believe in the evil designs or bad motives of others; and his errors, if errors he had, lay here—that he would extenuate and palliate beyond what a sense of right would tolerate. Yet here the motive was so evident that it could do no harm. No one could for an instant doubt his ardent love of virtue, because he was not vehement in his hatred of vice; his moral sense was keenly alive to everything great and good; his tribute of enthusiastic sympathy ever ready to burst out without

regard to the prejudices and interests of party, which so often check its free expression in others. His perceptions seem to have been ever directed to the good of everything; and that superiority and love of excellence which makes others fastidious, only made him seek and consequently find the bright side of every character and circumstance that came in his way. If ever he betrayed impatience, it was under conversations carried on in a different spirit from this.

In matters of talent, as well as in moral character, the same disposition was equally remarkable. There was no company in which he was not equally desirous to please; none he appeared to think dull; no person to whom he did not both listen and address himself as if seeking to receive rather than bestow information; and this not for effect or on principle, but from the pure simplicity of heart, which did in fact think humbly of itself. Of himself, indeed, he never seemed to think at all; in small and great things those around him were equally obliged to take heed for him; yet this absence of mind and this indisposition to interfere in temporal concerns gave way whenever the interests of others, either in public or private life, were concerned. In all the offices of active kindness which endear a minister to his parishioners, he yielded to none; he carried with him in his parochial visits the same spirit of seeking good of which we have already spoken; and all that he did and all that he said amongst them, came with the effect which ever attends on what is true and genuine. What comes from the heart goes to the heart with an instinctive force which knows no difference of person, time, or place; and thus with his preaching.

The state of mind which is the object of the endeavours and aspirations of other Christians, seemed to be his by nature. Original sin displayed itself in him only in the imperfection, in the impossibility of combining all excellences, in the errors into which his virtues would lead. To many the imitation of his character would be impracticable. We cannot help seeing those dark spots in life to which he was so happily blind, but that his disposition was one of the most perfect with which human nature can be endowed, its close resemblance to the Christian character leaves us no doubt. It is self-evident also that the immediate fruits of it were a constant cheerfulness, enjoyment of present objects, content, and a freshness of mind on every subject. He was so completely unfettered and unwarped by extraneous matter that he seized upon the truth with a sort of intuition which carried instant conviction with it. There was no commonplace, no fear of being commonplace—no thinking as others had done before him, no rejection because they had thought it before; everything stood or fell with him by its own merits; and the enlarged views with which he thus entered on all subjects led to a liberality and candour as to all sects and parties which, while it gave offence to some zealous but more contracted minds, had the effect of conciliation in its broadest signification in the whole Christian world; and it is in this peculiar point of view that his loss is irreparable. Conciliation is usually the allotted task of lukewarm, mild, gentle spirits, whose incapacity for great exertion is counterbalanced by their usefulness in this line; but here it rested on a higher basis, here it was combined with the very zeal which usually carries it to *the other* extreme.

Judgment according to Truth.

Nov. 14, 1824.

'But we are sure that the judgment of God is according to truth'—ROMANS ii. 2.

'For there is no respect of persons with God.'—ROMANS ii. 11.

Is there anything more rare than justice between man and man? Is there any feeling more painful, more galling, more oppressive, than the sense of injustice—personal injustice? Is there any feeling which so poisons the spring of life within us, so discourages our exercise of the talents in our charge? It clogs every exertion with the conviction of uselessness; it deadens every aspiration after excellence and distinction with the sense of hopelessness. In short, it hangs a dead weight round our necks, chains down our best faculties, and not only so, calls forth the bad as well as checks the good. Envy, revenge, hatred, uncharitableness, prejudice, have here their source—our judgments of others are perverted and soured. *Virtuous indignation* is a dangerous misleading sound, and is seldom without the baser alloy of one or other of these bad qualities, and finally resolves itself into misanthropy and pride. We feel disposed to shut ourselves up from the world that knows not how to appreciate us; and above all, to make ourselves amends in our own self-estimation for the blindness of others. All this is natural, but dangerous, fatal to a Christian state of mind. Yet what is so common? Who is ever judged quite fairly? who can be judged fairly? Who does not know a thousand trifles in extenuation of his own errors, reasons for his conduct, motives for his actions, unknown to all but himself—

impossible even for himself to explain? Who does not feel a secret consciousness that even in his own immediate circle of friends there is scarcely one who estimates him at his actual worth? One sees this part, one that —one too much, another too little. Each judges from the side which happens to be turned to him. Who does not feel that, in any particular case, there is a certain train of little events, little circumstances, which no person can take into the account, which you yourself can hardly define, however much you may feel their effect? No one can put himself exactly in your place, no one can feel your provocations as you feel them yourself when you are most hurt; they think you extravagant, unreasonable; they all say more or less, with the fool in Ecclesiasticus, 'What is the matter?' This is the judgment of friends. What is your chance, then, with strangers, where you are at the mercy of every caprice, accident, circumstance, which may cloud their sight, and yet they will think that they see? What is your chance with your enemies, when you have obstinacy, perverse prejudice, wilful blindness, self-interest all set in array against you? and the term 'enemies' may include all who move in a different circle from yourself, for by all these, more or less, you are judged, not according to your own light, but by some adventitious circumstance totally irrelevant in reality to your character.

Consider last of all our own judgment of others: how hasty, crude, ill-founded; how often we have occasion to change it; how difficult we should find it with those we know best to strike the balance of good and evil, to estimate the inconsistencies, to fix the line of demarcation, even in any one quality, where the good ends and

the evil begins; how impossible to feel assured, in our calm unbiassed moments, that we know enough of their peculiar temperament, and of the situation in which they have been placed, to have been qualified to judge. The experience of every candid person leads him further and further from the prompt decision and unqualified opinion which are the characteristics of youth and ignorance.

The judgments of the world in the aggregate are more than all capricious, influenced by accidental success, by the event, by the prevailing tone of the moment, by the popular cry. How the sense of justice revolts often at the sight of those standing high in public opinion, when we know it wants but the lifting up a certain veil to plunge them ten fathom deep!

In short, we have only to consider the indispensable requisites in forming a just judgment of our fellow-creatures to understand the difficulty of finding it.

The person who is to judge according to truth, must be raised above our sphere of interests, so as not to feel their influence—and yet he must know all, see all, understand all.

How we love and value those whose wisdom, disinterestedness, and candour enable them to enter into our case, to give us the semblance, if not the reality of justice; how we cling to the appearance of impartiality; how a friend, if such a one there be, above all suspicion of prejudice or interest, out of the reach of error, who understands us before we have spoken, upon whom we can rely as infallible—how such a friend would be above all price! And if, in addition, this friend is in a state of life which adds weight to his opinion, which makes his sanction law, his judgment irrevocable—how impo-

tent would seem all the slanders, and censures, and accusations of the whole world—how wholly indifferent we should feel, with this resource ready in our hour of need, to make the dark light, and the rough places plain! Is there anyone who has not at one time or another felt this the grand desideratum of life? When you have learned but too well your own fallibility—when you have discovered the weak points of all the human minds within your reach—when you find no resting-place for the sole of your foot in the conflicting ocean of human opinion—when confidence is broken up in every direction, then recollect, 'But we are sure the judgment of God is according to truth;' then say if in this you do not, ought not to find everything of which you stand in need. There is surely no point in which human imperfection so clearly appears, and in which the want of some higher power makes itself so distinctly felt. Man is not sufficient to man—then think what a contrast is offered by the Divine nature. Here, 'if our hearts condemn us not, we have confidence;' here is perfect knowledge of the faculties with which we have been gifted, and of the powers entrusted to us—every working of the heart, every secret spring, every moving cause, every shade of distinction between good and evil is at once open before Him. It is a knowledge at once general and particular: seeing *as* clearly as ourselves into our own feelings, thoughts, and desires; and seeing *more* clearly than ourselves from whence these feelings, thoughts, and desires spring. Here is perfect wisdom, knowing all these things, to judge of their effects, and to connect the chain of circumstances and events. It would be easy to imagine how a perfect and minute

knowledge of all the delicate shades which separate one character, and one case, from another, might perplex rather than assist human judgment. Perfect wisdom alone can give to each its just proportion, and strike the true balance.

And last of all there is this, that '*we are sure* the judgment of God is according to *truth*.' There is a sense of truth in every mind, which, however hid under the accumulated rubbish of interests, errors, or vices, is still to be awakened by forcible appeal; and a person is sometimes surprised, as by a flash of lightning, into the recognition of it. And this we may conceive to be the effect of the judgment of God: that the *truth* of it will strike the awakened sense with a new light; that we shall at once have a new world of ideas opened to us. Everyone has experienced this in a degree on hearing the judgment of some superior mind on any subject where inferior powers have bewildered themselves and us: how its arguments carried conviction with them; how we were surprised only that such had never struck us before; how we seemed at once to see with new eyes. This alone is eloquence and genius; to touch the chord of truth in the heart in the works of taste, of art, of description. It is still truth that strikes us, truth that we require: and however we attempt to deceive ourselves about ourselves, there is still a glimmering consciousness that will not be extinguished, which in spite of ourselves sometimes acknowledges truth, and gives us a pang when circumstances make it disagreeable to us. So, it is to be conceived, will it be when we receive our final sentence of good or evil: the sense of truth and justice will arm alike the blessing and the

curse, giving to the one a sweeter charm, to the other a sharper sting.

Dante has described the happiness of heaven to consist in the *content* drawn from this source; that even those in the lower circles of perfection and felicity derive great part of their joy from the contemplation of the just proportion between their deserts and their reward.

> 'Frate, la nostra volontà quieta
> Virtù di carità, che fa volerne
> Sol quel ch' avemo, e d' altro non ci asseta.
> Se disiassimo esser più superne,
> Fòran discordi gli nostri disiri
> Dal voler di Colui che qui ne cerne.'
>
> PARADISO, canto iii. v. 70.

> Brother, our will
> Is in composure settled by the power
> Of Charity, who makes us will alone
> What we possess, and nought beyond desire.
> If we should wish to be exalted more,
> Then must our wishes jar with the high will
> Of Him who sets us here.
>
> CARY'S *Dante*.

And well we may believe that what constitutes one of our greatest trials here, will form our chief delight in heaven, and most especially create within us that calm, self-sufficient, satisfying state of mind, which knows no want or desire; insipid to the restlessness of mortal frailty; but constituting the very essence of real happiness and divine perfection.

Illness.

January 16, 1825.

'In fact, there is no hope but in God, from whom I trust it will come.'

I hate the reason which says to me, 'Yes; but this, as other things, will follow the order of nature; and if there is no hope in nature, in medicine, in human means, it cannot be looked for out of the ordinary rules.' Yet who would answer this to such a hope? Who would not think such an answer impious and brutal in such a case? Yet who would not think the same of the unnecessary interposition of Providence in any case but his own? My devotion must seek another basis.

Death.

February 5, 1825.

How many of the feelings, the parts of another's existence, die in the death of a person; he carries with him into the grave the hopes, the happiness, the object of thoughts, pursuits, and interests.

There are deaths which make no change—nothing to remind you, no circumstances to call forth common emotion. Yet what a revulsion of the system when the object has been of vital interest! It is like amputation, and a long time must elapse before the blood can return to its natural channels, and before the other members can supply that which is lost. How it shakes one's confidence in existence! How one feels that the sudden death of anyone at a distance would not again surprise us!

The contemplation of the fixed stars, each suns to

another system, scarcely gives a more extended view of the Divine Providence than that train of events, that concatenation of circumstances, leading by gradual, natural steps to an unforeseen result, which makes us distrust our view of any one event. It is all part of a whole.

Independence.

April 26, 1825.

How one is affected by the least touch of blame upon oneself! Yet how surprised that others should mind our giving our opinion! How little one could bear the same things that we say to somebody of everybody! What an explosion when one of these little things, which by a general convention of human nature are never said to the person, does get said by some accident or other!

Seeing the truths of which others are so unsuspecting, how it makes one shrink from having them said of oneself; how certain it makes one that such are said. Whenever we do hear anything of this kind, purposely and directly, we think that it must be some impulse of malice, ill-will, passion, which brings it out, despite of the common course. Consequently, we have always the salve to our conscience that it came out from pique, &c., and was not genuine; we have always a loophole for not considering it the truth.

But to be in one room, and hear what is said of us in the room we have just left, and the tone, the manner, the expression, which we never hear—what a painful, lowering, sickening, depressing feeling it would give, and all without the chance of doubt. Some would disregard it all, however. This independence of others'

opinions is a thing to be cherished at all hazards, I think, from seeing the effect—the chilling, cramping, despairing effect—of the want of it.

To see the injustice and error of what is thought of you, and yet to feel it, is the most irritating of trials. Some seem to live only in the minds of others, to be only what they are thought, to contract and expand their natural being as they are estimated.

Character.

Things which are perfect and agreeable in a child may hold out less promise for the future than the rough, faulty, crude material which is to be shapen afterwards. A child's character may be too pretty, too much formed to grow up well, just as its face is easily decided to be too well-featured to have anything to grow out of it.

May 20, 1825.

Amongst other common phases which experience illustrates, the worldliness of a worldly life is striking, the restlessness of those who are scrambling and making their way in society, the pressing on to the new acquaintance, the unwholesomeness of this ever-changing new acquaintance, seeing only and showing only the bare outside, being estimated above one's worth, valuing, in spite of oneself, that which one is compelled to be always seeking, never enjoying one thing because in search of another, so engrossed with the trifles necessary to carry on the business that they become seriously important.

There is a time, or perhaps rather there are people

who live on in the world as contentedly uniform as in the country; the same round of people, of circles, of occupations, of enjoyments, and none of this novelty hunting. How much more respectable!

June 1, 1825.

Reserve, prudence, openness, indiscretion, folly. There is a great delight in having to do with a character which will by a strong impulse, *quel que ce soit*, get over all common risks and consequences, and tell us *all* of a thing without disguise, without reserve. We love the frankness that overleaps all those barriers which we would feel it ourselves so wrong to overleap; we like that to be done to us which we would not do to others; for reserve is not coldness, nor yet all prudence: it is delicacy, feeling, pride, modesty, forethought, consideration, reflection, experience, a collected sense of what is due to others—we would feel a hundred objections and consequences in telling the thing which we delight in having told to us. This, indeed, depends on our confidence in the *receiver* of our confidence. That reserve can only proceed from coldness which is the same with *all*; but the power of feeling full confidence *in any one* person establishes the point, and such confidence is ennobling to those who give and those who take it.

1825.

The different modes of expressing praise or blame. A is only happy at the head of her society; she likes to be first. B is never satisfied with her own circle; she is always aiming to get into another, and would rather

be the lowest in a higher than the highest in a lower. Each of these cases may be stated as praiseworthy or blameworthy. The other side is that A is content to be estimated and valued by those in her own station, and does not try to force herself into an unnatural situation; whilst B has that sense of excellence and superiority which is always pressing on to that which is before—not minding the sense of inferiority—always preferring the society of those better than herself.

There is no question which is the happiest of these states. There may be a question which is the wisest, whether ambition or content, in short; but it is curious to observe how all ranks are alike in this respect—all have a circle in which they are looked up to, and another to which they look up; and the greatest part of the envies, jealousies, mortifications, restlessness, and worldliness of life, proceeds from this very thing. It opens one's eyes to the folly of the thing when you hear another looking up to you as the oracle—to hear how your equals are considered fine—to see the regular links by which the chain of society is formed—to perceive, by comparison, the exact place you hold in it.

Punctuality.

September 7, 1825.

Punctuality is the comfort of life; nothing can be done without it. The want of it is a public inconvenience, is selfishness, want of consideration. All very true; but look at the most punctual people of your acquaintance, and see if they are not the most disagreeable. The unpunctual are easy, good-tempered, unfussy, ready for enjoyment, *sans souci*, unformal.

Superficial Intercourse.

1825.

There are people interesting at first sight, spiritual, intellectual, conversible, who go no further than a certain point. When they come in contact with realities of any description, they fail; they feel a blank, emptiness, nothingness; they know nothing as to how to enter into the detail; their knowledge is superficial, their thoughts slow, their opinions indistinct; they are afraid of launching out and committing themselves. It is the same as to character; when you come to where something is to be done, it fails. There is an appearance of heart—an animation and warmth of manner—but when you come to the test it shrinks. Your undemonstrative people, who are not agreeable in mind or manner, sometimes have more stuff both in their head and heart, and they carry weight accordingly.

May 13, 1825.

You do not care for any information but that of which you have yourself found the want. You do not see the value of time till you have tried yourself how much can be put into it, how much perseverance is necessary to bring any one thing to perfection, how much mere indisposition there is to conquer before one can conform regularly to any one system.

Madame de Genlis.

May 13, 1825.

There is in the life and writings of Madame de Genlis a shadowing out of much that is to be done.

French sentiment, vanity, and frippery there is, but there is also an elegance and grace which are good to have in one's heart as a guide, object, and rule. One is disposed to think a person must be endued with double vital powers to go through accomplishments, studies, duties, and society as she does. Perhaps it is that the employment creates time in time, and that, as with certain intimacies and conversations, the more we say, the more we have to say, so here, the more we do, the more power and time we have to do it with; and if so, it is indeed double waste of faculties not to exercise thus that habit of throwing out the mind in imaginary dialogues, of bringing its *ressources* into *plein jour*, to see if they are there or not. All this keeps the circulation of the mind alive, and creates new ideas. We find ourselves wonderfully growing to fit our situations, whatever they may be. Think of one's own powers of meeting such a demand upon one's attention and ability. Yet one sees certainly no moral reason why one should be inferior to the person who *does* fill it. The *very* little that gets really done is alarming!

Trifles.

May 15, 1825.

The importance of trifles strikes one more every day. The omission of little forms of respect which, in the first instance, you deemed as unworthy of attention, which you despise another for observing, has more meaning than you think. Trace the consequences. The boys in the little parish school do not get up when you come in; they go on with their learning as if you were not there; they take no notice of you; they speak in the same

tone. See if there is not a something of familiarity, of roughness, in that tone, which grates upon your ear and perception! It is no loss of time to make them attend to these things, for it is only exchanging one lesson for another. While the learning is suspended they are imbibing habits of good breeding and respect of persons. It is not the *exigeance* of aristocratic respect, of mean submission, of servility, of dependence; it is neither more nor less than good breeding, such as we ourselves practise to our equals as well as to our superiors; and where this is not enforced the courtesies of life amongst equals will fail, as well as the deference to superiors. There is a want of taste in not observing these points which offends the taste; and the restraint of what we superficially and hastily call 'mere forms' insensibly curbs, polishes, and refines the coarse material. This is a part of education as much as the exercise of the faculties of mind or body, and should be held in remembrance in every system. To hear important religious questions proposed in the routine tone of a monitor, and answered as a question in multiplication would be answered, can convey no more religious feeling than the multiplication sum. There is no talismanic form in the words which can produce the effect; a shorter lesson in a perfectly different tone would have more than twice the effect. But *your* tone must be attended to, and if yours, as is most easy and natural, imbibes something of the jaded, worn-out, stale nature of the subject, and tells its own tale of weariness, sameness, and spiritlessness, it will convey its effect with it. Try to take up the subject yourself in a new light—to speak to them as if it were a new light you were letting in upon them—and it will be

so. When one sees the number of points to be guarded against in education, the difference of opinion as to the means and object gained is not surprising. General views are inaccurate, detailed ones are unsatisfactory and partial. In schools, as in all other things, the character of the means you employ will be reflected in the effect you produce. Every system has its own peculiar dangers, and it is very trying to see that those who pay a casual and partial attention to the subject seize at once upon these errors, which are so incorporated in your eyes with the advantages of your plans that they are unnoticed or unheeded. And the objections usually found come from very suspicious quarters—narrow views, illiberal minds, selfish tenaciousness of the distinction of ranks, hatred of improvement and innovation, or at least general coldness and indifference on the subject; but they are true notwithstanding, and should be considered.

Alderley Churchyard.

August 1825.

The sky was cloudless—the moon's soft brightness threw light and shadow over the scene. The stars shone faint yet clear in the deep blue. I stood under the tall heavy tower of the church; all the stillness and repose that belongs to a churchyard was at that moment upon it—none of the passing sounds which in the day deprive it of its properties—there was no sound but of the regular tick of the clock above my head, unheard and unobserved during the day, but now marking, as it were, the footsteps of Time. Worldly feelings have crept over my soul, or the age of romance is over, or the hatred of exaggeration, of commonplace, has made one

hard to be really moved by circumstances of this kind—to be really raised by them out of the dull realities of life; but then these things combined—the graves on which I stood, the worlds above my head, the steady unceasing progress of time so distinctly brought to my mind, gave me a sudden gleam of awe, a flash of sudden thought which it may be well to analyse. It is hard to describe, either in one or in many words, the ideas which seem all concentrated in one at such moments; and perhaps if done, to what would it amount but this—that we are mortal, that we are immortal, that time is carrying us, whether we will or no, from the one to the other? 'And this has been often said, and thought, and *felt*,' I was going to say; but perhaps this is it, it is *not* often *felt*, and here it is felt. That human beings die we know, but we do not *feel* that they die till a life in which ours is nearly concerned is withdrawn; the nearer it comes to ourselves, the greater the surprise, I would almost say; but in the abstraction of a scene like this the same truth comes vividly before me. All that is now of life around us is to lie here, under this very ground we trample on. How quietly we take the idea that this body, which we adorn, cherish, take so much time, trouble, pains about, shall lie there! Every subject of thought or interest now in our minds—these also. Then those inscrutable worlds above telling us of things out of our reach, out of our comprehension, breaking down the limits of knowledge, opening the infinite to our view, enlarging and diminishing our thoughts at one and the same instant!

And then to come in and think what gowns must be packed for High Legh[7]!!!

[7] *A country house in Cheshire, then a resort for children's festivities.*

Varieties of Character.

Aug. 1 1825.

Nobody believes on another person's experience. There is a prejudice conceived on a first superficial glance of people and circumstances which nothing but your own observation can correct; and then you look back with wonder to recover the trace of why you thought so. People are so proud of penetration, of detecting character at a *coup d'œil*, that they seem to forget how many little details go to form anything like a just estimate. It seldom happens that, when a violent like or dislike is conceived on first acquaintance, further knowledge does *not* qualify the one or soften the other, till sometimes the balance of liking is not only modified but entirely changed. Yet, however well we all know this, there is nothing in which we are so uncandid as in our mode of judging those who like those that we do not like. Everybody's intimate friends who live the most with them know the extenuating and deteriorating parts of character, and we might give them credit for having therefore grounds for their opinion which we do not see; but we never do any such thing.

Then, again, there is a great difference in the use we are to make of people—their relative position with regard to us; such a one is dull as an acquaintance, unagreeable in general society, unattractive in casual intercourse, but on the other hand has got those loveable qualities which make the comfort of daily life—and *vice versâ*. The question of *how* you like a person should be answered not by a single negative or affirmative —'very much,' or 'not at all,'—but by defining how, in

what way, we like or not—as what, and for what. Many mistakes might be saved thus; many might come to a right understanding who are only under a mistake because they confound terms, and talk of the quantity of liking when they ought to define the quality of it. I like A to live with constantly; I like B as my neighbour at dinner; I like C as a companion in my walk; I like D to be merry with, E to be grave with, F to consult, G to look at, H to listen to, K to listen to me, L to call out my mind, M to do my heart good.

Excess and Defect.

Aug. 26, 1825.

Nothing would contribute more essentially to content than making up one's mind as to the qualities and qualifications, good and bad, which are inseparably connected; but the reverse of this seems to be the thing of which we are constantly in search. So far alone we are reasonable, that we value and wonder at the discovery of such a thing in such a person which we take as of course in such another.

A decided taste for literature, originality of thought and character, a freedom from the prejudices and forms of the world, must be purchased by an unfitness for those forms and by certain peculiarities of manner and appearance.

Happy and wise are those who can take people and things as they are; but refinement looks for incompatibilities, and only values certain qualities when conjoined with those to which it has an antipathy. Take men, women, children, servants, and horses—it is all the same thing; every good quality has its counterbalance.

Men:

Enterprising—restless, unsatisfied.
Well-bred—cold, no enthusiasm or feeling.
Literary—awkward, ill-dressed, odd.
Worldly—profligate, unfeeling, heartless.
Unworldly—unpolished, ignorant.
General information—superficial, unsound.
Liberal—indifferent.
Zealous—bigoted, prejudiced, ill-judging.
Generous—extravagant, thoughtless, unpunctual.

Women:

Affectionate—pining after home, soft.
Notable—stingy, trifling, bothering.
Agreeable—gossiping, scandalmongering satirical, talking too much.
Good—ostentatious, methodistical, censorious, absurd.
Clever—vain, unfeminine, odd, foolish.

Children—

Tractable—spiritless, dull, hopeless.
Lively—noisy, volatile, mischievous, idle.
Industrious—heavy, plodding, no play.
Spirited—Wilful, troublesome, unmanageable, impertinent.
Decided—obstinate, perverse.
Independent—caring for nobody.

Servants—

Steady—old, awkward, slow, obstinate.
Quick—never to be depended upon, out of the way, bustling, forgetful, violent.
Good-natured—hears all and minds none, never mends, slatternly, indolent.

Servants (*continued*):

Clever—despotic, tyrannical, no one will stay in the house with them, ill-tempered.

Honest—always suspicious and complaining.

Horses—

Quiet—dull, lazy.

Easy—apt to stumble.

Spirited—starting, running away.

Strong—heavy, clumsy.

Progress of Life.

1826.

The progress of the human life is something very beautiful: the exact adaptation of the several parts to their several uses; of the means to the end, and the changes that grow imperceptibly out of each other. There is a period when we throw aside, as commonplace, reflections on youth, on middle age, and on old age; but there is also a period when the truth of this commonplace dawns upon us by its own light; when we make for ourselves, from our own observations, from our own individual experience, these same reflections, and when they strike us accordingly with the force of originality.

The changes of the first few years of life succeed each other more rapidly; there is so much to be developed; all is more obvious, more commonly acknowledged, more easily described. We trace youth down to maturity without any very nice powers of discrimination; but from that moment to the decline and fall, the progress is more slow, more imperceptible, and perhaps for that

reason more interesting to the inquiring mind. Decline, indeed, is not the word to use or the idea to be encouraged; it is still progress, but progress of a different part of our lives—progress towards a different goal. The proportions, the powers of our bodies, the faculties and endowments of our minds, increase and strengthen up to a certain point at which we are qualified to take our part in the concerns of the world—our station in society—there we are. Our minds and bodies have hitherto kept pace; their growth has been proportionate, and seemed to depend the one on the other. The feelings of youth, the elasticity, the restlessness, and the power of enjoyment, lend their aid to the thoughts and feelings of the mind. We look through the yellow sunshiny glass—we see things brighter, better, larger, than they are. We have pleasures in which the mind has no share. But now a different process takes place—the body has come to its perfection; for a very short time it appears stationary, and then it begins the descent; and here the separation of the inward and outward man does and ought to begin. That which is of the earth, that which fits us to enjoy the earth, has run its race, fulfilled its appointed course; but that which is of Heaven has yet a second and higher course to take—another point to which it must advance; and this point can be reached only through detachment from the world and from that which connects us with the world. Accordingly, from the time of maturity, there is a gradual withdrawing, decreasing, and weakening of those faculties of enjoyment which turn our attention and interest to the pleasures of the moment.

To go against Nature is to go against God. Our

business is to follow where He leads—not to struggle against the means He has provided for His own end. This is too little done, because we do not soon enough change our points of sight. We hang to that which is behind, instead of pressing on to that which is before. In our endeavours to retain what is fading from our grasp, we forget to improve what is drawing nearer; we forget that we are in progress. We lament over our race having been run—our day over. We see no object of hope, of ambition;—we acknowledge every additional sign of decay with reluctance;—we turn away from the conviction that we have turned the corner; we are betrayed into ridiculous pretensions; we look amongst our acquaintances, and see how difficult it is to begin to grow old.

And truly it is hard!

. . . . . .

The actual business and object of travelling life is, how best to employ every moment to secure interest, profit, and amusement. What is the end of every description of plans but this?

To me all is yet fresh and new, ever turning a new corner of interest, of imaginings, so much ever opening of possibilities, of different modes of life, existence, and enjoyment.

What a tempting escape from all perplexities is offered by the idleness of reading, drawing, and occupations of many kinds, which are called occupations, and are yet nothing but diversion, in which the mind surrenders itself to be carried, and does not exert itself to walk. 'How many his occupations whom the world

'calls idle,' might be easily reversed—'How great his 'idleness whom the world calls busy.'

. . . . . .

There is a tendency in high situations and high power to generate selfishness, impatience of contradiction, and inattention to the common charities of life. There you are; nothing can displace you; nothing can make any material difference in the consideration in which you are held, and you become indifferent to the affections, characters, and feelings around you.

Character.

Wednesday, March 25, 1826

Mrs. S——, fresh, picturesque, original in all she says, without any effort, but with that natural tone which makes it *what* she says, and not the *tone* of saying it, as with so many, that excites your attention.

What is the power of setting society afloat? She is not put out of ordinary routine by you, and so you of necessity fall into it, and all is easy; yet there is an eye of superintendence, of seeing that things are right, which it would not do without. This happy combination she has in perfection; and altogether she has the look of a happy life, of being in the habits of constant agreeable society, occupation, and interest.

Mr. M——, the amiable man of the world, knowing and having known everybody and everything for these forty years, gliding easily into conversation, going his own way, and safely trusted to take care of himself; a gentle, soft tone of voice; tells anecdotes, makes light remarks, puts everybody at ease with him, and is a useful member of society. How it tires and sickens you of

the verbiage, mannerism, form, emptiness, and restraint of ordinary society to see the difference of this; and yet, would others be at ease?

Miss D——. 'They say I'm unco' good; the truth 'is I am only idle. I don't think it worth while to go 'into society I don't care about; I like my own armchair 'the best thing in the world, and next to that Miss 'Berry's!' And this character she preserves in society as well as at home; she takes up an easy position, she is happy to talk if you cross the room to her, but she will not come across to you; it is a kind of calm, benevolent, philosophic indifference, founded on a mixture of experience, good sense, truth, and indolence. She has given up the game, thrown up her cards, and is now ready to be amused on finding that in common social intercourse it is a hopeless case to be useful; nothing is worth the trouble of seeking but on a principle of duty. There is a repose, calm sense, penetration, and benignity in her countenance and soft black eyes, a fine contrast to the restlessness of the getters-on in the world around her.

Reserve.

August 15, 1826.

The various causes from which people hide feeling! After all, most seem worse than they are. There is want of courage to show outright the thing you are; feeling wants sympathy to draw it out, it shrinks into itself at the least touch of opposition, so that there is an end of all influence. Strong characters that move with a strong impulse, which sees, or at least minds, no obstacles, but breaks through all headlong, are the best

for this. It is disappointing and mortifying to find how one sinks before their overpowering force; not that one is convinced, but that one feels it is impossible to convince them. Well! all are not meant to do the same work.

Then there is reserve of feeling from false shame, disgust at ostentation, horror of humbug, and ultra-refinement of society, which sobers down to one standard of *poco-curantism*, and stigmatises every outlet of feeling as against good taste. Thus no people of really strong feelings can form part of this society, of which the very ease implies a degree of smoothness incompatible with the roughness of strong character.

Some hide feeling in a sort of Don Juanism, dashing off into nonsense, as if ashamed of having been so betrayed. Some dare not give way at all, because, the gates once open, the flood might be too strong. Some put the worst feeling forward from pure perverseness —harden themselves up against themselves, and succeed so well that the good seems only to come out in spite of themselves in snatches and glimpses.

Who would believe, without seeing, how human creatures should interpose such barriers between themselves and their good understanding? How much gets in of artificial and unreal? There is all this love lying waste, unknown, unfelt, only for want of courage to overleap and to overcome the apparent obstacles, which I believe are often like the thorns that hindered the man in the shadowy Indian paradise described in the 'Spectator'—an effort finds them only shadows.

When shall we grow old and steady enough to rest upon our former experience, that the worst moods of

mind pass away? One could almost doubt the personal identity, the change is sometimes so great.

Indolence.

May 14, 1826.

How one may glide over the surface of life, live a sort of skin-deep existence, know nothing beyond the exterior of those around us, let things take their course; we, meanwhile, doing nothing wrong, occupying ourselves better perhaps than our neighbours, giving in to no kind of folly, error, or even ostensible deficiency, and yet by just not doing the thing we ought, not obeying the small still voice which, I suppose, speaks very plainly what that 'ought' is, it is all unprofitable!

The various moods and tenses of indolence. Perhaps after all it resolves itself principally into dislike of change and interruption, unwillingness to make use of the present moment, a disposition to look always on to a future time, to a different situation for the exertion that is to be made, to shadow out constantly that if this or that shall happen, then indeed this or that might be done, and when this other thing arrives it shall be done. This is a healing salve to the conscience; but when we come to the reality of present time, when the difficulties become tangible, again we evade the struggle, and fly down to our imaginings. It is very comfortable to account to oneself for all one's present failures. There is something so obstinate, so unyielding, in the present moment—the only reality of life that will suffer no illusions, no delusion, that calls upon us for simple substantial exertion. It brings to light the unforeseen, inglorious trifles that stand in the way of our great and good intentions,

things which it is no honour to overcome, but which require a great deal of trouble to be overcome—perseverance, self-denial, patience, industry, all the simple, dull, practical duties are called for.

How much more than mere benevolence is required to carry benevolent projects into effect. You find that the good you proposed to do cannot be done in its full extent. Who is to do it? How is it to be done? If in this way, you are doing harm here, interfering with general principles. How to begin? Those who are to be benefited are obstinate, stupid, ungrateful; others misunderstand and misrepresent. We long for a regular, systematic occupation of our time. When we are called early we have an unaccountable heaviness which makes it impossible to get up that morning. When the hour of study comes we are called down to speak to this or that person—they detain us—we cannot get away; then a note comes—we must answer it. We are tired—the morning is broken—there is an end of the day; and so we have to begin again, and all this in the boasted independence of the country, one's time to oneself, &c.

November 10, 1826.

There is a comfortable, selfish indulgence in seeing the difficulties and troubles of a thing with which we have nothing to do, and resting satisfied that our own incompetency would make the very attempt absurd, that we have only to look on, judge, find fault, but not remedy. It is one of the greatest pleasures of indolence to sit loose to all responsibility, to hear the details of business and feel that we are not obliged to understand it; to look at the intricacies of such a case, and know

we are not called upon to undo it; to find fault with such a book, and feel it is not our business to correct it; to endure the buffeting of the storm, and know that there is no use in our exerting a finger, or a thought, to guide us through it; to see the immense labour of such a picture, and rejoice that we have not undertaken it; to hear people toiling and troubling themselves about what we do not think worth a thought. There is a selfish pleasure in shrinking from responsibility and exertion in this way. Some come into trouble by perpetually thrusting themselves into situations and occupations for which they are wholly unfit—these have a keener relish for the pleasures of activity than of repose; but how necessary is this spirit to the going on of the world; if all had equal difficulty in finding a sufficient motive of action, the world would be in a state of stagnation.

There is a satisfaction to the indolent man in getting into any situation which absolutely precludes his doing anything. Think of being in bed then, where you can do nothing but sleep, dream, and think!

All constrained exertion—all interruption, in particular—is disagreeable. One may rouse oneself, but it must be at one's own time, and for one's own object. We must be at liberty also to turn aside when the way becomes difficult; everything *ad libitum.* 'That will do,' must be ready to help us out of what we are tired of—'it does not signify.'

Then with what despair and hopeless admiration does one look up to those who persevere, exert, devote themselves, and so succeed in any object; when one thinks of the amount of work that is necessary to secure

success; and yet all this those can do, will do, and do, whom we hold at arm's length, disregard, and underrate.

There is a tenacious material on which the foundation of character is laid, very different to all the things on which we pass our judgment.

The pleasures of indolence have never been fully described.

May 23, 1826.

There are contrasts in nature which produce unnatural effects. There is a gaiety which makes us more grave, a bustle which makes us staid, a fidget which makes us composed, an eagerness that makes us indifferent, an exaggeration that makes us precise; whatever overleaps what we think the mark of common sense produces a kind of revulsion of feeling the other way. Everybody has their *bête d'aversion* of this kind, with whom they cannot sympathise even on their own subjects, but are rather disposed to shrink from the apparent similarity of sentiment; but nobody ever calculates on being themselves in the same relation of *bête d'aversion* to someone. They will wonder why, wherefore, what, can be found to dislike in them, when everything proper is done, just as much as if they had never felt the same unaccountable antipathy to the ways of a hundred others, who would equally wonder.

Power over Nature.

July 1, 1826.

We have power over the things of the earth. We can change the face of nature; plant, cut down, level, alter. We feel ourselves the masters of what we are

upon. All living creatures are subservient to us, and the accumulation of knowledge brings with it fresh power, and we think ourselves indeed monarchs of all we survey. But for the firmament above, the simple motion of the clouds, the incertitude of weather, the ever-changing sky—all are out of our power, out of our reach, out even of our calculation; we cannot discover the laws that govern them; we are here dependent, apparently, on an arbitrary power from which there is no appeal, and we must make the best of what is, and submit. There may be reasoning, I suppose, on meteorological phenomena, and certain data may be laid, from which to conjecture consequences and effects; and it may be that, as in a kaleidoscope, though the materials are limited, the combinations and accidents are endless, so the never-ending variety of meteorology may proceed from the same limited causes. But one should be sorry to have this ascertained too minutely. I should be sorry to have the power of man brought to bear upon the atmosphere—to have the clouds and sky brought under his dominion; rather let them suggest, as they do, our being under the immediate superintendence of a Higher Power, whose ways are unsearchable, and whose works we must contemplate with reverence and submission.

How much would an eternal cloudless sky take from the interest of nature! How forcibly does the sight of the ever-changing concave over our heads suggest to us the idea of higher powers, other worlds, other natures, than those which we see; that there is much we do not know, and cannot reach, that all we do know is comparatively a mere trifle in space! Can we look at

all that takes one out of the world, and then return with the same anxiety to the troubles and intricate entanglements of life, when the utter insignificancy of all but the really raising one's nature to join in the general harmony of the universe seems so striking? How entirely this is disregarded in considerations on worldly arrangements and connections!

Varieties of Character.

October 1826.

There is a certain ease, *abandon*, nature, which Q has not; all with her is measured, regulated, controlled —no saying what is not meant—no being betrayed into warmth, laughter, or ridicule. Living with those who do not understand her best part, she has got up a style of conversation for them unworthy of herself, and which throws a kind of mist round her real sense, that never fails us when we seek for it; but as no atom of cold feeling intrudes into all this, there is rather somewhat of beauty and dignity in this great self-possession, and the composure which it produces. She is perfectly well-bred, never going one step beyond the mark; never asking a question, never broaching a subject you would rather not enter upon; saying the right thing and doing the right thing to everybody. Then there is great power of action, decision, and exertion; she is one of those with whom one feels all is possible. I feel ashamed of myself when I think how I could rely on her devotion, affection, and exertion, if I wanted it. Now I know enough to estimate people, not just by what appears in conversation and ordinary society as agreeable; but by the general tenor and tone of conduct;

and there is something very attaching in the conviction of attachment stronger than it chooses to show itself, which one might be sure of at any moment, and this amid the heartlessness and insincerity of the world at large, which forces itself upon one's knowledge more every day. People are surprised to find her free from the fastidiousness of superiority; and certainly one very peculiar merit is her disposition and power to see the best of everybody within her circle, to have the same perception of little merits that most people indulge in of little faults, so that I do not think from one's own experience that it is any penance to her to live with such. Indeed, as everything must have its weak side, so this, perhaps, is supported in some degree by the gratification of popularity and admiration, of being head and leader, of being of great use and importance, and no one could be in this situation without some little vanity. Perhaps it not only saves her from the usual tax on female superiority, but gives her a double purchase on those around her.

A complete country gentleman, living on his estate, improving his tenantry, carrying on country pursuits, taking interest in his property, with local attachment and partiality.

This is the gold side of the shield: now for the silver.

A complete country gentleman, confined in mind as well as body to the limits of his own profession, without an interest or thought beyond, measuring every public improvement by its proximate advantage or disadvantage to 'my property,' possessed with the knowledge of every individual tree, stone, and house upon it, till the

idea of property is magnified and multiplied, as time becomes lengthened by the number of events crowded into it.

How far to go?

November 28, 1826.

'Reflections for a week!' What various reflections may be suggested by passing events, things, and persons! How the importance of things and events grows commensurate with the importance of those to whom they belong! Little things, which as regarding oneself one should not think worth one word, become matters of discussion, interest, anxiety, joy, and sorrow. Half the conversation of the world would be destroyed if this were not so.

One remarkable truth one learns from observation is how much people agree in general principles, and that all wherein they differ is as to limit—the how far to go. Take any general question—education for example. All agree that education is an excellent thing, provided it is not carried too far—all except Mr. Owen of Lanark in one extreme, and some very old-fashioned bigot on the other, agree here. But who is to place the limit? Mine is here, yours is there. You say, I go too far; I say, You go too far, and so on *ad infinitum.*

Matter is scarcely more divisible than opinion on these subjects: religion, conformity to the world, literal interpretation of Scripture, independent habits for women, philanthropic reform of all kinds. The whole cry is, 'Too far,' or 'Not far enough.' Chilling, galling to a warm, generous spirit, is the constant pulling back; the eternal cry of 'Don't go too far!' is so utterly incompatible with any great action or effort.

The value of words and deeds varies just as the value of money varies. Sometimes there is a depreciation of the currency, an overflow, and a superabundance which sinks the value. Epithets of affection become the habitual phraseology, lose their meaning, are taken as of course, excite no more emotion than the name itself; whilst one half word, one moment's attention from a quarter where such things are scarce, is prized, thought of, takes effect, till you are obliged to arraign the justice of the world, and to doubt whether this is not the best policy, to produce the same effect at so much less expense, to leave so much in our power to do. We set out at an advantage, as the temperate man has the advantage over the intemperate in a case of fever—there is something to reduce from, a quantity of ballast to throw over; so here we have the power of commencing upon ourselves, we have a long reserve in store.

One must estimate actions by the characters of their actors; but it is rather provoking to hear as an extenuation, 'Oh, yes! but that is his way.'

One cannot expect more of a cat than its skin, and one should call that a large skin for a cat which would not be large for a tiger; but however good a bargain one might have with the large cat's skin, the tiger would command our superior respect. And so, I suppose, in the long run, however unjust in proportion the estimate of some particular action may be as really a good deal for this or that person, there is a settled, steady estimation in which we and our characters are held, quite independent of their partial effects; and it may answer better on the whole to have the remark, on whatever we do of good, 'Just what might be expected from

him!' rather than, 'More than could have been expected!' Rational people will certainly save themselves a great deal of disappointment by taking people in their own way, and, if they do so, valuing the effect accordingly; but all this allowance is quite compatible with a strong preference for one way over another.

However, talk and reason as one will, I am afraid that there is a radical perversity and consequent injustice in opinion and feeling which will always invest with a particular charm anything that is relieved by strong contrast—unexpected, unlooked for, rare. When we suddenly open upon a beauty in a desert country, the pleasure of the discovery will prevent our being very fair judges of the scene. Transplant it into a picturesque country, make it one of a consistent series of beautiful scenes opening one from another, and it will have lost its charm, or certainly its effect.

Miseries of Sketching.

1826.

To the miseries of human life the miseries of sketching life might be added. The rare conjunction of circumstances that make the attempt practicable—dry ground, a calm day, enough sun and not too much, time to go out at the best part of the day, time to stay long enough to do any good, no incumbrance, nor hindrance of duty to be done, or companions to attend to. But at last the day is found, the basket is filled, the smudge-pan cleaned; and, well prepared, we set out—where? 'Oh, we shall find something as we go along; there are many pretty bits in that lane.' But they fly before

us; what seemed practicable to the passing glance will not stand the scrutiny of pencil in hand. This is not worth stopping for—that is no better; and we go on till the tether of time and distance is run out, and we take refuge in something inferior to all we have rejected for fear of going home without anything, or we find the better subject just as we get up from the one we have finished. Or supposing, in a more *prévoyant* spirit, we have marked our game before, and go straight, without loss of time or thought, to our place: it has changed its hue, the light that seduced us is passed away, we see nothing in it, or we find that the best point of view is in the midst of a muddy road, or that we must go too much to the left for a seat, or that if we want to take in the whole length we lose the best tree in the foreground —it is a choice of evils. However, the election is made, and we take up our position; we get in the outline in spite of the sun glaring on the white paper; we eagerly open the colour-box. How and where shall we begin? Shall we give at once, in all their vividness, the brilliant colours before us, and trust to softening and tempering them down afterwards? Shall we give the details and the variety as we go on, or shall we lay the foundation of harmony in one sober tint over all, or shall we work it out by degrees? There is no arguing about the matter: begin anywhere and work up to it. The first laying in does very well, but the subject grows upon us: ten thousand shades and varieties start up—as we look and look again the inimitable beauty of nature, of the smallest bit of nature, strikes us now for the hundredth time with all its original freshness. We like to express what we see; the brightness becomes gaudy, the deep

shades become blackness, and the finish heaviness, the aerial tints invisible. It is earthy, dirty, and dull. We come home determined to copy it fair, clear, and bright. We give ourselves every advantage of indoors workmanship, we work cautiously and cleanly, and after hours of labour we perceive snatches of truth and beauty in our despised sketch, which are lost in the finished drawing, where all is stiff, hard, and laboured.

And now what shall we say of the tendencies of drawing? What is the impression left? what is the moral of it all? What but the very moral of our lives! What but the striving after a perfection within our reach, but without our grasp, an attempt which brings home to us each time more and more the imperfection of our means, the incapacity of our faculties to create anything like what is before us! Are those not the very difficulties of life itself—the doubt how far to generalise, how far to go into detail, how each has its danger—the grandeur of the scene, the generalising, the keeping out of sight trifling details, the creating, the reproducing before our own eyes what has delighted them—the infinite variety and yet harmony of nature, its inscrutability, and yet the power of doing that with our pencil which we vainly attempt in all other senses—continually improving what is under our hand—softening, harmonising, clearing, brightening, strengthening the balance of colour—putting the crooked straight, restoring everything to its proper place.

If one could but put all this in force in the matter of education, of government, of rule over oneself or over others!

A Single Woman.

December 1, 1826.

. A single woman's character has often very great beauties. There are many interesting points involved in the very circumstance of being single (supposing any degree of attraction to exist): there is the probability of early disappointment, and some touching history; a certain degree of fastidiousness and delicacy of character which has rejected common offers from a high feeling of what was necessary in suitability; an absence of all the vulgar wish to be married anyhow; a power of self-occupation and amusement, of interesting oneself in the concerns of others, or of making out independent pursuits of our own—a superior stamp of mind not easily suited. And when single women do fulfil their vocation in any of these senses, their duties are as arduous and important as any married woman's, and involve the more merit as being in some degree more voluntary.

To the highly gifted minds there is the enjoyment of leisure for improvement, and devotion to intellectual pursuits; freedom from domestic cares, and from close connection with what has a right to clog every exercise.

In those whose excellences lie in the heart and disposition there is something very beautiful in the unselfish disposition which devotes itself to the general good of the whole, without a personal property in it. Here is D—— L——, a pattern of it; she fills up all the gaps in the family, and is the comfort to those who want it—showing that ready good sense and experience and efficient good-nature which is always there if we want it,

giving up time and undergoing trouble habitually for the amusement of others, finding her own pleasure in doing so.

Reason in Religion.

December 10, 1826.

There is no common sense in saying 'reason must be given up to faith,' 'reason has nothing to do with religion.' Reason must do at least this—determine which is God's word, and the meaning of that word. Reason must judge of probabilities; when it is incompetent to judge for itself, it must still choose whom it will follow. Reason must make the deductions necessary to reduce divine precept to mortal practice. Reason must balance one thing against another to take in the general spirit of the whole. Having arrived at the conviction that this is God's word, and having further arrived at the clear understanding of that word, obedience, not argument, becomes necessary—then perhaps conjecture is all that can be allowed.

But this indisputable necessity of reason in the outset leaves its province, after all, undefined in its extent. Perhaps any freethinker would be amply satisfied with this; all that anybody doubts is the foundation on which the evidence rests, whether the fact *is* clearly established, or, being so, the exact meaning of the fact.

There is, however, a *feeling* of religion wholly independent of reason which carries internal evidence with it. Whether it be a divine inspiration, whether an intuitive glimpse of truth, perceptible but not definable by man, so it is; and there are many cases in which we should be left balancing, without this impulse to turn the scale.

April 29, 1827.

They talk, on the one hand, of 'the plain dictates of reason and conscience, confirmation from analogy,' as proving one doctrine to be divine, and they talk, on the other hand, of another doctrine as proved to be divine by its being contrary to reason. One can hardly admit both! 'Pardon given, not *because* we repent, not *because* we amend, but pardon cannot be given *unless* we repent, *unless* we amend!' So that our repentance has a material share in it. All is the ordinance of God; our being prone to evil—the how we have fallen, the how we are restored. I bow with submission to the fact. I do not feel my finite mind capable of entering into the counsels of His unsearchable wisdom. I believe that He has ordained it all for the best; but I cannot feel that special gratitude described. It is much the same to me in point of fact whether I am to be saved *because* I repent, or *if* I repent on such and such conditions over which I have no control. This is a Divine arrangement with which I have nothing to do, no more than with the time I was born; and I may believe it firmly to be so, without of necessity feeling otherwise. Whether my nature was originally corrupt or pure, is matter only of speculation and curiosity, as also how it became so. What it is now, what it *must be* to enter a spiritual state, and how it is to become what it *must be*, is a matter of present practical interest. And, to my idea, religion consists in suggesting and developing the means, and assisting the mind to discover this, and to cut off the earthly feelings which are uncongenial to the spiritual nature; and to this purpose

what more effectual than the peculiar Christian doctrines: prayer, by which we enter into spiritual communion with God,—faith, or realising to one's mind things unseen, so as to act upon them as we do on the things we see,—a sense of our own corruptions and weakness, leading to self-examination,—distrust, humility, and repentance, the evidence of a softened and improving disposition,—trust in the infinite wisdom, justice, and mercy of the superintending power of the Almighty, so as to rest with confidence and content in the conviction that all is for ultimate good.

Faith in the 'doctrine of the Atonement' appears to me of a more speculative nature, that is, depending on evidence, inquiry, reasoning.

But this is far from being what is called 'the evangelical view' of the subject. 'Faith in Jesus Christ' means, according to this view, something far beyond the simple belief founded on evidence and inquiry, or even the realising of things unseen. It is a more mystical impression—not to be defined or understood, or even imparted to those who have it not, but by the immediate inspiration of God, and then it becomes a new sense, by which the whole Christian scheme appears in a new light. Language is inadequate to express this new light, and words are used which to the uninitiated convey no definite meaning; while to the converted they bring peace, comfort, hope, and joy, and are dwelt upon with never-ending delight. Some try to soften down the difference, to bring terms to a compromise; but the real fact is, that they have a sense quite peculiar, quite as distinct as seeing from hearing, through which they see in certain forms of words and ideas what we do not

and cannot see. And the number of sensible as well as good people who have acquired this sense, forbids one's treating it as an idle vision of mere enthusiasm. The fact is undoubted: they have this sense different from ours. The question is whether it is visionary, an exaggeration of Christian doctrines, a partial view of the scheme, or the interpretation of its real meaning and spirit.

July 21, 1827.

The doctrinal disputes which divide the theological world appear to degrade our ideas of the majesty of God and His works. In following up their own notions and rules men seem to forget that He is an all-pervading Spirit, seeing, knowing, and understanding everything, and that, according to that infinity of wisdom and knowledge, He will not judge the disputants of this world by their ideas. In the conflict of contending opinions and difficulties, this consideration of His nature is peculiarly consolatory, and affords a reasonable hope that whatever doubts we may be compelled to feel, by the use of the reason bestowed upon us, as to certain points allowed by those who do not think, we shall not meet with the same judgment from God as from narrow-minded men, if in the sincerity of our hearts we obey the unquestionable dictates of the conscience within us, in regard to the use of the talents bestowed upon us, whose value and profitableness God only can know.

Are we to reason, or are we not? If we do not, all religions equally have a claim to our adoption; if we do, how far are we to go? What is the *authority*? Not the Scriptures, for they bear interpretations according to

every man's views; not the commentators, for they are only human interpreters; not the pious, for they have zeal without knowledge; not the learned, for they have knowledge without zeal; and when everybody has a different set of authorities, how are we to determine? How are we to determine which shall be ours? Where and what is the truth?

Humbug.

Feb. 3, 1827.

'This is the age of humbug!'

So it is. The grand secret of the time seems to be, that in people's zeal to do something the last question that is asked is whether it is wanted.

Subscriptions to relieve the distressed manufacturers, who thereby are enabled to stand out for wages against their masters.

Bazaars for charitable purposes, where there are all sellers and no buyers; the mothers complaining how the younger children's education is neglected till the elder ones have finished their bazaar work.

Infant schools to relieve mothers of their children, who are perfectly competent and willing to take care of them themselves, and think it a hardship to have them taken away.

New miscellanies and periodicals of knowledge in a cheap form—there being already as many and as good as can possibly be wanted.

New systems of teaching—when the old ones have answered—by which, beginning at a different end, we arrive at one part of the subject sooner than if we had begun at the other end; and so, forgetting that we are

just as far from the whole at one end as the other, think we have made progress unheard of in any other system.

Accumulations of means for teaching certain classes of persons—what those persons can never make any use of; what must either be forgotten by total disuse, or usurp the time and attention belonging to other duties —making the said duties as irksome and repulsive as they would be to us with our tastes and pursuits.

The stretching, screwing, climbing, collaring spine systems. The pains necessary to bring muscles into play which one never knew were out of play before.

The number of masters necessary to complete a girl's education and give lessons in Latin and mathematics, &c. &c., whilst the practical doctrine of the odiousness of female bluism, cleverness, and learning, and the prejudice created thereby, requiring every charm of manner and face to get over, is rather gaining than losing ground.

The necessity of putting oneself to great inconvenience to have one's letters as soon as they can possibly arrive, bringing them to hand also at the most inconvenient hour in the day, when we have not in the course of the year one that would signify if it lay at the post office two days instead of two hours.

Branch Bible societies established where Bibles might be procured with equal ease and rather less expense from the neighbouring towns.

Feb. 24, 1827.

There never has been a scheme for the improvement of things or men since the world began that was not called 'humbug' by somebody, and that did not more-

over really and truly run into 'humbug' in some shape or other. And there never has been a man with any warmth of feeling, enthusiasm, genius, zeal, or elevation of mind, who has not run into some of these excrescences of virtue, and been carried away by some 'humbug.' There *is* a happy temperament, and there *is* a happy age—the age of moderation, candour, wisdom—when we perceive, in one and the same view, the faults and excellences of human institutions, and see that the tares cannot be pulled up without endangering the wheat, so that both must grow together till the harvest; but this is rare, and the world may almost be divided into the followers and the haters of 'humbug.' Everybody hates it in one sense—hates the pretension, *tartufferie*, noise, empty bustle, &c.; but the genuine generic hater is he who calls everything 'humbug' that is without his own circle of thought and action; and when that circle is rather confined, it is astonishing the extent to which one word reaches, embracing everything that is great, good, beautiful, or elevated.

Tell him of Mr.——'s zeal in his profession.

'Does he think it necessary to go every day? Much good may it do them.'

Of the love and happiness of—— 'How long will it last?'

Of the repose, peace, and beauty of scenery—of the charm of association. He presents us with a burlesque, or is incredulous as to natural feeling.

Improvement. 'Well enough as you are.'

Study and exertion. 'Of what use is it?'

Superficiality.

London : April 1827.

As there are a certain number of people who please one at first sight so that one is taken with them, and the feeling gives a kind of zest which further acquaintance wears off, so is it with oneself likewise, obviously and probably enough, yet one is unwilling to believe it as regards oneself. There is a mistake one may make in London under these circumstances. New acquaintanceship may give a spur to what afterwards may sink when there is no motive of interest, connection, utility, or old habit. So there is a point in one's intercourse with people in which it especially behoves us to exert one's utmost powers to keep it up. There is no difficulty at first; there is a wide field of superficial talk of first principles to go over which are easily got through satisfactorily and creditably; but then comes the tug of war, between this and the time when the habit of liking is established, and grows more firm every day; and hence persons without discrimination or steadiness of character are in danger of having all acquaintance and no friends except their hereditary possessions in that line.

It is just the same in knowledge of any kind. There is not so much difficulty in the first steps, as proportioned to one's ignorance, as in the third or fourth steps, as proportioned to one's then acquired knowledge; and so we add smatter, and smatterers will never do any good.

How immediately this superficiality comes into evidence when anything real is to be done or to be dis-

cussed. There is a shrinking and a shirking, and many agreeable, captivating, and delightful people fade away before the touchstone, leaving the solid unobserved and unprepossessing in possession of the field.

One should almost learn to doubt any person who is agreeable on first acquaintance; some degree of reserve and indifference to strangers are inseparable from real dignity of character. It betrays a great want of some sort or other to be upon the eager look-out at a certain age. Everyone ought to have made up their position before that. The struggling to rise is the most ungraceful and unwholesome, and, one may add, unpleasant situation in life. Persons without pretension, satisfied and consistent with their situations, are always respectable and respected; the middle ranks are much deficient in this; the higher and lower look for nothing beyond themselves, and have alike the ease resulting from that kind of content. There is a word wanting to express the exact meaning which lies between satisfaction, content, self-complacency, and self-repose—the contrary of restlessness, aspiring, getting on.

The Present Moment.

July 8, 1827.

It seems as if there was a general tendency not to make use of the present moment. Some fatality seems, without reason, to urge reasons for not doing the thing at that particular time; and so life slips away, opportunities are lost, facilities neglected, and the value of both seen only when they are irrevocably passed. There is a certain pang of self-reproach comes disagreeably over one on these occasions, a consciousness of folly, and a

bitter kind of regret and wonder that we could so throw away our future.

And these are types of that bitterer regret, that keener self-reproach, that more awakened consciousness of opportunities neglected, which must attend the retrospect of our life at the moment of its close.

Other instances: time dedicated to particular study squandered away; peculiarities of a country not noticed because they fail at the moment to strike us as novelties; things not seen because we were hot, tired, or sleepy, which we would now go through fire and water to see.

The Human Mind.

July 15, 1827.

There is a great talk of the works of nature leading up to nature's God; of the wonders of the material world, of the mechanism of animals and plants, of the variety of productions, of ingenious contrivances, of the animal creation and their instincts, of natural beauties, all raising the mind and pointing to God; and of the studies of natural history and philosophy, developing and explaining these wonders, as having this tendency more than any other study. But in the works of nature is never included that greatest of its works, that most inimitable, that most divine—the *human* mind and soul, its habits, its beauties, its mechanism, its varieties; and yet one should think the study of that whereby we hold our very title of likeness or relationship to God should be the most direct means of leading us to Him. Nature, in its common acceptation, does but mean the material and exterior world, the shell of our being. The study

of this is surely as inferior in dignity and interest to the study of the mind, which animates and rules it all, as one may consider the examination of the figures of a watch to the interior mechanism; and on this principle every production, every specimen and trait, dead or living, of human character tells its tale of the Divine Omnipotent Intelligence still more strongly than the animal or vegetable kingdom. It is true that our inquiries and observations on the latter are met by more definite results, but in the other there is an enlargement of mind consequent on this very vagueness.

Laws of Nature.

November 30, 1828.

I cannot believe that such and such a man will either suffer or not suffer according to his merits. I cannot believe that in this, more than in any other instance, we are to look for exemption from the laws of nature to the operations of which we are all equally subject, in strict accordance with which everything, whether of good or evil, takes place, and has in this case taken place. All are equally subject to the laws of external nature. The same cause will produce the same illness, the same cause will remove it, in one as in another; but it is in the triumph of the spirit over these vicissitudes, the command of mind, the power of consolation, and the internal resources which rise superior to all trial, that the real advantage of the good man consists. I do not believe that he is tried more or less than any other people designedly. The Old Testament says, 'The righteous is delivered out of trouble, and the wicked cometh in his stead' (Prov. xi. 8). But the New Testament says, 'We

are troubled on every side, but not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair: persecuted but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed' (2 Cor. iv. 8). That is by means of the inward support; and so, in all the Scripture promises brought together by religious writers, the Old Testament refers always to the present life, in which our daily experience tells us that the sun shines equally on the just and the unjust; the New Testament always to that spiritual life in which temporal afflictions have no part.

Circumstantials of Religion.

October, 1827.

There are various classes who mistake doing something in or about religion, for religion itself.

There is an observance of the decencies, proprieties, moralities of religion.

There is a curiosity about the science, literature, history of religion.

There is a sense of the beauties, sublimity, poetry of religion.

There is a respect for the utility, policy, expediency of religion.

All distinct from the possession of it in its vital form.

The Middling Classes.

December 3, 1827.

There are visions that are conjured up sometimes by certain descriptions, which make a kind of holiday in one's mind of those situations in life that are removed from the contamination of experience and the levelling power of actual observation. There is a kind of worldly feeling

set afloat of some little discomfort at one's own insignificance, and the perception of it that is forced upon one by the contrast of what is or what may be done with life. The illusion of rank, the advantages of situation, the refinements of life, the ultra-civilisation therewith connected, have a kind of poetical charm. There is no doubt that real comfort, real virtue, and real happiness lie in the middling ranks; but this is less interesting to the imagination than either extremity of the chain.

Religious Feeling.

May 15, 1828.

'Your feelings of religion are, of course, more vivid 'than mine—your history has been different; you have 'had everything to call it out, to feel it your only sup-'port. My life has been too uniform, too even, to give 'the opportunity of this. I have had nothing to call 'me to it beyond the common routine of forms.'

All this one says of oneself and of one's neighbours with great *sang froid*, and it comes rather as an after-thought, 'How beautifully, how accurately true all that we pass over as commonplace of the uses of affliction!' There is a hardness and indifference of feeling, a deadness to all religious impression, which a person in the common regular habits of moral life knows not how to obviate. He allows the truth of this—he believes the truth of that. He can do everything but *feel*—and yet this feeling is the one thing needful! and it may be that the time may come when all the ease and comfort and happiness of one's life will appear as dust in the balance compared with the enviable state of devotional feeling attained by those who have been

awakened from their dreams of this world by some blow which has made them, in the worldly sense, 'wretched for life!'

Religious Exclusiveness.

1828.

Religious exclusives must be bigots to a certain degree; but the society of those who are better than ourselves is such a support, such a guard, such an involuntary reminder of what we are so willing to forget, that it is a very natural and wise desire to seek them. Those who have a high esteem and high conviction of the principle overlook for its sake the imperfections of its zeal, just as we do not criticise or even think of the inaccuracies of our dear friend's dress, which is the first observation that strikes a stranger. We are unreasonable in expecting consistency at once, and are thus as much bigots as they.

Religious Doctrines.

July 8, 1828.

'You are not to take exception against religion on 'account of the errors of its professors.' Granted; *but then* neither can we lay to the exclusive effect of religion the merits of its professors.

Are the differences between us only as to the degrees of such and such doctrines? The mainspring of difference is the degree of influence of the Spirit. They consider religion itself as entirely a supernatural affection, totally distinct from any of the operations of the mind, almost unconnected with any endeavours of the will; and that there is a distinct new creature formed, by the influence of this Holy Spirit, within the old one. That *faith* is not the opening of the valves of the understanding to

certain points, but an inward light, imparted by God, bringing conviction and perception to the soul of divine things, just as the opening of the natural eye lets in natural objects. That *corruption* is not this or that wickedness, but the state of all, moral or immoral, before this inward light, showing divine things, is given to them. That prayer is not the means of rousing the soul to God, by raising the thoughts, and dwelling upon the contemplation of divine things, but is only the means of obtaining the gift of the inward light. That sense of our own sin and repentance is not to be attained by any reflection of our own on our past life, scrutiny into our own minds, strict examination of ourselves, but is reached only by this same inspired light.

This, as it is to be felt, not understood, cannot be explained or accounted for any more than light to the blind. All that can be said is, 'I know that whereas I *was* blind, I now see.' The world is divided into two classes—those who have this light, and those who have it not. Natural disposition, acquirements, and endeavours have nothing whatever to do with it.

A full understanding of this doctrine explains many of the inconsistencies of which they have been accused, such as a profession of humility and certainty of salvation; a feeling of charity towards others, and at the same time a conviction that they who do not see with them have not the inward light, and therefore have not the qualification for holiness. Believing this to be the immediate gift of God, unmixed with human reason, they of course believe it infallible, and themselves infallible, as influenced by it, at the same time that they hold human nature more than humanly fallible.

Hence they are not more shocked at a great sin than a little one. The criterion with them is, Have you or have you not this light, by which alone you can see?

Faith.

1828.

What do we mean when we say we believe in Christ? There is a vagueness in the expression well calculated to deceive the mind; but apply the same words to another subject, and this will be more easily recognised. If I say I believe in Plato, will it not immediately be asked, what do you believe concerning him? that there was such a man existing, or that he did such and such things, or that he was as wise and good as is reported in such and such accounts, or that you believe his system of philosophy to approach near to the truth? Is it not evident that the words, 'I believe in Plato,' convey of themselves no definite idea to the mind? Perhaps, indeed, in applying the words to Christ, there may be a meaning attached to the expression from custom and usage which the common signification of the words does not bear; but it is vague. What do I believe of Christ? that there was such a man, who was the founder of such a religion? or that he was the Son of God, or that He was the Messiah, or that He came into the world for such and such purpose, or that His was a plan of redemption, or that His precepts are true and just, requiring obedience? Belief may include all these, or apply to any one to the exclusion of the rest; and upon all these points belief is rather opinion than what appears to be meant in the Scriptures by the word 'Faith,' which partakes more of the nature of a moral feeling. On the above

points the utmost we can say is that, after such and such evidence, and on such and such reasons, we think in such and such a manner. This is the mere exercise of reason; and there can be no more merit in believing in Christ in this way, than in believing in Plato or Julius Cæsar. Faith must be a very different thing, and ought to be separated more entirely from *belief*, which is quite different. 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' It is that quality or faculty of the mind by which we bring the future world near to us, by which we abstract our thoughts and interests from the present surrounding scene, by placing them in the future scene. It is the faculty which distinguishes man from brutes, and from those human brutes who are engrossed as completely as the beasts of the field with their instincts and appetites. It is the power of the soul to form a happiness for itself independent of all external circumstances, to live and to enjoy out of the limits of the world. It must be the source of everything truly great and elevated in character. The chief defect in common characters is that of not being able to feel interested in any but sensible objects; their minds, hearts, and souls are so absorbed in the petty circle of worldly affairs, that they cannot rise to contemplate things hoped for, or things not seen; they can imagine nothing. The first step of mental and moral improvement is the same.

Faith is the means by which our nature is exalted, purified, and assimilated to the Divine nature. Whatever places our thoughts, our enjoyments, our desires, out of the world, belongs to the nature of Faith, is a part of Faith. The mode in which Faith is formed in the

mind, the way in which it acts (unless it be entirely of supernatural origin, and be a superadded principle or power to the mind), must be by the action of the known principles and laws of the mind.

From the importance given to whatever is meant in Scripture by the word 'Faith,' it cannot be a simple or single thing; it must be the aggregate, or essence, or combination of many virtuous affections; and the constant repetition of the merit of FAITH *alone*, points out that faith is better than everything else, not by *exclusion* but by *inclusion*. It is simply that disposition of mind which bends all the faculties and energies of our being to one point, like the wished-for power of converting all one touches into gold.

Sincerity.

Feb. 1829.

'Everyone that is really sincere in the search after 'truth will find it.'

'Everyone that is really sincere must come to my 'views at last.'

'If you have sought and embraced what you think 'truth with sincerity, *that*, whatever it may be, will be 'available to you.'

These are the three propositions one always hears. Is there one point of truth which may be applied as the test of sincerity? Can we say, if you have not come to such a conclusion, you have not been sincere? Dare we pronounce that those who come to other conclusions are not sincere?

How are we to define the point? Is sincerity to be the test of truth, or is truth to be the test of sincerity?

It is the very keystone of the whole mystery of our being. That there is a point of truth which all who are sincere will find, in which they will unite, is certain to all who believe that there is such a thing as truth; but what are its limits is the question. Perhaps as the centre of a circle is found by noting the point in which all lines from the circumference meet, so the essential essence of belief may be likewise found by the diligent comparison of what the best people of all sects have agreed in.

Sincerity—how common the profession! how rare the thing! We look for what we wish to find. Here is the importance of coming as a little child to the search. Compare the simplicity of children with the involuntary prejudices which every hour of our lives wraps round us; they come simply to see what is shown, to hear whatever it may be. It is received equally: no preconceived opinions are contradicted or confirmed, no habits shaken, no interests thwarted by it.

If we were to unite the powers of the man with the will of the child, the search would indeed ensure the finding; but that the camel may pass through the eye of the needle sooner than the rich man, is true of other possessions besides money. Every added hour of life, every advance of mind or knowledge, every further step in civilisation multiply themselves, till a complicated web of motives, feelings, prejudices, interests, habits, and difficulties is formed, each an obstacle to the simplicity we are to contend for. The moral being gets into a kind of artificial atmosphere.

In the great events common to all—love, marriage, death—what a difference in modification of feelings and

anxieties, according to the rank of society, civilisation, and refinement; so simple in the lower, so complicated in all its relations, in the higher rank of each; and just so it is in this simplicity of sincerity. The infancy of man, the infancy of the world, the infancy of society, of civilisation, were all more favourable to it than our maturer advance. Hence the admitted fact on both sides that highly gifted minds are led aside from the simplicity of the Gospel by the pride of reason; or, to put it in other words, that the strongest minds have a tendency to the other side, and so to argue against what they are asked to admit; the truth probably being that it requires a double portion of every faculty to bear that faculty meekly.

The Divine Government.

Probably 1829.

How admirably that household is conducted!—no interference visible—all the order and regularity is the result of one well-digested plan. Should we admire the master hand so much if its immediate direction were necessary to keep things right? In putting this right, would not that be put wrong? In the government of an army, a ship, a nation, a family, is not this the soul and principle of all order? And so with the Divine government—only that as the human must occasionally fail because no human wisdom can provide for all occasions and contingencies, so the Divine must always excel, because the Divine wisdom does in itself foreknow all possible contingencies and exigencies of human nature, and shape its system accordingly.

Everything in creation is left open to our use or

abuse. Look at every situation, every power, every principle, every enjoyment—the question of right and wrong in all depends upon how far, how much; and so, it seems, is revelation also given to us exactly on the same terms with every other gift of God—liable to the grossest perversion, capable of the highest advantage.

Heaven.

1829.

I know the feeling you describe so well. Anything that puts body or mind in tune, gives it, I believe, sunshine and health—some passages of some books, and some characters—well, heaven will be *all* this; and what is here only a flash of light, showing what one might be, will be there everlasting sunshine, and we shall expand under its influence.

Judgment on Politics.

You would have been amused to have heard our discussion of the state of the times, with the same words in our mouths, and such different ideas in our minds; each agreeing that there was such a vast spirit at work of inquiry and reform: she ending, with a melancholy and desponding conclusive shake of the head, that 'it would be just as she always thought—when they had once meddled with the foundation, once given the fatal shake, the whole machine would come to pieces—and that people were all going much further than they meant to go,' I taking all the same facts as signs of progress. But here you see are liberals, anti-liberals, prophets, and anti-prophets, all agreed as to the signs of the times, and none agreed as to the symptoms thereof. One might say now more than ever, 'Judge nothing till the end.'

The Impenetrable Sanctuary.

Amongst the greatest blessings of existence I am often disposed to rank that of the impenetrableness of the sanctuary of our own thoughts. It is very well to talk now and then, and here and there, and upon this or that exigency open the window of the heart, and think how much this would seem to be desired. But what a refuge would then be cut off!

Milman's 'History of the Jews.'

I have just been reading Milman's preface to his third volume of the 'History of the Jews,' in which he answers the objections that have been made to his other volumes, taking his stand upon the high ground that it is the over-demand on people's faith that makes shipwreck of it, and quoting Warburton, Tillotson, and the Bishop of London [Blomfield] in support of his limited view of inspiration, and St. John (chap. vii.) for supposing Moses to have been in himself the lawgiver, and chosen to be the instrument in virtue of his peculiar qualifications to act the necessary part—fill the required office, I should say.

It is all in the spirit of that one passage we both liked so much; and altogether it strikes me as one of the signs of the times, and as the opening of many minds to truth which has never dared to be spoken before. But I think it is the signal for battle, and that we shall have Milmanites added to our other distinctions. There is a melancholy report in the 'Record' of how some worldly people have been confirmed in their scepticism by the book, and how some have determined not to

read it thereupon, and to judge of the tree by its fruits. So will I, for I am sure many feel, like me, all difficulties removed the moment this latitude of interpretation is allowed, and that one's mind has nothing to divert it from dwelling only on what is unquestionably divine.

Inherited Disposition.

1829.

Do you know my father well enough to know how much happy temperament I have to thank him for by inheritance, and how much that would be an effort and struggle to obtain, I owe to this? I hardly think the crook in the lot is even after all. That there is no lot without it is certain, but the crook is of very different sharpness. I am tempted to think there is less inequality in people's comparative merits. Does not this very temperament of which I have been speaking make in itself a kind of natural predestination?

Tares and Wheat.

1830.

'Nay, lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them. Let both grow together until the harvest.'—Matthew xiii. 29.

How true a picture of the mixture of good and evil! How their very natures are so entwined that it is impossible for mental scrutiny to distinguish where one ends and the other begins. If evil had a kingdom of its own, its professed subjects, be the portion larger or smaller, the difficulties of exterminating would not be so great. We might avoid it, we might condemn it, we might attack it, and we might root it up, with less difficulty and no danger; but here it grows around and

amidst all that we have most valuable, detracting from their goodness, poisoning their atmosphere, sheltering itself under their protection, confounding itself under their likeness, till we call evil good and good evil, and so joining themselves on and becoming incorporate that no hand could be so nice, no judgment so discriminating, as to pull up the weed without dislodging the neighbouring virtue. Considering evil and good in general or in detail, the result is the same. Taking the field as the world at large, the interests of society, the civil proceedings of nations or circles, great or small, are made up of good and evil; each character plays its part in subservience to the whole; and you would find it difficult not to shake the frame of society in making a violent and sudden subtraction of one set from another. Every human institution partakes of the same human nature; good is so blended with it, that the wise and prudent are afraid to make salutary reforms for fear of the revolution that may follow. And so again in human character taken individually, there is no one in whom the same mixture is not evident; the proportions may differ, but the fact is ever so—so much so that each virtue has its attendant vice in which extremes meet. But it is perhaps more exactly applicable, and more especially intended to be applied, to the history of the Christian Church and its corruptions, and it affords a valuable inference or conclusion as to the nature of God's moral government.

The word of God is given in all purity; the seed is sown unmixed, but there it is left to its fate and to the natural accidents of the soil in which it is sown. No further superintendence, no care, even to avert the

common course of nature; and so it partakes of the corruption of all around it: the weeds of the soil grow up on every side, till by degrees less and less of the original plant is visible, and only on a near survey can it be traced. The Providence of God in its wisdom has decreed that they shall grow together till the harvest: no interference is to be looked for; all follows the laws of nature; the roots become intermingled. Narrow policy, short-sighted views, intemperate zeal, are always for plucking up this part and that.

The Narrow Way.

1830.

The 'Evangelicals' think the sincere but misled will rise to their pitch; the unevangelicals think the sincere enthusiast will moderate down to theirs. How clear that the mean lies between the two, if one could but drive that way; but the path is so narrow that if we lean a hair's breadth on one side more than the other we shall lose our balance.

Influence.

January 1830.

How cheering and inspiriting is the feeling of a power of influence! How peculiar the bond of connection between us and the person thus under our influence! The delightful consciousness of breathing peace, comfort, and pleasure, is fully as great as to be the comforted. One hates the analysis which would detect gratified self-love as well as benevolence in the feeling; yet it may lead to a useful explanation of many apparent sacrifices, an encouragement to many irksome duties.

What is the influence of one's natural character on another compared with that of the same armed with the power of religion—what must it be to be once launched into the missionary spirit, to feel that eternal truth and salvation, as well as temporal peace, hang on our words!

Self-denial.

1830.

A mind sufficient to itself, full of resources, with a love for solitude, independence, and reflection, sounds well; but how liable to selfishness in a form too refined and disguised to alarm the conscience! It awakens one to a strong sense of deficiency to find one's utter helplessness to speak a word of comfort when others we hold so inferior can and do.

'Crucify the flesh with the affections and lusts,' may extend over a wide range of duty; it almost comes to making out whatever is disagreeable to be right, which yet is an odious, discouraging, legal view of the case. An odd transposition of duty and pleasure thus takes place. I leave off reading Chalmers' sermons on a principle of duty to assist at a dancing lesson! Self-indulgence would have preferred the first. What wonder is it that we should fall so easily into spiritual pride, self-deception, and all its train of errors? Truly the path is narrow, and few there be that find it. Childlike simplicity, and in many more things than one's understanding, must be laid down: it is not the head but the heart that is in the way. How intricate are prejudices!

The Example of Christ.

1830.

How far can Christ's character be a model for us? His time was entirely spent in teaching and doing good, but He had supernatural powers of doing it, and divine authority to teach it; no human being can ever be placed in the same position, the same circumstances. But the virtues exhibited in Christ's conduct may be transferred to other situations and adapted to other circumstances; we may from the data laid down find ample grounds to determine what Christ would have done in such a case, how the character formed as His was would have acted and thought and felt in all the various modifications of life. Form your idea of Christ, not from the *detail* of His conduct, but from the virtues which He personifies; *establish* these, and Christ is within you. Christ appears to us under the authority of a divine mission. Whilst He takes the human nature upon Him and enters our world, He stands in it isolated from human relations, passions, and interests; with the abiding consciousness of His mission, the foreknowledge of His destiny, He could have no connection and no interest in the world—social ties, domestic relations, are all absorbed in the sense of His relationship to the whole human race. He appears simply, indeed, as a pilgrim, not as a resident; but from a general view of the subject it may fairly be concluded that such an abstraction from the world around us, were it practicable, would not be proper, except under the similar circumstances of a divine mission. The case which approaches nearest is evidently that where circumstances and talents confer a sort

of human mission to reform and to teach, and here, indeed, Christ may serve as a model to reform and to teach. If we wish to estimate the divinity of His character, compare it with that of other missionaries, of other heads of sects, of other reformers; then we shall see the difference, on the one hand, between the pure and simple love of truth, and desire to propagate it for its own sake, and, on the other hand, that zeal for the propagation of religious opinions which ever has been and ever will be adulterated by the mixture of worldly motives and interests.

General Laws.

May 2, 1830.

When it is even doubtful whether what are called miracles were not performed through the agency of second causes—when it may be fairly agreed that the ordinary course of nature was in them not interrupted, but governed and overruled—how strong is the argument for supposing that all the Divine government of the affairs of mankind in the present time is through second causes.

Indeed, no one denies that the most special interference of Providence is through the medium of a second cause; no one denies that prayer is answered by God's blessing on the means employed; almost all acknowledge that the influence of the Holy Spirit is not to be distinguished but by its fruits from the impulses of our own minds—that it works with and through our own minds.

But many talk inconsistently, as if they could see the point of union. We *can* only see the second cause; but I no more doubt the first, although I do not talk of

it, than I do of my life being in the power of a higher power, and that my command of it is limited to a very limited use of very limited means to preserve it.

How analogous are the works of God all through!

Judgment of Character.

May 1830.

'Judge not, that ye be not judged.'

The difficulty of holding firm to our opinion of right without condemning those who differ; of separating opinion from the holder of the opinion; the danger of dwelling on characters; of talking and thinking of other people—this is the foundation of all gossip and all calumny, and of judging unchristianly by conjecturing motives; whilst the advantage of a taste for literature is that it gives something else to talk of, instead of driving us to gossip as a resource. The habit of analysing and criticising is always liable to this abuse. But there is a nobler use of the taste for character; analysis and observation lead to anything but judging—rather to the impossibility of it. So far as the observation of character is true, it leads to toleration, moderation, self-abasement, and exaltation of the idea of God's power and wisdom.

To observe, to analyse, to speculate, to describe, is one thing; to judge, to pronounce on the preponderance of good or bad, to decide upon the motive which we can only conjecture, is another. Some people have no eye for this observation, as they have no ear for music, no eye for the picturesque; others cannot help seeing what is before them, and receiving certain impressions from

it. The use or abuse of the perception is another question.

How some situations seem at once to lead into the straight road; as if we could hardly get out of it, as if temptations were not only taken out of the way, but the very resource of the position lay in doing right, the interests of it falling that way. But then many would think it stagnation, and feel a restless desire to do more, to have a larger sphere; and this cannot be had without a sacrifice of independence and peace.

Perhaps it is the surest road to content to look at those who are more happy than oneself, and consider if what makes them so happy would make oneself equally so. I believe the honest answer would naturally be —no.

The Sense of Sin.

October 21, 1830.

'Evil to him that evil thinks'—'To him that thinketh it unclean, it is unclean,' &c. It may be questioned of those who see so much harm where others see none, whether it is not from the sensitiveness of the moral sense; just as the musical ear detects discord in what is harmony to the multitude.

Chalmers' doctrine of human corruption and of sin is that the heart is turned away from God in its natural state entirely. That is not saying much—that is not going a great way—everybody would agree there. Why does this seem a moderate assumption, but from the want of a due sense of the sinfulness of sin? We do not feel all that is included in this simple fact of being turned away from God. We do not feel what it is to be in ac-

knowledged rebellion to the acknowledged object of our being. We think of the difficulty of raising our minds from the external world. We think of the mysterious obscurity that overlays the nature, the government, the agency of God; of the innumerable variations upon His law. We see no such enormity, no such wonder; on the contrary, we see that it is in the natural course of the mind, of things as they are, that it should be difficult to keep alive the sense of God. Now this is the very point at issue. Some do keenly feel this alienation as a sin—as the sin which involves all others.

Reception[8] *of the Duke of Wellington at Manchester.*

Aug. 1830.

I was more amused last night than I expected. We suddenly emerged from a narrow passage into a box at the theatre filled by Lady Wilton and her party, to see the drama of real life that was acting below in the shape of the dinner to the Duke of Wellington—the pit boarded over, the whole draped with coloured calico from the ceiling downwards so as entirely to disguise what it was; splendid chandeliers from the roof, and the whole 700 at dinner. To be sure, the appearance of a banquet is entirely ruined by the absence of female dress, if not female charms, to enliven the dark mass of heads and coats. From the front of the box I could see the head table, and the Duke's grey head in the centre. We only came in for the end of the speeches,

[8] On the occasion of the opening of the first English railway, between Liverpool and Manchester, the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, came to preside at the ceremony, and on the same occasion occurred the death of Mr. Huskisson.

but I heard they had been curious enough: the Lords D—— and W——, the most violent of the anti-Catholics, professing the most entire devotion and admiration of the Duke's measures, past, present, and future. Lord S—— alone stood up and expressed a qualified intention of support, which the Duke evidently did not like at all, for he frowned and changed countenance.

The Duke himself made a bad long speech, and a good short one; Lord Francis Leveson Gower made an eloquent panegyric on the living powers of matter, viz. the machinery he had seen that morning (they had gone through the manufactories). We only stayed a short time, and returned to the ball-room. The world there were much too intent upon the coming hero to think of dancing; so an avenue was soon formed to the door where he was expected to enter. There was less beauty in the room than I should have thought probable in any such number of people; but it did so happen that the very ugliest of the ugly formed the first rank of the said avenue. Imagine these in their 'Sunday best' of hats, feathers, flowers, and scarfs, all and every sort and colour conjoined, and you may guess that animated curiosity ill became them, and what a ridiculous sight their eager ugly faces made as one read in them the approach of the Duke. He came with Lady Wilton on his arm, looking half amused, but better pleased with the loud clapping of hands that greeted him. The rest of the Heaton party followed two and two, and paraded round the room after him, amusingly disturbed when the crowd came between them and their leader so as to cut off the visible connection. I had never seen him but once

before, in the House of Lords; and if a *place* where much that has happened is interesting, what is not the *human place* in which so much *has* happened, *is* happening, and *will* happen? He looked to me larger and fatter, that is, less haggard, than when I saw him before. The most striking feature of the face and manner was the entire simplicity and nature; and I should have read benevolence as well as decision in his eye and mouth.

On Wednesday Mr. Phillips had secured places for us at Manchester to see the arrival of the train. We arrived at half-past 11, and were told we had an hour and a half to wait in an open standing place, having expected and provided for a covered one. We found occasional sittings, and all were disposed to make the best of what could not be helped. The clouds threatened rain, and presently we had a heavy thunder shower; then a report that the mob had broken up the railway near Eccles, and we saw a troop of dragoons gallop off in great haste; the major soon came back,' wet, splashed, and angry at the fool's errand he had been sent on—there was no mob and no mischief. The time appointed for the arrival was now past, and all began to be anxious; at last we heard a distant cheer, but it died away as the engine which approached came with only one car attached to it. Presently there was a cry through the crowd of 'A surgeon—Lord 'Wilton wants a surgeon—the Duke is hurt!' Making our way through the crowd into the warehouse for shelter, we soon learnt the truth; and perhaps, except the Duke, no one would have created such a sensation as Mr. Huskisson, for, besides his popularity as member, he had always been the most strenuous and eager supporter of

the railway. In half an hour we saw Lord Wilton and three surgeons with their instruments get into the car and go off at full speed to Eccles.

The place where the accident happened is a narrow embankment, where on getting out one could only stand between the two lines of railroad. Mr. Huskisson was alarmed at the sight of the coming engine, and tried to get back to his own carriage; his arm being weak he fell back, but there was yet time to recover himself, if he had not lost his head, and put himself in the way instead of leaning back or standing still. Ellinor Stanley, Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, Lady Delamere, and Mrs. Huskisson, saw the whole. Many of the gentlemen were out (in spite of a printed order to the contrary, and the earnest entreaty of the directors that no one would get out), so that, as Lady Elizabeth told me afterwards, none of them knew at first that it was not their own belongings, and she was afraid that the next sensation was extreme thankfulness that it was not. The impression through the whole train at first was, I believe, that the Duke was shot; for all were too much agitated to say who was killed. After the first moment they say Mrs. Huskisson got out and stood by him quite composed. He was taken to the Rectory at Eccles (Mr. T. Blackburne's).

The train remained an hour upon the spot, the authorities deliberating what to do. The Duke declared that he could not and would not go on. The Borough-Recorder at Manchester told him he could not answer for the peace of the town if such a concourse as were collected were disappointed. So he yielded at last, and they came on; but the whole thing was clouded, and

the cheers with which he was received turned one sick. He stood forward in the carriage and shook hands for half an hour with all who could get to him.

There was a hurried luncheon, during which Edward found us, and told us he had secured tickets for our return in the train to Liverpool. I felt at that moment all desire and curiosity gone to see more ; but knowing the trouble he must have taken to procure them, I made up my mind to go. He was in one carriage, the directors put Mary and me into another. Charlotte Penrhyn had not seen the accident, but she had heard Mrs. Huskisson's scream, and that was enough.

The progress through the mob was frightful. No entreaties or menaces could keep them off the railway—all flocked to shake hands with the Duke, and it is wonderful no further accident happened. The houses, the trees, the roofs, the banks were all crowded ; and he will have a pretty good idea of the population of Liverpool and Manchester. We were two hours and a half in the whole, owing to the many stoppings for the Duke to shake hands, also for water and greasing, and as we went through Eccles, to inquire after Mr. Huskisson, the fatal spot was covered with a thick layer of sawdust. I did not like the motion, or rather the jar and vibration, just like a steamboat ; otherwise it was flying. We could not distinguish a feature in the faces of the lines of people through which we passed, and the road behind seemed to lengthen like a ribbon pulled out.

We went through the tunnel and were landed at the Docks, and after waiting for Edward till all our friends were gone, we found out that more than half the train had been left behind at Manchester. Their engines had

got upon the wrong line of railroad, and could not turn round and go back without coming halfway to Liverpool and then returning to fetch them. It was getting dark, and I do not know Liverpool, but Mary recollected having heard some of our friends say they were going to the King's Arms, and a civil respectable man offered his services to show us the way. Our friends had gone on, and there was not a bed to be had, but at half-past ten we succeeded in getting a fly to take us to Prescot, where we slept. The next day we spent a pleasant morning at Knowsley, and reached home at 8 p.m.

Huskisson's Death.

High Legh: Jan. 17, 1832.

We are a party of twenty-six in the house. There are so many that one's presence or absence is perfectly immaterial and unremarked. There is one person who interests me very much—Mrs. Tom Blackburne, 'the Vicaress' of Eccles, who received poor Mr. Huskisson, and immortalised herself by her activity, sense, and conduct all through. She made one ashamed of the ease and idleness of one's own life, compared with hers. They have to deal with such a population—25,000 souls. She has been the ruling spirit evidently; and under her guidance, and the help of a sound head and heart, her husband has become the very man for the place, with quickness and presence of mind for any sudden emergency; and she describes the people—all Manchester weavers—as grateful and sensitive, far beyond our agricultural experience. He is in general at home to parishioners from 8 till 12 and from 4 to 6 every day,

and often fully occupied all the time; but during the four days Mrs. Huskisson was in the house, none of them entered the gates. She asked afterwards why it was, and one of them said, 'Eh, we knowed what you were at, and so we did without.'

I made her give me the details of those days. She said the most painful thing she had to do was, waking Mrs. Huskisson out of her sound heavy sleep the morning after. She went three times into the room before she had resolution to wake her outright, as was necessary. Mrs. H. went into the most violent hysterics the moment she opened her eyes and saw Mrs. Blackburne. Lord Granville, hearing her screams, came to Mrs. Blackburne's assistance. He and his valet were her chief assistants all through. She said the advantage of having such people to deal with was great. Many would have thought it an additional trouble to have great people in such circumstances—she found it just the reverse; the high breeding and true gentlemanliness that came out, smooths over every difficulty and awkwardness of strangers in such close quarters. Lord Granville, in particular, entered into every feeling with a woman's delicacy. Poor Mrs. Huskisson was alternately in paroxysms of grief and a still more dreadful calmness, especially the day after, when it was wished to relieve her of all business, and she insisted on doing everything herself.

Just before she left the house, she locked herself into the room, and after violent hysterics, during which Mrs. Blackburne tried in vain to get to her assistance, she heard her praying for her and her husband, and all connected with them.

She desired Mrs. Blackburne to remember her to Lady Elizabeth Belgrave, and to hope she had not suffered from the shock (she was near her confinement). 'What should I have felt if you had been in her situation?' This she said to Mrs. Blackburne, who was at the moment within three months of her time. Of course Mrs. Blackburne said nothing, but wrote to her after her confinement, and Mrs. Huskisson answered her that it was the first ray of sunshine that had come to her, for she had afterwards found it out, and it had weighed heavily upon her.

Some months afterwards she sent Mr. Blackburne a Bible with gold clasps, and in the purple silk lining inside, these words in gilt letters: 'I was a stranger, and ye took me in.' Both last Christmas and this she sent also 20*l.* to him to distribute amongst his poor, well knowing that she could not make him a more acceptable present.

Ignorance of what is above us.

April 24, 1831.

One may observe in a variety of cases how people entirely ignorant of the habits of their superiors imagine what they will do in such and such instances to be something so very far removed from their own experience that it is equally far from the truth; they always overshoot the mark. The child imagines the king with his crown of jewels always on his head, and is disappointed to hear of his moving, speaking, and acting like other people, and would hardly believe that he would prefer simple furniture and simple habits to the magnificence of a palace.

The ignorant imagine the learned whom they have never seen to be always talking in dark sentences and fine language; the simplicity and humility of real knowledge—of a Sir Isaac Newton—passes their understanding.

The explanation of many phenomena is overlooked and overleaped in an unwillingness to look for it in the simple laws by which the great operations of nature are governed. Naaman was wroth because he had settled in his own mind what the Prophet should do—that he would come out and strike the place; and he could not submit to believe in the simplicity of the prescribed remedy. How well we can understand how the imagining of this craving after something out of our own experience—something extraordinary, in short—probably leads one far out of the divine way.

Social Intercourse.

January 5, 1831.

Edward had a letter from a proprietor, thanking him for his address to the parishioners, and wishing that other people would follow his example, and that the friends of good order would be as diligent as the enemies were in circulating their poison. That hitherto they had rested too securely in the evident truths of their position, and that the radical cause of mischief lay in the non-intercourse of rich and poor, which severed the tie; that the lord of the manor too often knew nothing but of his keepers and poachers, and the lady some pet cottagers, but that they understood nothing of the real feelings of the people.

The next day came a letter from Dr. Arnold, saying nearly the same thing, that this intercourse which our aristocratic habits have broken, making two such distinct classes, is the real 'plague-spot' which must be attended to, and that this is the time for the clergy to bestir themselves, and to address the lower orders not like children.

I am not at all sure that I understand what they all mean, for surely there is much more interest, care, attention, and intercourse with the poor now, and the inhabitants of every country place in the kingdom, than there was twenty years ago. Lucilla in Cœlebs was a rarity then—now you find the same everywhere; and granting that half of it is done from fashion, that fashion in itself proves the fact. I find myself, against my will, rather leaning to the illiberal side of the question, that it is the march of intellect which has made the distinction of ranks not greater, but less easily supported, and that it is the general push upwards of all ranks, through which those who are at the top must inevitably be thrown over.

Church Reform.

February 14, 1831.

You need not be afraid of the tithe question. There is no sort of idea of surrendering either the right or the thing, but only of expressing the wish more generally felt than people are aware of amongst the clergy, that some less offensive mode of payment should be devised.

I know there are two things to be said—one that it is yielding to the popular cry, the other that it is the timely acknowledgment of the reform which the changes

of time and circumstances have made absolutely necessary.

I do not think it ever answers to withhold that sort of acknowledgment from the fear of being bullied into it—much like the many duels that are fought through cowardice—the manly courage seems to be rather on the other side, and in speaking the truth *sans peur de reproche*; and the Church does want reform, and the clergy had better lend a helping hand to what will probably be done without them, if they do not; helping, not by dictating or even suggesting what should be done, but by showing that they are not so bigoted to old abuses, and so averse to all improvement, as their enemies would have it they are. I think you would be amused with the answers to the circular that has been sent to the neighbouring clergy. One good old man writes that he would rather do the duty of two parishes gratis for the remainder of his days than have one word said about anything so dangerous as Church reform. Then amongst those who are for it, it is curious to see the points on which they lay the stress—Liturgy, pluralities, or tithes. You may suppose the resolutions had need to be very largely worded to suit them all. Edward says he never had so great a respect for Luther and his work before. Some, foremost in suggesting the beginning, falling off when it comes to the point; but, on the whole, there are so many more who enter into the thing than he had imagined, that there will be a meeting next week, and we shall have a house full of them.

Confession of Sins.

February 3, 1831.

'I take the temporalities, and leave the spiritualities 'to him; he does a great deal of good. I cannot go 'into a house and begin at once—I have it not in me, 'I am very indolent. I am very glad that the people 'should have good done them, which I could not do 'myself.' The thought occurred to me as he was speaking, 'Now I understand what it is to have a sense of the *sinfulness of sin*.' Here is an open confession of being deficient and wrong—a sense of all the particulars in which he is so, but none of the importance of them—a sense of sin, but not of the sinfulness of sin: and so one sees and feels perpetually. Some are blind altogether, but many are fully awake to their own faults, candid and honest in the avowal, seeing the whole just as they *are*, but not in their proportions as to the future.

There is often indeed implied in that very confession of wrong which is so ingenuous and engaging a want of this sense of its enormity; there is more eventual good hope of those whose confession of sin is wrung from them with struggles, who feel more acutely what it is which they are confessing, and are therefore more reluctant to avow it.

Thus a child tells in the plainest terms how naughty it has been, how much more naughty than usual, gives the details of all it has said and done, and palliates and softens nothing. Delightful openness and candour, one should say! but then it is in a tone of perfect indifference, as if it was speaking of another person. There is

no sorrow, no feeling, no compunction ; rather, if anything, an impression that this act of confession is atonement.

Excellences and Defects of Churches.

UNITARIANISM :— 1831.

Good tendencies: toleration, liberality, active usefulness in all benevolent and charitable purposes, high attainment in science, universal philanthropy.

Deficiencies: want of spirituality, humility, Christian zeal and love, literature, and scholarship.

Evil tendencies: indifference, want of reverence, scepticism, coldness, not caring for the souls, only bodies, resting in outward moral works, not upon inward unction and holiness.

CATHOLICISM :—

Good tendencies: devotion, submission, faith, reverence, self-sacrifice.

Saints, Sisters of Charity.

Evil tendencies: superstitions, inward corruptions, moral sense destroyed or vitiated by the distinction between venial and mortal sins, by interposing a mediator virtually, though not nominally, between ourselves and God, by the continual sacrifice of sense and perception to the absurdities of the Mass, and the equivocations necessary to keep hold the fallible doctrines of an infallible Church.

EVANGELICALISM :—

Good tendencies: spirituality, zeal, liberality as to the boundaries of the Church, willing for its extension, and for co-operation with all who unite in the great

fundamentals of the Gospel, dwelling on the Church of Christ rather than the Church of England.

Evil tendencies: over-zeal as to doctrine as compared with work, consequently deficient in common points of moral conduct, and exclusive in phraseology, habits and intercourse narrow.

Children's Party at Astle.

May 4, 1831.

On Friday was Mrs. Parker's annual children's day at Astle. Catherine had been thinking of it with such delight all the week, and was so innocently happy over it. We went at twelve, and found the party in the full excitement of Lord H—— C——'s unexpected arrival an hour before to offer himself as Tory candidate. The news was told in an exulting whisper to every fresh arrival, till at last, seeing that *I could hear* it, I was admitted into the conversation by degrees. Just before dinner (we sate down seventy-three men, women, and children) out came Mr. P——, Lord D——, and Lord H—— C—— from their debating room—the two former triumphantly happy. All they wanted was a man, and here was the very man to stand. 'There was not such a long purse in the county; there 'could be no doubt of success. Of course, Mr. W—— 'would retire in a day or two; it was inpossible for him 'to stand.' The 'very man' looked very much as if he had been sent down by the Committee under orders, and as if he would much rather have sat quietly on for his former borough. He is an amiable, gentlemanlike, quiet young man, and told and acknowledged the truth with amusing simplicity. You may imagine

how this enlivened the day to us elders. There we were in knots discussing public and private politics; and there were the happy, light-hearted children, making a rush now and then from one end of the room to the other, threading through the groups. Do you know Mrs. Parker enough to know how well she does a thing of this kind, how thoroughly she enjoys it, and her benevolent pleasure, which truly deserves the name, having no children of her own? Catherine did but speak the sense of the county when she said, as we were going, 'What would children do if there was no Mrs. Parker? I suppose there is somebody in the world who does not like Mrs. Parker, but I wonder who it is!'

She arranges a table with little presents, which are drawn by lot; and every now and then, in the midst of their dancing and playing, she comes in with a basket of bonbons, and showers them upon the little heads for a scramble, or shows them, and then runs herself with all the children after her from room to room.

After dinner came in her brother, having been threatened with tarring and feathering by the reforming party at Macclesfield, where he had been on business. It was the day of the canvass of the Whigs there, and the mob took him for Lord H—— C——, who they heard was coming.

As I came home I called on our friend the Whig candidate, and found him jaded and tired, and not at all liking the talk of the long purse of his rival; others hoping it would go on to a contest—only quite sure that Lord H—— C—— must give up in a day or two—that he had not the least chance in the world—just as triumphant, and just as bitter as the other side.

I agreed most entirely with the first paragraph of the 'Record,' which I opened on getting home, of the bad spirit, the bitterness and fierceness of the conflict, of which, of course, what I had just seen was a fair example, and rejoicing in not being in a situation to have an active and actual part to play in the great drama. But truly, if there ever was a time when moderation was at a fearful discount, it is now; not but that I despise as cordially as any those who, having thrown every possible obstacle in the way of the least possible reform on every possible occasion, now declare themselves advocates of moderate reform—and scarce anyone dare appear in the field without this. Are they not truckling to the popular cry they deride fully as much as those at the extreme other end can be accused of?

Meantime, as the good is what you chiefly require to be told, I do see good in the universal sacrifice on both sides of private feeling, private interests, and private opinions to the cause. I suppose what it is here, it is everywhere. All the voters are to be carried free; the attorneys receive no pay: 'I do not consider myself *your* agent,' said the Macclesfield man to the reforming candidate, 'but the agent of the cause.' All this may turn to bad or may turn to good—you think the former, I am willing to hope the latter; but so it is, and it is our business to make the best of it.

An Election at Chester.

May 15, 1831.

Do you know that we were so curious as to volunteer a visit to Chester to see the election? I hardly know if I should have done so had I known in time

that Lord H—— C—— would resign, for that of course cut off most, indeed all the fun. We arrived at five on Thursday, and after dinner took a walk round the walls. It was a beautifully clear evening, yet with that kind of blue haze which softened down the outline and colouring of all the old red stone buildings and ruins ; and with the vivid green foliage, the delicate distant hills, and the glow of evening over it all, I enjoyed it much. There is something in the brightness and purity of vegetation, all young and fresh as it is just now, that is so lovely—so like all that is lovely in youth —so like, alas ! in the gradual dimming, and dusting, and deepening colour that in another fortnight will have given quite another character to it all.

On Friday we went to the Shire Hall, and were ensconced in safe places, and after about an hour's waiting the doors opened and in rushed the crowd, filling the area as fast as a jug of water fills a basin. It was a curious coincidence for liberalism that the first Catholic sheriff should be the first to proclaim two Whig members for Cheshire. The meeting was adjourned to the Castle-yard, that all might hear ; and we, after a little reconnoitring, made our way near enough to the hustings to hear the speeches.

There was no great interest or enthusiasm about the matter, and the whole, without the contest, was very much like the landscape of the day before without the sun. I liked Lord B——'s infinitely the best of the speeches, and should place more dependence on his consistent, steady moderation than on the mere popular declamation of the others. It has been a curious development of his character all through the election

proceedings, and he has come out of it well. He has been firm to the part he has always played of that most unpopular, most unfashionable, unprosperous thing, modern Whiggism; he has refused any coalition with the two others, and has been abused by both; he has persisted in it from first to last that he came forward to represent the county, not as the champion of reform, and has not lent himself to the popular enthusiasm at all, but gone on, with his imperturbable smile, through all the excitement, cautious to an extreme of committing himself—provoking some by his coolness, yet forcing them in the end to have a respect for his consistent firmness; and here, in this speech, he stated how it was his attachment to the constitution that induced him to vote for the measure that was to restore and preserve it, but gave in to none of the unqualified expectations, telling them, in short, what they were not to expect from it; and there is a simplicity in all he does and says that carries conviction of his honesty with it.

As to the general question, it seems to me a heavy responsibility rests upon those who have the power to turn all this mass of excited feeling into good rather than evil, and there is surely so much of good in it that it is not impossible.

The people of Sandbach, for instance, were canvassed for the Tory candidate by Colonel Ford, who lives near and is highly respected, and they quietly expressed their regret they could not in this instance go with him, they must vote for their King and country. They determined to go at their own expense, without colours or display of any kind, to vote, and come away; and they settled amongst themselves that when all was over they would

subscribe for a piece of plate to give Colonel Ford as a token of their personal regard and esteem, and a proof that their refusal to vote with him had no private motive.

There are plenty of instances of blind, infatuated excitement, but there is a respectable, intelligent, and well-meaning feeling also.

I should most certainly fall out with you if you talk of the subject of reform as 'reckless, weak, blind, foolish—a disregard of responsibility, futile, contemptible.' They are hard words, considering the very large mass, not of people, but of intelligence and honesty, that hold the same views upon it. When the event of it all has justified your worst fears, then I grant them to you; but do in the meantime admit the bare possibility that there may be higher views than the expediency of the day, and exercise your privilege of womanhood, not so much in being silent as in seeking for the middle line of moderation and truth, which is imperceptible, and inaccessible, and impracticable to those who are to take an active part—to men, in short.

On the Seashore with a Child.

Hoylake[9]: 1831.

Catherine pities me very much for not being able to like any of the things she likes best here—making caverns in the sandhills—puddings of broken shells—lakes of puddles; and I believe she does not think that I can possibly have any of my own to compare with hers. I do not love walking at home, or in general, but

[9] A family resort for sea-bathing on the north-western extremity of Cheshire, where she was staying with her youngest child.

here I could walk for ever on the sands or on the turf, the being without bounds of any kind is so agreeable; and at the turn of the tide we have all the vessels coming out of Liverpool, and Catherine expects me to tell her where every one is going or coming from. Then I always find the effect of sea air immediate in changing one's whole polarity, diffusing the sort of general feeling of goodwill and benevolence which appertains to health.

I have been out half the day, and then, when my little companion is gone to bed, there is a comfortable, uninterrupted three or four hours before me which cannot be had at home. One may almost say here, '*Dove si puo cio che si vuole.*'

Such a beautiful day we have had. We dined at two, and set out at four—Mdlle. and Catherine walking, I riding—to a certain windmill about two miles off, which I have wished to draw every time I have passed it on the road here these dozen years; and so, to fulfil my protest of freedom, I have done it now.

It is on a hill from which the whole topography and geography of this peninsula of Cheshire lies before you—the Dee and its pretty coast, enlivened by the smoke of the different mineries, on one side; the Mersey and its lighthouses and a bit of Liverpool, on the other, and the De Wint flats dotted here and there with houses shining in the sun, and dark bits of trees. You may fancy the treasure of a very picturesque old windmill with a heathy middle ground, and that prettiest of all distances, a broad line of water and hilly shore above it, all in the light of an evening of foreign clearness. I curled up myself and my cloak and drawing basket at

the top of a stone wall. Madlle. took care of the pony, declaring she should never be tired of looking at the mountains. Catherine found a castle to make, and was only afraid I should have done too soon; so we were not home till half-past eight, and here I am enjoying my tea. How very idle and how very unfit for society one would very soon get in the selfish enjoyment of solitude. I am glad now and then to be taken out of the way of all the new books, and papers, and magazines.

I am so strangely behindhand in the world's news, and have only just arrived at Lord John Russell's speech: so this week will seem a fortnight to me. I quite forget the interval, and am just as anxious for the news as if it were the day before, and I am very well pleased that there is no going back from the original proposition, and that there has been no shuffling about it; and though there is some truth in Lord Mahon's 'appeal from Philip *sober* to Philip *drunk*,' upon the whole there is a great deal to admire in the self-sacrificing spirit that has been shown; as Lord John says, —let it be mistaken or not, still the thing in itself is fine. Then I am further glad to see that Lord Grey admits the right of tithes, and is for trying the Archbishop first, and that Brougham considers emigration as only a superficial, temporary expedient, and that a more radical remedy must be subjoined. What would I give to raise up my friend Burke here, and to have his prediction as to the result!

My last day here. Catherine and I proceeded to the sands—a fine sparkling day when the foam left on the sands is full of rainbow jewels. Cannot you fancy

Catherine running after the little bits of drifted foam blown on shore by the wind? And now I have had enough of it all, and shall be very glad to get back home to-morrow; and what good have I done here? Coloured half-a-dozen lighthouses and flats out of the window, and been out of all patience to find that anything so simple is so inimitable.

Reform Bill.

1831.

I return from our drive with all anxiety for the news. It is trying to one's patience on such occasions to be with those not only of different opinions but of different feelings; and the explanations, misunderstandings, talks, and delays that intervene before you can get at what you want to know. There was only one newspaper, and that the 'Standard.' However, I have gathered the general impression: and now I suppose we are at a complete issue of opinion. I am in admiration at the general principle—the boldness, decision, and honesty of the measure—preferring to come at once to the furthest point, than to propose at first what would be more likely to be carried for the purpose of reforming upon that *ad infinitum*. As to the policy, that is another thing—what will happen, what can happen—every alternative seems so embarrassing. It never can be carried, and then—dissolution in the present state! or resignation! Give them credit at least for having redeemed their pledge of having so far done in office what they called for out of office. I should have been satisfied to have had my eyes, if I could not have had my ears in the House.

At a dinner the other night, the excitement was

enough to turn one round the other way, and that too from the same who think the Poles fools for their pains—that they are much better as they were—and what harm did the Russians do them?

How much calmness and dispassionate judgment it requires to form any judgment at all upon a point so intricate and so uncertain as whether they have deserved a crown for their political courage in striking at once at the root of the evil, or a halter for their rashness in having taken a step when they may not be able to keep their footing, and so inflamed hopes which will now never rest till they are satisfied; how far they must now stand or fall by their measure as they have given it out, or modify it, so as to carry it, exposing the country, on the one hand, to the dangers of the popular outcry, and themselves, on the other, to the charge of retracting.

The Home of the Gregs.[1]

June 18, 1831.

Have you ever been to Quarry Bank? It is such a picture of rational, happy life. Mr. Greg is quite a gentleman; his daughters have the delightful simplicity of people who are perfectly satisfied in their place, and never trying to get out of it. He is rich, and he spends just as people do not generally spend their money, keeping a sort of open house, without pretension. If he has more guests than the old butler can manage, he has his maid-servants in to wait. He seldom goes out, except on journeys, so that with the almost certainty of finding a family party at home, a large circle of connections,

[1] See an account of this family in *A Layman's Legacy.*

and literary people, and foreigners, and Scotch and Irish are constantly dropping in, knowing they cannot come amiss. You may imagine how this sort of life makes the whole family sit loose to all the incumbrances and hindrances of society. They actually do not know what it is to be formal or dull: each with their separate pursuits and tastes, intelligent, and well-informed. And the mill, often so carefully kept out of sight, is here a prominent feature in their interests. He looks after all connected with it as if it were his parish, and so in fact it is. The happy, healthy looks of the children running and playing about; and the whole arrangements are very different from one's ideas of a manufactory. He was half pleased, half vexed the other day with an invention he had just introduced into his mill from America, rendering half his machinery useless and doing, by something as simple as the wind caused by the quick turning of the bobbins, what had required a whole system of wheels.

As the sons grow up, the father establishes a new mill, and so he and his four sons are in partnership. They give lectures in their leisure hours to all the workmen and apprentices who like to come, encouraging them to ask questions; and when they have been abroad, they tell them all they have seen: in short, they live like one large family.

A Summer Evening.

July 29, 1831.

Give me credit for coming in from my balcony, from the sky, the stars, the moon, the heavenly air, to write to you. But it is not quite coming from them, my door is

open, and I look up now and then to the church tower, standing out so clear from the moonlight sky which has scarcely yet lost its sunlight tinge—and my summer furniture of mignonette and sweet peas outside, to say nothing of the roses below in the trellis and the honeysuckle out above—their united perfume all come streaming in the air. When I think of your imprisonment, and your present deprivations of such a day as this, whose healing influences you so well would feel, I rejoice in your power of sympathy with the enjoyments as well as the sufferings of others, which makes me feel that I am refreshing rather than tantalising you by placing my present position before you. These three days, but more especially to-day, have been as if to make amends for all the suffering we have had from the weather, and the peculiar beauty of it is indeed a natural sequel; for the exceeding freshness, fulness, and greenness, which makes every leaf stand out so firm that every tree looks as if you could cut a solid bit out of it, of course comes from the rain that we have been abusing.

The Whigs.

To be sure the mutual discontent of all the Whigs is amusing. O is angry with P for not standing on for the county in spite of Q. P is dissatisfied with X for proposing Q after a certain letter Q wrote some time ago declining to belong to the Whig club. X is half discontented with Q for not going far enough, and not speaking out enough. Whiggism is the Protestantism of Politics, and admits of many more shades and dissensions than the Catholicism of Toryism; but our sects and denominations now seem to be endless.

Ramahun Roy.

Aug. 17, 1831.

What a difficult case is that of Ramahun Roy—so totally different from anything one has the experience of—his starting-point so different—his grand object having been to throw aside all the mysteries and miracles of his own religion to get at the real essence of it, in which he was quite right; and yet when he naturally follows the same process in our religion, he finds himself, to his great surprise, quite wrong. He is certainly no more a Christian than I should be a Mahometan because I made extracts of what I thought good in the Koran; but he seems a wonderful man in having done so much, and one can entirely enter into the difficulty of his making another step in advance, with the specimens he has had since he came here of both Christian practice and doctrine, and his not being able to understand the professional technical language of the clergy of all sects that have been with him, or to make himself understood by them.

February 1832.

I expect Arnold will be a Bishop; but I think our footing is less steady than it was a month ago.

I never had any interest in reading for or against eternal punishment, being quite satisfied that whatever may fall to one's share will be sufficiently to be dreaded, of whatever duration.

Z—— has no sense of truth, which seems harsh, but I mean she has no pleasure in seeing things as they are; she cannot, or will not, or dare not do so. I rather

admire the infallibility of her humility; but, however, the feeling of the letter is beautiful and enviable. It never can be my road, but I wish mine might lead to the same point.

I have just been reading Arnold's new volume of sermons. There is a part at the end, on the interpretation of Scripture, which is the very man as he appeared to me at that breakfast at Rugby—the bold, open avowal of truth as it stands on that very difficulty of the accommodation of Scripture; and then a tract of Whateley's on 'National Sin and National Judgments,' anticipating what is likely to be said upon the cholera visitation, and answering it, three months ago. They did me so much good; there was no vagueness there—one feels one's footing firm with them.

What would I not give to set Dr. Arnold and Mr. Rose[2] to argue their case and state their respective views to each other—each so fair a specimen. Mr. Rose's letter is candid and liberal, inasmuch as it expresses the sincere wish to unite where union is possible, and there are some beautiful parts in it; but upon the grand point of whether to resist or to concede to the spirit of the times, my convictions all go with Dr. Arnold, and whether one argues the point prospectively or retrospectively we shall be equally at variance, for we should lay our finger on the point in history where concession should, or should not, have been made, just as differently as now.

[2] The Rev. Hugh James Rose, Principal of King's College, eminent amongst the Conservative and High Church clergy.

On the Fast Day for the Cholera.

It is so long since there was a fast, people have forgotten what was done on such occasions; and it is so much out of keeping with our general habits and our general tone of religion, that the whole thing is unsatisfactory to me—doubting, in the first place, that national judgments *are* now such, and, even supposing they are, doubting, secondly, if the cholera, from what we have hitherto seen of it, can deserve the title of being one; and, thirdly, whether the appointment of the day at all is not a mere concession, after the fashion of the day, to 'evangelical' clamour. If it were a prayer that we might be enabled to make proper use of an unusual visitation, I could enter cordially and conscientiously into it, and indeed, further, I could almost wish myself back into the primitive days, when outward and visible signs and observances were made the expression and remembrances of inward feelings, and I can but too well understand the relief of such feelings, penances, and mortifications, when one could attach importance to them. I can imagine you and Reginald Heber fasting in all simplicity and love of antiquity, and I could wish to join you; but this is an anomaly one does not know how to treat.

Whigs and Radicals.

May 26, 1832.

We went to Quarry Bank[3] yesterday, and found Mr. Greg and only one daughter. We dined with them and

[3] See p. 291.

walked about the grounds. I longed for you to hear of the shades between Whig and Radical. Mr. Greg has been a Liberal all the days of his life, but with his days, which now amount to a good many, he has considerably moderated and modified his opinions, so that he is far behind his son Robert, who is a zealous Unionist; then his son-in-law (a Swiss settled in England) goes beyond Robert, and yet he was at a joint meeting of Unionists and Radicals some little time ago, where the Radicals, after bribing them to a coalition by certain tolerable resolutions, changed them on the spot, outvoted the Unionists, maltreated them, and rolled our Swiss friend on the ground. On Monday there was another meeting, at which the Radicals wished to join the Unionists. 'No,' they said; 'remember how you broke your word with us the last time.' 'Ah! but you may trust us this time; all our leaders are in Lancaster Castle.' Mr. Greg shook his head, and wished the first effort of the Reform Bill might be the putting down the Unions when the ostensible cause for them had ceased. He had been reading Dumont's 'Mirabeau,' and spoke of it just as you do; all parties seem to join in liking and reading it, and finding its applicabilities, each drawing the lesson that suits them best from it.

Difficulties of Responsibility.

May 30, 1832.

The broad line of demarcation! But who shall draw it? The perception of the varieties of situation, character, duties, and trials, increases upon us every day; the perplexity of how to reduce all to one standard; the happiness I could almost envy of seeing only one side;

the distaste, fatigue, and hopelessness of hearing declamation—differences sharpening differences, and truth lost in the strife of tongues; one's utter inability to set that right which is naturally wrong, to change the views which depend on the character; the chief enjoyment of life that of shutting the door upon the whole world, uninterruptedly independent of all, free to think one's own thoughts—the relief of expressing them openly can hardly be greater than that of shutting them up from every human eye—feeling oneself irresponsible to any human eye for that.

How it is the same all through—the same difficulty pervading every subject, not, as some would have it, that it is on religion only where the energies fail. Principles are plain enough, but their application to the complicated web of individual duty is anything but plain.

Change of Policy.

May, 1832.

What an extraordinary destiny for the Duke of Wellington if he puts the finishing stroke against his will to the, or at least a, Reform Bill, in like manner as the Catholic Emancipation, and is handed down to posterity as conqueror, emancipator, and reformer! I suppose nothing can be made up without him, otherwise his iron hand, and probable Polignac policy, is just what is wanted to bring 'reaction' to its acme; and then when we do come in again, we shall find the people have learnt a lesson of resistance and power which they will practise upon us next. I wonder if you think the prospect improved? I never thought it so alarming; and now that we have not the wholesome

loyalty of being on the side of King and ministers I do not know where we may not go. I am sick at the thought of all the recriminations and recantations there will be on both sides. And the King! how you will tell us he is 'a second Daniel come to judgment, a most wise judge,' &c. If I could think he had not been talked over by the Duke of Cumberland, that he had not split upon the rock of the FitzClarence promotion, and that he had really the firmness to say, 'Thus far will I go, and no further,' I would honour him more than I have ever yet done.

Good Evil, and Evil Good.

December 9, 1832.

Corrupt as human nature is, there is an involuntary homage paid to virtue, in the very mischief complained of. Good cannot be attacked under its own name. No one would dare such a flagrant outrage upon the common feeling of the world. Nor, for the same reason, can evil be worshipped as evil. Good must be called evil, evil must be called good, before the first principles of right and wrong can be shaken in many, perhaps most minds. Set things in their true colours before people, and they would not hesitate in their choice of the better part. Our path would be much straighter than it is if so much of the art and ingenuity of the world were not directed to this disguise and transmutation. Our own hearts do it for ourselves, and the world at large does it one for another, till there is a general mystification, in which one loses sight of the simple point of duty entirely; and the further we go on in civilisation and refinement, the more this mass becomes involved and

entangled. How very gradual and inevitable is the process! It is the deceitfulness of sin, the deceitfulness of our own hearts, that makes the danger and the snare. We do it, in spite of ourselves, every hour. What then of those who do it systematically and intentionally?

Arnold's Church Reform.

January 29, 1833.

Arthur was a running commentary upon Arnold's Church Reform—knowing so well what he meant by this, what led him to that, and recognising his illustrations and references. Do not take your opinion of it from the partial extracts you may see, nor the abuse you will hear. It is visionary, I grant—impracticable, I believe; but there is that in it which you would feel with me. That which I do entirely go along with is the fearless setting forth of truth, on whichever side it may appear, for whichever side it may tell, which will make party people at their wits' end—claiming one page, disclaiming the next—you will find your pages, and perchance mine; and I think you will be touched with his appeal at the end to the good men who class him with those whose principles he abhors as much as they do, and feel not a doubt that he had Mr. Rose in his eye all the time. I am rather disturbed to find that the next book I took up—namely, Evans's 'Church of God'—appears to me strained, unnatural, and unsatisfactory; perhaps, in the comparison of Arnold's manly simplicity, it does not do to read 'alas,' and 'yea,' and 'sad,' but I have only just begun it, so I hope I shall like it better further on.

Sir Walter Scott.

October 14, 1833.

As to Sir Walter, when one thinks over other works and other writers, there is not one to be compared to him since Shakespeare; not one to whom so many can feel grateful for the number of hours of innocent and delightful amusement he has given to the world.

Sketching.

1833.

These last days of summer are not to be wasted, and so seldom all things concur to be able to make the most of them, that I reconcile it to my conscience putting off all dull work till the dull weather comes back. Sometimes I have my doubts about drawing—waste of time, idle, profitless, imitative; but it occurred to me, as I was vainly endeavouring to give the beauty of the wood to-day—each touch deteriorating, making it laboured and heavy instead of finished—it is but the very same moral of one's life—the same attempt, the same difficulty, and the interest and pleasure of it—what is it after all but the pursuit of *truth*, the striving after unattainable excellence, the learning one's incapacity for it?

Arnold.

July 14, 1833.

It was too damp to go out this evening, so I stayed at home, with Arthur's notes of Arnold's Sermons. I have said it before often enough, I dare say, but I must say it again, as I feel it again and again every time, what a peculiar feeling of gratitude it gives one to the man who

makes such thoughts pass through one's child's mind. I think I understand the man better also; the few words he said gave a clue to much which is written, and what is written again explains what he said: his insisting, for example, that the object of the Bible is to give on all subjects not theoretic, but practical truth. How much trouble it would have saved the world of readers and writers and fighters if they could have come to that conclusion.

Unchangeableness of Character.

November 1833.

'*As the tree falls so it will lie!*' There should be superadded, *As the tree grows so it will fall!* After a certain time human character is almost as unchangeable in life as in death, and it is presumptuous folly to expect —as perhaps most of us do, in spite of our reason, expect—that some mighty change will occur between the present moment, when we know we are not right, and the indefinite future, when we know the consequences of not being right. Some mighty storm may bend the tree out of its natural course; some pruning hand may change its balance by taking away superfluous boughs; some mountain torrent may undermine it on one side: but, setting aside accidents, in the general course of nature, as the tree takes its original bent, so will it go on growing, but not changing, till the day of its fall. Can one conceive any of the characters with which one is intimately acquainted radically changed? Does not one see how such and such surrounding circumstances will continue the same? how all will be, must be, seen and felt in the same light, the same point of view? how

people will and do go on to the day of their death, the lines of character becoming rather more strongly marked as they advance, the difficulty of any change of habits or views increasing, the susceptibility to outward impressions decreasing?

Birthday Wishes.

December 22, 1834.

Improving returns of the day to you: good future consequences of present troubles and labours—increasing patience in waiting for the same, increasing power in the '*strength of moderation*' to steer difficult courses, and a *continuing* power to rise above it all the moment the weight is taken off, and to enjoy all there is in the power of heart and mind to give. This is what *I* mean by the happy returns of the day.

June 16, 1835.

Living without God in the world. How easy! How little is seen of Him, felt of Him! How possible to shut all one's perceptions to any influence, any government, any co-operation! It is impossible not to acknowledge the First Cause in actual, reasoning belief; but this is very compatible with resting one's thoughts and principles and feelings half-way: the effects, which are what we have to deal with, so thrust themselves upon our sight, so block up every further sight, so hem us in on every side, our duties and dealings with them become so complicated, that one is obliged to say, 'Who but a few, that one's mind immediately singles out, live with Him?'—live as if there was the God, the connection with Him, the dependence on Him, that we all say we believe.

Crime.

March 11, 1839.

'The only thing to look at and aim at is what will 'soonest bring about the eventual good of rousing the 'little spark of hope there is. Whether through suffer-'ing or disgrace, the sooner it comes the better, lest he 'should become more and more hardened; no hope of 'anything till he has been thoroughly humbled and 'brought down.'

And is not this but the same with all? It seems so evident in the case of such palpable guilt, but it is in fact the thing one ought to look to in every case; and how different then the estimate of good and evil, happiness and misery, riches and poverty, success or misfortune. If we put the end and object of existence to be with all—what it is with all, but what is obviously so only in these gross cases—the moral training of the human being, we should then have a different estimate of every event of life.

This is the use to make of the otherwise dangerous subject of looking at plain and great faults which leave us in the comparison faultless.

The Religious Difficulty.

October 22, 1839.

I could not help thinking to-day, as I was vainly endeavouring to make the first class of the National School understand the drift of the simplest question, such as, 'Why were the Israelites not to gather more 'manna than enough for the day?' 'Why do *you* not 'lay by some of your breakfast to-day for to-morrow?'

'Because I want to eat it all.' I could not simplify or explain my meaning so as to bring them, without telling them, to the answer, 'Because I know the breakfast will 'be provided for me,' nor that it was trust in God.—I could not help thinking, during this difficulty, of the absurdity of Lords and Commons in hot debate, night after night, upon the importance of whether such children as these should or should not be taught niceties of doctrine, which, according to this specimen, there was not the remotest chance of getting them to understand in the remotest degree.

Experience and Theory.

1839.

There is another case in which I would appeal to practical experience against theory—whether it would not come within the parochial experience of many clergymen that, in their village schools, by not insisting upon the Catechism being learnt in the first instance, many Dissenters' children have come to the school; that some have afterwards learnt it, with the rest, and that no bad consequences ensued even when they did not.

I would ask whether many in individual cases have not, on a fair balance of advantages and disadvantages thought it more expedient, and found it practically more beneficial, to relax the very rule about which they have thought it their bounden duty to make so great an outcry and so vigorous a stand in public. We have the authority of Bishops and Archbishops themselves that they have done so. I believe that many have done so involuntarily and almost unconsciously—guided by

their own good feeling and local circumstances to the course of common sense, not aware all the while that they were acting in the very spirit of the system they so much deprecate, and, like the man in the play who did not know that he had been talking prose all his life, that they have been acting liberalism without knowing it; verifying to the letter Lord John Russell's remark, that there is practically less exclusion in the Church schools, and less comprehension in the others, than would appear. Reversing the usual maxim of 'Practise what 'you preach,' here it should be 'Preach what you practise.'

The Interests of the Church.

November 14, 1839.

Here is a description of a case which has probably come under the observation and experience of most. When a zealous advocate of the rights of the Church, in his anxiety 'to uphold her principles, to maintain her 'supremacy,' takes up the exclusive system on all or any points—narrowing the door of admission of Dissenters into his school, insisting on the extreme rights and dues of the Church in all directions, marking by every means in his power the strongest line of distinction between Churchman and Dissenter, instead of the object he has in view, namely, the increase of the power, influence, and efficiency of the Church, the very reverse is usually the result of his labours. Where, under a different course, Dissent had been slumbering, untalked of, unthought of, with every likelihood of dying a natural death, and gradually subsiding into the Establishment as the existing generations of original Dissenters died off, under the new system, according to invariable ex-

perience in such matters, it revives to energy and activity under opposition—fresh ministers are called into the field, subscriptions entered into, schools established, chapels built, the bitterness of proselytism, and controversy, and party spirit thrown into the competition. And Dissent is not only confirmed and perpetuated, but confirmed and perpetuated in a contentious, mischievous, schismatical form.

I would appeal to anybody who has had the opportunity of observing such a case whether this is not the invariable course of events in a parish; and I would suggest whether what happens on a small scale is not certain to happen also on a large scale, all the same principles of human nature being called into play; whether in legislating for the nation it would not be well to take warning by the experience of the parish to avoid, by stringent and exclusive measures, irritating and calling into action the energies of opposition, and most especially to avoid throwing any hindrance in the way of that consummation so devoutly to be wished by every Christian, where we may all be one fold under one Shepherd. And this ought specially to commend itself to those Churchmen who feel a confidence that the Church of England is the most pure, the most simple, the most holy, the most comprehensive of all churches—those who are fully persuaded of her bearing within her bosom, in preference to all others, the seeds of eternal truth—must feel the strongest hope, the firmest faith that she will eventually prevail, and absorb all minor differences into herself, and become indeed the Church of the nation.

What must be.

August 1842.

Give me the fixed points of what *must* be, and then I can arrange the rest to match. How much this would suit all cases—the inevitable points of a case given, the rest of the work only to make the best of them!

The Fault.

December 2, 1842.

I think of how very little people are really aware of *the* fault found with them. X, for instance, if he was shut up in the closet behind the wall, and overheard the conversation about him in the adjoining room, would learn much that was new to him, in hearing that it is not his violence of temper, harshness, and impatience that one complains of, but the narrowness, selfish exclusiveness, stupid incomprehension, jealous littleness, &c.; and has no real conception why he has not more influence—why such and such are the results from what he writes or says, why he is not more consulted, &c. We who say these things of him see it and know it all without a word.

October 2.

How all reasoning and arguing fails where one word of love softens, and influences, and does the work! and it is, as ever, by dwelling on the good rather than driving out the evil that the right thing is brought about.

The Unseen God.

December 28, 1842.

A Chinese boy would not stay in church. 'I no see 'God. I no pray when I no see Him. In Josshouse I 'see him, and can pray to him.'

What a lesson of the desideratum! We don't see God in the church, and we don't pray; there is no reality, no sensible presence; the service is so read as if to prevent all chance of imagining there is such a presence, the sermon so preached as to destroy all idea and feeling of reality—all set forms in one case, all set words in the other. It is easier to put up an idol for the Chinese to impersonate what he wants, than to create that living image within our hearts which will bring the presence home to us everywhere. And till we have thus filled the house of God, it is to us prayerless and profitless; nay, worse, for the prevailing impression of unreality is strengthened, and the habit of non-feeling, non-realising confirmed; and every sermon which makes truth more familiar without making it more intimate, without bringing it home, not only does no good, but does positive harm—puts another coating over the already blunted weapon. Every religious habit gone through irreligiously ministers to harden the heart and deaden the evidence of things not seen.

Everything done and said should be with a view to counteract this, the prevailing difficulty, far more than any sins of unbelief, or open vice and immorality. Break up the ground of this fatal insensibility, and all seed sown would take root and bring fruit apace. One feels then that there would be at once life and growth, and till then all is hard, dry, motionless, fixed as a stone—no principle of growth or change in it. Make the service speak of God, not of man; let there be nothing of human mechanism further than that dedication of the best of every faculty to God.

Fox How.

August 1, 1844.

. . . In spite of clouds, mist, and rain, as we wound up to the house, the beauty surpassed my expectations. It is indeed a very 'mountain nest.' . . . I never saw so striking an instance of the living presence and influence carried on—of the father being still amongst them. The five sons are all at home—fine, intelligent, tall young men; their manner to their mother is beautiful. . . . The next day was as bad as possible, but I sat over the fire talking to Mrs. Arnold, and drawing from the window whenever there was a partial lifting of the veil. Owen got all the children round him in the study, and gave them his voyages on the map; and little Walter's passion being for battles and machinery, there was companionship at once.[4]

August 3.

A glorious day! One detachment started for Langdale Pikes. I determined I would do nothing till I had been up Lough Rigg, and I went, with Jane Arnold and the two youngest girls, through a rocky copse, part of the way, which opens on the mountain ridge—the children scampering about like mountain goats, to look for their favourite flowers in their favourite places, familiar with the time when every flower might be expected to come out; and so, with the whole range of mountains in sight, talking of each as of individual friends, one preferring this, another that. It was quite the living illustration of their father's walks with them, the buoyancy and life of the whole family is so great. I sat

[4] See *Arnold's Life*, p. 349.

down on the point commanding the Langdale Pikes, the two lakes, and the three roads which he used to call 'Old Corruption,' 'Bit-by-bit Reform,' and 'Radical 'Reform,' the last a perfectly good, straight road, the first a picturesque, irregular, grassy path. 'Oh!' cried the children, 'we like Old Corruption so much the best!' On they went, dancing and singing before us, one having a little basket of gooseberries she had brought, in case we were hot. We descended upon Rydal, and came home through the valley by the rapid Rotha. . . . Mrs. Arnold forgets herself entirely in her children's enjoyment, yet now and then she puts her hand before her eyes as if a sudden pang shot through. We have had several agreeable and remarkable people here. By living in the most simple way possible she contrives as many hospitalities within her means as rich people.

Officiousness.

1845.

Remember, once for all, that officiousness is the most irritating of all things, and that the wish to please, without the proportionate tact to know *how*, is always in danger of becoming officious.

To her Daughter Catherine—abroad.

Norwich, September 1846.

I like to be wanted—I like to be missed—I rejoice in your wanting me to see with you; and, truly, all you describe is what I should richly enjoy, and I am thankful to feel that my power of enjoyment, with the health and strength I now have, is as great as twenty years ago —perhaps even more—but most certainly I feel that the

very next thing to my own eyes are *yours*. Therefore, see all with the feeling that you are seeing for me, and that I am seeing with you; and if years and time bring us more into sympathy with one another, this is what will and ought to increase, as my powers decay and yours refine and strengthen, the natural process of living over again in one's children.

To a Friend on the Loss of a Father.

February 21, 1846.

Not more surely than the hand of death tranquillises the outward features, and gives the heavenly calm so peaceful to those who have watched the painful struggles before, do all the brightest, softest, and best points of character alone stand out, and the refiner's fire seems already to have done its work. There is the exceeding comfort of the thought that he is gone to no earthly judge, no earthly tribunal—that we have nothing to do with it, that it is according to truth, that all which is present to our memories in such an hour as this, of affection, kindness, and generosity, is known before that tribunal in its pure element, that the hindrances that have clogged its full development are known—all the secret workings of the mind during the last weeks of illness known, and when one knows oneself that the great foundation of all must have been there—humility—that perhaps none ever said with more sincerity 'God be merciful to me, a sinner,' we may look, in sure and certain hope, and bless God that he is delivered from the burden of this life.

Death.

1848.

How seldom we are brought into actual contact with death! How strange this is, when we know that every living creature we see upon the face of the earth does die!

A strong impression of how unwilling the freed spirit would be to be again imprisoned in the body—what a burden and clog it would be, what a confinement and limitation to see only through those dim eyes, to hear through those dulled ears, and understand through those faded powers of mind, memory, and thought; to be subject to the limits of space and time, and all the conditions of existence inseparable from being in the body; the sudden change of what is and is not essential, the nothingness of all that has seemed most important, the bursting of so many bubbles;—this is what death suggests when it comes near to us. But then how strange to think that every bustling, active, moving being in these thronged streets, hurrying to and fro on their several business, will each one be laid still and cold in his narrow coffin, just like the one who is gone! The only question being—*When?* It would seem, from the common behaviour of men, as if death were the exception, not the rule; as if here and there one was taken, like a disease which has its victims, but from which the chances of escape are ten to one.

Again, the illness may have been for several weeks —time, one would have thought, for arranging, saying last words, &c., &c., No; all power and time has been absorbed by the illness, the pain, the remedies: for the

rest there was not a moment for any setting in order. When the approach of death is visible, the opportunity is gone of doing anything, small or great, in preparation. Yet still the state of mind may be modified, purified, softened;—who shall tell what passes in the hours of silence and waiting?

After the best intentions, how everybody, when all is over, would long for the opportunity again of doing more and doing differently, under the softened feelings which shadow out so clearly what might have been done more for the comfort of the departed; and where there has been neglect this must be poignant.

Let those with whom we are living be put into the place of the dead, and let us realise what we should feel of omission in their case, and let us go on in that light.

1846.

SUPPOSED CAUSES.	REAL CAUSES.
Of Books not selling.	
The strong personal prejudice, reversing all former popularity.	The inferiority and dulness of the books.
Of not liking Evangelical Sermons.	
Pride not liking the humbling doctrines of the Gospel.	Vagueness, and want of human application and of truth.
Of why best intentions fail.	
Perverseness, blindness, ingratitude, unaccountable hardness and stupidity in those who receive.	The want of a due proportion of judgment to shape them to their end in those who make the intentions.

SUPPOSED CAUSES.	REAL CAUSES.
Of why R—— refuses Testimonials to his Curate.	
Because he does not preach Calvinistic doctrines.	Because he was totally wanting in all parochial requirements.
Why S—— is not liked.	
Because he is too honest—speaks the truth; and people like to be flattered.	Because he contrives to put every truth in the most offensive light, so as to wound everybody.
Why T—— has no influence.	
Because no one of Liberal politics is ever tolerated. Violent Tory prejudices.	Because there is not sufficient weight, calmness, moderation, and depth in his opinions.

Practice and Profession.

December 10, 1848.

Charles Buller's high character, amiable temper, unselfish devotion to his mother, warm affections, gentle, sympathising, tender, truth-seeing, truth-loving, fearless—taking an odious public duty, because he thought he could do good in it; religious principles unfixed, unsettled: according either to the Tractarian or the Evangelical scheme, there is no hope for the salvation of his soul. He has neither received 'the absolution of the 'Church,' nor has he reached that power of faith which brings home to the soul 'the atoning merits of Christ.'

Rush, the murderer, was moved to tears by the first sermon in the gaol. He has attended church; the 'evangelical' minister thought he had even made an impres-

sion upon him. During the interval between this and the end, probably those feelings will be strengthened: he will probably be brought to a sense of guilt, of repentance, of casting himself and his sins, scarlet as they truly are, at the foot of the Cross; and he may die penitent, peaceful, pardoned. All the 'evangelical' conditions of acceptance may be fulfilled.

The two cases are perplexing. It is not, indeed, for us to decide; but still we must hold, or not hold, the principles by which they are decided.

The repentance and conversion of the thief on the cross is not like what can happen again. He had not seen, or heard of, or known in any way of Christ before the moment spoken of. He saw, and he believed. It is not merely that he never had the opportunity before, but that it burst upon him, with all the awakening freshness and vigour of a newly-discovered wonder, opening before his sight. To anyone now living in a Christian country, this cannot be; the subject is familiar, the impressions worn out, the mind got into a certain track, the feelings hardened; what has been known as long as we can remember without effect will not suddenly start into life under new circumstances—it may, but the chances are against it. It is not that the deathbed repentance will not avail, but that it will not be there; it is not so easily attained.

Myers's 'Catholic Thoughts.'

January 1849.

Have you seen Mr. Myers's last book, 'Catholic Thoughts on the Bible and on Theology'? I want much to know what is thought of it. I hear it denounced as

most dangerous and poisonous. It seems to me a very clear and bold statement of the discrepancies and difficulties in the Old Testament, which all allow in a way, and which militate against the literal inspiration, and prove that it is not the letter that we are to look to; and then an equally clear statement of what it is we are to look to: the progressive spirit from the beginning—the end never lost sight of, but gradually approached, and finally gained; and that is the thing to be constantly kept in mind as the interpretation of the whole—'the Atone-'ment,' in its largest sense, in all its length and breadth. When I say it is 'clear,' I am wrong, for his style is often very cloudy; but the spirit and object does appear to me very clear, and it always appears to me so much more likely to be efficacious if we meet the objections raised upon these difficulties in this manner, granting them at once, and carrying on the mind to the higher ground, from which they look like dust; and there is an unmistakable tone of reverence and firm faith throughout, faith in the spirit rather than in the letter.

Jenny Lind.

Aug. 13, 1850.

We had a touching visit yesterday from Jenny Lind, on her way to America. More profound emotion I never saw—too deep for tears. She will do full justice to what has been done for her. She has more strongly than ever the feeling of devoting the talent given to her for the good of her fellow-creatures, and has found out the difficulty of doing good without doing harm; and so has taken counsel of three or four excellent missionary clergymen at Stockholm, with whose help she is de-

voting her money to founding a hospital, sending out Scripture-readers, establishing temperance societies and training-schools to rescue her countrymen from the degraded state in which they now are. And after she had described all this, and how she was no longer pulled different ways, she said: 'And all this the Bishop of 'Norwich began in me—that is, it was in me, but it did 'not know how to come out.' She asked if I would like her to sing, and she sate down at my feet, and I truly believe poured forth her soul in song. 'I know 'that my Redeemer liveth' was perhaps never so sung before.

After a Funeral.

Oct. 30, 1850.

And now you have seen that awful procession pass along the well-known road; you have come from the window—you have read the service—you are sitting alone after it like me—you have been feeling how every point of past, present, and future is touched by these wonderful words, 'the threescore years and ten which is *the* full age'—the fourscore that is labour and sorrow—the grass that is green in the morning and cut down at night—and the thought of those other beloved ones who have been delivered from the burden of the flesh into joy and felicity, and those others who are suffering still, and who are truly 'consumed' by means of the heavy hand laid on them. You will have thought of the corruption that has put on incorruption,—and those many and pure aspirations after truth, justice, and love, now delivered from the 'corruption' of the flesh and the world, of jarring circumstances, of bodily infirmities. What com-

fort, what refuge, there is in the words 'Judge not'—in the feeling that He who is to judge is not only All-holy, but All-seeing, All-wise, and All-merciful; that nothing we can think or imagine can by any possibility approach that Infinity of knowledge, that feeling of our infirmities, which we ascribe to Him who was tempted as we are. Then for the immediate present, if those words, 'walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in 'vain,' could but make themselves felt, how they would overrule all difficulties and differences; and as to the future, you and I must try to rise from the death, not of '*sin*' commonly so called, but of coldness and callousness into the life of righteousness.

Could anyone desire or devise a more beautiful and fitting preparation for that last moment than that withdrawal from too much exertion and responsibility which now awaits you?

An old Servant.

Jan. 30, 1856.

The most striking part of her[5] character was the way in which she fulfilled each relation of life. Devoted as she was to us, she was a mother and friend to all the servants, so that, with all her occasional irritability and trying particularity, each feels the blank; and then, as her brother said, the loss to each of the family none could tell: her letters, her word of advice to each one that needed it—so that she was a sort of household-god

[5] Sarah Burgess, an old and faithful servant of the family for thirty-eight years, died in their service on January 30, 1856, at Canterbury. See 'Rest of a Good and Faithful Servant: Two sermons preached in Alderley parish, February 10, 1856, on the Sunday after the funeral.'

both there and here. And this tradition will remain with all, a standard to all; for I am sure that if any of us acted up to our powers as she has acted up to hers, we should be very different and much better than we are.

Norwich (*see p.* 317).

1856.

Jenny Goldschmidt came on Saturday and poured forth her whole Norwich story. She said: 'They received me with—it was not applause, it seemed like '"Good morning" from the past days; the streets were 'lined all the way to the Hall, but there was no mob, no 'noise; it was all respectful. I never felt anything like 'it, for it was for all of your sakes—it was grand.'

They lodged in the Close, just opposite Professor Sedgwick's, so she sent to ask him to take her to the Cathedral. 'And I stood by that stone and that inscription, so calm, so warm, and the window shining 'upon it; but the Lord Bishop's Memorial is not *there*—'it is in the town; it is in what everybody says of him 'and all—and Miss Stanley and her school how she is 'thought of!'

America.

Sept. 1856.

. . . I was divided between looking about me and listening to Mrs. Stowe. Such an account she gave of the intolerance of American religious liberty, and the despotism of the Republican Government! the innumerable shades upon shades of opinion, and each one so intolerant of the other, that they cannot work together as Abolitionists. It was quite bewildering, and one felt

it required a large amount of faith, patience, quietness, perseverance, and energy, which Mrs. Stowe has, to carry out anything in such a chaos. Let anybody dissatisfied with England hear her account, and be thankful. All the Americans here are full of anxiety about the present crisis, and think it inevitable that the Union will be dissolved, and that there will be a grand revolution before things can be got straight. It was very curious to hear them all giving their different versions —jealous for their country, yet telling out involuntarily the real state; and they are so full of it, they can talk of nothing else.

Waiting for the End.

Jan. 1, 1859.

I dedicate my first date of '59 to you. I would not be absent from the number of those who come to offer you their affectionate wishes for this wonderful 88th birthday.

And what form can they take but one—that you may be spared to us only so long as the powers which make life worth having are spared to you? This, I know, will be your own feeling; yet there is a way in which these powers, without being in full force, may be so far withdrawn as to leave the inner life more leisure, as it were, to expand. This is the true best wish for the coming year or years; and then all that love which lies at the bottom of your eager interest about us all would find its own more peaceful current.

I feel more sure from all you say that our best wishes for you are being fulfilled, and that 'the peace' you long for is not far off. And as to 'the power to set aside the 'wish to understand,'—suppose that if in some very in-

tricate, complicated, immense concern which one could not understand, one was quite sure of being on the high road towards, of nearing every day, the being and the place where everything would be made clear as light—should we not wait for the explanation of it all—in wonder, it may be, but in patience and in hope? And does not the experience of years bring every day more and more the conviction how unutterably beyond our grasp and understanding is even the moral government of the world in which we live—much more the world above us? And so may we not look on with ever-increasing faith and hope that, 'in His light, we shall see light,' and not till then?

'*Essays and Reviews.*'

1860.

. . . I have not troubled myself with any of the Essays intervening between the first and the last, but *I* feel the very reverse of what you say about the question of Inspiration undermining your satisfaction in the Old or New Testament. The moment 'verbal' and 'literal' inspiration is given up, all difficulties about the 'mixed 'good and evil, imperfect or opposing aspects,' and 'variations of facts,' vanish at once, and there remains only 'the growing sense of the witness of God in the 'world, shining more and more to the perfect day in the 'life of Christ, and reflected from different points of view 'in the teaching of the Apostles.'[6] When *that* is well established in the heart and convictions, one can well afford to leave the question of the degree and limit and exact quality of the inspiration to be settled by others

[6] Essay, by Professor Jowett, on the *Interpretation of Scripture*, p. 404.

or reserved for the time when we ourselves no longer see through a glass darkly. In that one sentence is contained the immeasurable difference between the Bible and all other books and all other histories.

Infirmities of Age.

Dec. 22, 1860.

Do not grudge us the satisfaction of thinking, when you are able to write like yourself, that if not a better day it is at least a better hour with you. We all know what we must not expect of you or from you, and we are all, every one in the large circle of your acquaintance, thankful for what does come, but knowing too well why it does not. You remind me of a remark of one who could not find words for her thoughts, that she felt sure one of the delights of heaven will be the no need of pen or tongue to express what one wants to express. And what is so strong a proof of immortality as the very thing you complain of—the spirit willing and the flesh weak? What is there which is such a reminder that our conversation should be more and more in heaven? what is such a comfort as the thought that we shall need no words, written or spoken, when 'all hearts are open, all desires 'known,' when all that belongs to the infirmity of our mortal nature is weighed as well as all that belongs to wilful sin? and who but He knows, or can understand, when and how these two are divided from each other?

The Sacred Play at Ammergau.

Paris: Oct. 2, 1860.

It is not a matter to be argued about, only I should be glad if people would content themselves with saying

they should not like to see it themselves. One thought crossed my mind very forcibly, how our Lord Himself would have looked down on that vast and reverent assemblage, and the *intention*, *execution*, and *effect* of the representation; and whether He would not have seen more 'profanity' in the many unchristian demonstrations done under His Name, and in entire contradiction to His Spirit.

Children in Old Age.

July 30, 1861.

I would much rather hear from your children than think of your exerting yourself to write when unable. Are not one's children given to one that they may see for us, write for us, do for us, and that we may live over again in them when we have done living for ourselves? I feel this more strongly every day, and you, with a train reaching to great-grandchildren, must indeed feel it reaching to immeasurable ends.

The Unfailing Comfort.

April 13, 1861.

Is it not a relief to know that words are not necessary with Him with whom we have to do—that He 'understandeth the thoughts long before'? And with regard to all the rest, if we do but fix our minds steadily on the internal evidence, the living conviction within, we may well afford to look at the different interpretations and meanings which increased knowledge puts upon things, just as we have long learnt to do in regard to the facts of astronomy and geology, which only show us that we did not understand the purport or the limit of the sacred books.

Jan. 1, 1862.

I prefer to come to you a day later with my New Year's wishes, so as not to be in a crowd upon your bed. I am sure our past experience reminds one forcibly that the race is not to the strong—that age is spared when youth is taken. May you be spared increasing infirmity, or rather the suffering struggle, which I am sure is your worst enemy, of the young feelings and desires warring against the weakened powers. A nearer approach to the time and place where we may be sure they will be in harmony ought to bring with it a foretaste of peace; and I am sure that the love which burns so brightly still in your heart, and only makes you too anxious for everybody, ought to be the fountain from which that peace should come. . . .

. . . What a picture of Loyalty and Constitutional Monarchy England presents at this moment![7] Truly we are all one family, and this is 'the light in the darkness.'

[7] Immediately after the Prince Consort's death.

A few weeks after this last letter was written came the end, of which the combined uncertainty and certainty, as described in Archbishop Trench's lines on the 'Inevitable Day,' had long occupied her thoughts, both for herself and others. She expired peacefully on the 5th of March, 1862, at her residence in London.

These fragmentary records of her mind and character may be fitly closed by a few selections of those passages in the Bible on which she loved to dwell as conveying the clearest expression of the truths most valued by her.

The sense of the effect of religion in elevating the mind and character above external circumstances—

O set me up upon the rock that is higher than I.—Psalm lxi. 3.

Thankfulness for the vicissitudes of happiness and sorrow—

O what great troubles and adversities hast thou showed me! And yet didst thou turn and refresh me, and broughtest me from the deep of the earth again.—Psalm lxxi. 18.

The unexpected growth of good out of evil—

Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness.—Psalm cxii. 4.

The uncertainty and mystery of the mode of the Divine nature combined with the certainty of its moral perfection—

Clouds and darkness are round about him; righteousness and judgment are the habitations of his seat.—Psalm xcvii. 2.

The effect of criticism on the Bible—

Thy word is tried to the uttermost, and 'yet' thy servant loveth it.—Psalm cxix. 140.

The gradual formation of character—

The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.—Proverbs iv. 18.

One of the latest entries in her memorandum-book was the hymn of Charles Wesley on 'Catholic 'Love.' The entry is so characteristic, and the hymn itself so little known, that it may be worth transcribing here:

Weary of all this wordy strife,
These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
To thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Whose love my simple heart inflames,
Divinely taught at last I fly,
With Thee and Thine to live and die.

Forth from the midst of Babel brought,
Parties and sects I leave behind,
Enlarged my heart, and free my thought,
Whene'er the latent truth I find,
The latent truth with joy to own,
And bow to Jesus' name alone.

My brethren, friends, and kinsmen these,
Who do my heavenly Father's will,
Who aim at perfect holiness,
And all Thy counsels to fulfil,
Athirst to be whate'er Thou art,
And love their God with all their heart.

From these howe'er in flesh disjoined,
Where'er dispersed on earth abroad,
Unfeigned, unbounded love I find,
And constant as the life of God—
Fountain of life from thence it sprung,
As pure, as even, and as strong.

In the parish church at Alderley is a marble tablet, erected soon after the Bishop's death, by her desire, to commemorate the three beloved objects then taken from her.

THE RIGHT REVEREND
EDWARD STANLEY, D.D.,
SECOND SON OF
SIR JOHN THOMAS STANLEY,
OF ALDERLEY PARK, BART.,
BORN JANUARY 1, 1779.
DIED SEPTEMBER 6, 1849.
THIRTY-TWO YEARS RECTOR OF ALDERLEY,
TWELVE YEARS BISHOP OF NORWICH,
WHERE, IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH,
HIS MORTAL REMAINS REPOSE.
TO HIS BELOVED PARISHIONERS,
WITH WHOM WHEN ABSENT IN THE BODY
HE WAS EVER PRESENT IN SPIRIT,
SO NOW BEING DEAD,
HE YET SPEAKETH.

'Whether I come, or else be absent,
Stand fast in one spirit, with one mind,
Striving together for the faith of the Gospel.'

CHARLES EDWARD STANLEY, CAPT. R.E.,
WHO DIED AUGUST 13, 1849, AGED 30,
AT HOBART TOWN, VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.
FIRST OF HIS FAMILY CALLED TO REST
BY A SUDDEN AND EARLY DEATH,
WHICH REMOVED FROM EVIL TO COME
THE LOVING CHILD OF A MOST LOVING FATHER,
BEFORE EITHER COULD MOURN THE OTHER'S LOSS.

OWEN STANLEY, CAPT. R.N.,
WHO DIED MARCH 13, 1850, AGED 38,
AT SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES,
ON BOARD H.M.S. 'RATTLESNAKE,'
AT THE CLOSE OF HIS SUCCESSFUL SURVEY
OF THE UNKNOWN COAST OF NEW GUINEA,
AND AFTER 23 YEARS' ARDUOUS SERVICE
IN EVERY CLIME.

They were lovely and pleasant in their lives,
and in their deaths they were not divided.

From the ends of the earth gathered together unto Christ.

To this was added, after her own death, the following inscription:

IN THE ADJOINING CHURCHYARD
REST THE MORTAL REMAINS
OF
CATHERINE STANLEY,
DAUGHTER OF OSWALD LEYCESTER,
RECTOR OF STOKE-UPON-TERN,
WIDOW OF EDWARD STANLEY,
BISHOP OF NORWICH.
BORN APRIL 15, 1792; DIED MARCH 5, 1862.
TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF HER
WHOSE FIRM FAITH, CALM WISDOM, AND TENDER SYMPATHY,
SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE,
COUNSELLED, ENCOURAGED, COMFORTED
ALL WHO KNEW HER,
THIS TABLET IS INSCRIBED
BY HER THREE SURVIVING CHILDREN,
IN WHOSE HAPPINESS SHE FOUND HER OWN.

O set me up upon the rock that is higher than I,
For thou hast been my hope.—Ps. lxi. 3.

Her grave is under the shade of the yew tree in the churchyard. In the last foreign tour she ever made (1860), she had, at Meran in the Tyrol, greatly admired the churchyard, with its simple crosses of marble surmounting blocks of roughly-hewn stone, and had expressed a strong desire that her resting-place should be thus marked. This wish was carried out. The monument is a white marble cross, with a small tablet at its base, planted in a fragment of the native sandstone rock of Alderley Edge, and on it are written these words:

HERE
RESTS
CATHERINE STANLEY,
DIED MARCH 5, 1862, AGED 69.

The wisdom
That is from above
Is first pure,
Then peaceable, gentle,
Easy to be intreated,
Full of mercy
And good fruits,
Without partiality
And without hypocrisy.

That 5th of March was the Ash Wednesday of 1862, when her surviving son was absent in attendance on the Prince of Wales, on a journey through Egypt and Palestine. On another Ash Wednesday, the 1st of March, 1876, he stood by the deathbed of her by whose supporting love he had been 'comforted after his mother's death,' and whose character, although cast in another mould, remains to him, with that of his mother, the brightest and most sacred vision of his earthly experience.

O Day of Ashes !—twice for me
  Thy mournful title hast thou earned,
For twice my life of life by thee
  Has been to dust and ashes turned.
No need, dark day, that thou shouldst borrow
The trappings of a formal sorrow :
In thee are cherish'd fresh and deep
Long memories that cannot sleep.

My Mother—on that fatal day,
  O'er seas and deserts far apart,
The guardian genius passed away
  That nursed my very mind and heart—
The oracle that never failed,
The faith serene that never quailed,
The kindred soul that knew my thought
Before its speech or form was wrought.

My Wife—when closed that fatal night,
  My being turned once more to stone,
I watched her spirit take its flight,
  And found myself again alone.
The sunshine of the heart was dead,
The glory of the home was fled,
The smile that made the dark world bright,
The love that made all duty light.

Now that those scenes of bliss are gone,
  Now that the long years roll away,
The two Ash Wednesdays blend in one,
  One sad yet almost festal day :
The emblem of that union blest,
Where lofty souls together rest,
Star differing each from star in glory,
Yet telling each its own high story.

When this day bids us from within
  Look out on human strifes and storms:
The worst man's hope, the best man's sin,
  The world's base arts, Faith's hollow forms—
One answer comes in accents dear,
Yet as the piercing sunbeam clear,
The secret of the better life
Read by my Mother and my Wife.

A. P. S.

1878.

Since the previous pages were given to the world, she by whose careful selection the later portion of them was arranged, and to whose urgent advice the present form of the volume is due, has been removed from the family circle. A few words may perhaps not be out of place to describe a character which on more than one occasion was drawn out of the privacy of merely personal experiences.

Mary Stanley was born on December 19, 1813, and spent her early days in the home which has been already described in her father's Memoir, and to which she was attached with a tenacity of affection exceeding even that of the other members of her family. It was on her father's entrance on the See of Norwich that she first was able to show those remarkable powers of organisation and devotion to public objects which distinguished her subsequent career. She was his right hand in all his projects of benevolence. 'There was no one part 'of my life at Norwich'—she said at the moment of leaving it—'that to me was not full of interest: I had so 'wound myself up in his work, and so tried to lighten it 'where I could, and he had so entered into every wish 'of mine with regard to the poor.' She established savings clubs, schools for lace, and other such institutions, whilst always retaining the desire to use resources which already existed, and to help those who were willing to help themselves. On leaving Norwich she devoted herself with singular fidelity to her mother and her surviving brother,

but still continued, wherever it was possible, works of philanthropy similar to those which, under the Bishop's auspices, she had conducted at Norwich. Along with these her love for travelling and her largeness of sympathy naturally opened wider fields of enjoyment or of activity. She had already, in her brother's ship, the 'Rattlesnake,' when he sailed on his last expedition, visited Madeira and Spain for the sake of trying the effect of the sea-voyage on her sister's health, and it was during a halt at Gibraltar on their return that they were forced by stress of weather into an adventurous ride over the mountains in the depth of winter, through snow drifts and torrents of rain. Its incidents long lived in the recollection of the muleteers of Andalusia.

But the occasion which gave the most ample sphere for these aspirations was in the memorable autumn of 1854 when, after the battle of the Alma, the tidings reached England that the sick and wounded soldiers of the Crimean army were grievously in need of skilful and experienced nursing. The same eager desire to supply their needs sprang spontaneously in the hearts of many Englishwomen, and, when it took shape, the leadership of the whole enterprise was, by common consent, given to Florence Nightingale. After the first detachment of ladies and nurses had been despatched under her charge, Mr. Sidney Herbert, the then Secretary of War, committed to Mary Stanley the superintendence of another detachment, which, to the number of fifty, was to follow in order to supply the wants of the Eastern hospitals. In the depth of winter, and across the stormy Mediter-

ranean, she conducted her difficult charge to Constantinople. Her original intention had been, after fulfilling the duty of this anxious voyage, to return immediately to England ; but when, on arriving, it was found that unexpected obstacles had arisen in the way of establishing the new-comers, rather than sanction their withdrawal from the work for which they had been sent, she resolved to remain as long as there was a chance of organising the band for such purposes as the exigencies of the war might open to them. In this she was powerfully aided by the generous help and guidance of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, then in the height of his splendid career as English Ambassador at Constantinople, who, with Lady Stratford, gave every facility for the employment of her energies. For six weeks she laboured in the naval hospital planted under the auspices of the British Embassy at Therapia, and she always cherished the rough testimony of gratitude which the wounded and sick who had been there tended presented to her and her staff on the New Year's Day of 1855. Afterwards a military hospital was arranged in the barracks of Koulalee in addition to the larger and more celebrated establishment at Scutari which was superintended by the commanding genius of Florence Nightingale.

It would be beside the purpose to enter into the various difficulties which she had to encounter during the trying months in which she devoted herself to her task. Few of the outside world knew what she did, but her work, and the spirit in which it was performed, were fully appreciated by the medical and military

authorities on the spot. The recollections of those times were always dear to her. The brooch given by the Sultan to her, with her companions, in recognition of their services, and the wardrobe which she used at Koulalee, were bequeathed by her as heirlooms, the one to her family, the other to the home of her childhood. These were some of her experiences, as given in an account which she wrote on revisiting these localities in 1861 :

'In January we began work at the hospital at Koulalee. There we realised what protracted war was. The battles were over. It was not the wounded we were called upon to tend, but those who were stricken down with fever, dysentery, and frost-bites, from long exposure in the trenches. From these patient, heroic sufferers, we learnt what war entailed ; and it is a gratifying thought that, during an attendance of months at that hospital, going as we did into the wards at all hours, no word of complaint, no oaths, no coarse language, ever were heard by us from the lips of our British soldiers.

'Some days and scenes are specially stamped upon one's memory. Who will forget the arrival of the first batch of invalids who were to be located in the upper hospital only vacated by the Turks a week before ? There was the huge wood fire in the stoveless kitchen, the large cauldrons of water set on, the basins of arrowroot mixed, thrown in and stirred with a long wooden pole for want of better implements. Then was the melancholy procession up the hill ; worn-out men dragging their weak and weary frames along, some supported on each side,

some carried on stretchers. Who will forget the sensation caused by salutes fired at Constantinople, reverberating as they did across the Bosporus till the old walls of Koulalee shook again? In the wards the effect was electric. "Had Sebastopol fallen?" Dying men sat up in their beds and clasped their hands, unable to utter more than the one word, "Sebastopol!" "Has it fallen?" "Would that I had been in at the last!"

'Perhaps one of the most memorable days was that of the arrival of the news of the unexpected death of the Emperor of Russia. The excitement in the wards was great. From bed to bed the words travelled round, "Nicholas is dead," "Nicholas is dead," "The Emperor of Russia is dead." The remarks were varied:—"Thank God! All blessings be with you for bringing us such blessed news." "What! Nicholas? Nicholas is dead? Well, one should not be glad at anyone's death, but we can't help it now." "How did he die?" "Well, I'd rather have that news than a month's pay—I hope it is true." "He's a deal to answer for; he's been the death of thousands." One man burst into tears, and, slowly raising his hands, he clasped them in fervent prayer, exclaiming, "Thank God!"—and then, after a pause: "The Lord have mercy upon his soul!"

'Besides the mournful sight of the processions of the sick, there was daily the still sadder sight of the dead, borne away from the dead-house, in the centre of the court, to the cemetery on the hillside. At three or four o'clock each afternoon the chaplain was in attendance there, to read the service over the one large grave. One

case is specially recalled to me. It was the funeral of a soldier whose wife was with him. The excellent chaplain, Mr. H. Huleatt, who was ever ready with sympathy, came to ask for some one to accompany the poor widow to the grave. We went together to see her. She was found sobbing bitterly by the dead-house. "Oh! if I was in my own country! but I am here all alone." As usual when any relative was present, a coffin was granted, a sheet from the stores was thrown over it, and it was borne by four soldiers in uniform, I following with the poor widow's hand clasped in mine; and, deep in mud, we toiled up the steep side of the hill, the soldiers with difficulty carrying their burden. Most impressively was read the shortened funeral service. It was a most affecting sight—the words of the service, the associations, the rude externals of the mourners, the deep grief of the poor woman, the group close by filling up the daily pit which had just received its twelve uncoffined dead, the glorious view of Constantinople across the Bosporus! The widow gave one last look into the grave. The chaplain came up to her with the utmost tenderness. "Do not," he said, "look down as those who have no hope; he died in the faith of Christ. Look up and on, and let your soul be set on following him."

A few more impressions of the same kind may be given from her letters at the time.

'I determined that they should have some treat on Christmas Day, and we wrote copies of the Queen's letter, which we gave to each patient, reading it to those who were unable to read it for themselves. It was re-

ceived with the most heartfelt gratitude. One man exclaimed: "God bless her! If I'd my wish, she should reign a thousand years. Bless her! it would not be too long." Another: "I only wish I could go and fight for her again. We'd all fight while we'd a drop of blood left. To think of her thinking of us!" They have begged to forward their own answers, which express their feelings far better than I can attempt to do.

'It is deeply interesting and affecting to go amongst these fine men and hear their "yarns." One very young man described the scenes on the battlefield after the Alma; his duty had been to help to carry the wounded on board the ships. They seem to feel deeply the horrors of war. "War is an awful thing, and it was an awful sight; and to think of going and killing a poor fellow you never saw before, and who never did you no harm, is a shocking thing." They spoke warmly of the kindly feeling between the French and English, and how the French were as busy helping our wounded as their own.

'It is worth coming out from England to see the glad smiles which welcome us now when we go in, and to hear the blessings with which we are dismissed. One ward full of men, whom we had overlooked at first, desired the doctors to ask us why we had not been to them. We have written letters to their friends, and promised to send messages. Miss Tebbutt had one very affecting case of a fine young Irishman, Patrick Fitzgerald, who was dying, and who dictated his last wishes and words of affection to his Ellen, his betrothed. Another, whom

Miss Anderson has visited daily, had been very delirious (he had lost an arm and a leg), but her visits never failed to soothe him; and as long as she can sit and read to him he is perfectly quiet. She says that she shall never forget his imploring tone and manner. "Read to me, and I will try to keep my eyes open. Please pray for me; I do not know how." One dying man I was with to-day opened his eyes as I came up. "Lady, read to me." He followed, and took in every word. He then gave me messages to send to his mother and sisters. "I shall never recover; I am afraid to die; I am so young to die." When I got up to leave him, he said, "Let me shake hands with you;" he took my hand and grasped it; and fixing his dark eyes on me, exclaimed, "God bless you, you dear English lady!"

'Most of them are very anxious to go and see "the end of it." Some are heartily tired, and long for Old England and the green fields, and talk of what it was to walk in them on summer evenings. One merry boy, who had lost his leg, said, "It was too bad of them putting in the papers about their wounds and exposing their misfortunes all over England." He said he should like to have seen the end of the war, but he "had lost his leg for his country, and he could do no more."

'At the upper hospital, as I was going my rounds this afternoon, I went to see one man who seemed very ill. Could I write for him? "Oh yes, to his sisters." Where was his native place? "Macclesfield!" And the poor man roused up to speak of Wilmslow and of Alderley Edge—how he had been there on his last furlough

"Ah! I was a wild chap in those days, and I got into sad mischief at the Black Greyhound." I need not say how my heart was drawn towards him.

'One poor boy, who has been delirious, is now quite himself, and exclaims to Miss Anderson, whose patient he is, "Oh! you are taking me on the way to heaven; don't forsake me now." Another said, "I have been trying to die all I can these five days, and I *cannot* manage it." Not a day passes without some deeply affecting incident. It is their *mother* they always call for in their delirium. "My mother, oh, my mother, I shall never see her again." With great difficulty Miss Anderson learned from the poor man's dying lips his mother's direction.'

When in 1861 she revisited Koulalee, she found that in the interval the barracks had been laid waste; the walls only remained, with the single exception of the corner tower where the nurses were first quartered. This was untouched—even the cupboards remained, recalling the gifts of kind and distant friends in England with which they had been so constantly filled. One wing still retained its upper gallery. Through these ruined and deserted courts, each corner telling its bygone tale, she was allowed to wander undisturbed, and to look again at the view from 'the shore walk,' even more beautiful in its bright summer garb than when it used to act as a restorative in the dark days of that dismal winter. On the occasion of her first visit, in 1854, she had never been able to leave her post for the actual scene of war in the Crimea. Day by day she described the intense

eagerness with which they saw the crowded war steamers pass constantly under their windows backwards and forwards to and from the Black Sea. 'Once only,' she says, 'did we look upon its waters—once we went to the 'top of the Giant's Mountain, and felt then that nothing 'intervened between us and the one point of interest.' But on the second visit she had the deep enjoyment of traversing the scenes in the Crimea itself, every name of which, during her former stay, had awakened such inspiring thoughts; and she never ceased to watch with jealous vigilance every report which came to her of the care or neglect with which the soldiers' graves on those famous heights were treated.[8]

On her return to England she resumed her quiet course of usefulness. In London she had established savings clubs and other institutions, such as she had helped to found at Norwich in former years. Previous to the Crimean war she had published a little book filled with information on 'Hospitals and Sisterhoods,' and hospital nursing was a subject always dear to her. But a peculiar direction was given to her exertions by her recollection of the brave men whom she had tended at Constantinople. 'In York Street, Westminster, she 'purchased a house in which she founded a large industrial 'laundry, to which was soon afterwards added a needle-'work society; and by making a contract with the Govern-'ment for the supply of army clothing she was enabled to 'furnish employment to many indigent women, amongst 'whom soldiers' wives had at first the preference, and soon

[8] See 'Ten Days in the Crimea,' *Macmillan's Magazine*, 1862.

'they became the only women employed in the work.'[9] For the wives of soldiers her sympathies were always keen, and her last work, only set on foot a few months before her death, was the organisation of a scheme for their improvement and benefit, and one of her latest pleasures was to hear that it had received the sanction of the military authorities. Her power of organisation enabled her also to be an active assistant in the collection and distribution of stores under the National Society for giving Aid to the Sick and Wounded in War; and for this Society she laboured day after day, with untiring energy, in the Franco-German war. Nor were her ministrations confined to these institutions. In the great Lancashire distress of 1861, she went to Manchester and Preston for some weeks to assist Mrs. Gaskell in regulating and distributing the fund for the distressed weavers in the factories. In her later years she established a 'Flower Mission,' for which she wrote a small tract, for the purpose of obtaining flowers from the country for the sick and poor in London; and many were the testimonies to the pleasure which this mission gave both to givers and receivers.

To use the words of a gifted writer[1] who highly valued her, 'the spirit of her large and resolute benevolence 'never seemed, as is sometimes the case, to chill her 'affections or weaken the ties of friendship. The halo 'that her good deeds threw around her was never paled

[9] Many of these particulars are taken almost verbatim from an interesting article by Lady Strangford.

[1] Mr. Kinglake.

'in my eyes, but always radiant.' The feeling that her public labours were for the most part unacknowledged and almost unknown—a circumstance due to various causes—cast something of a shade over her life, but she toiled on with that indomitable purpose and quiet energy which were amongst her chief characteristics. Sometimes she remarked to her friends, 'My mother used to 'say to me, "Remember, Mary, your lot in life is to sow '"for others to reap." She was right, and I am contented 'that it should be so.' And she would also say: 'I never 'forget the last entry in Dr. Arnold's Journal. When I 'first read it I used to wonder what it could mean; I 'have learned to know its truth, and I repeat it to myself 'twice a day: "Let me labour to do God's will, yet not '"anxious that it should be done by me rather than by '"others if God disapproves of my doing it."'

In 1856 she joined the Roman Church, of which she remained a faithful member to the end. But her natural sincerity was not touched; and she retained an unceasing interest in the Church of her father and brother, as well as a wide sympathy with every act of justice and generosity in whatever communion. Hence a distinguished patroness of beneficent works used to call her 'the Good Samaritan.' Unlike many converts, she insisted on making the largest not the narrowest use of whatever liberties the rules of her new form of faith permitted; and she regarded not proselytism, but abstention from proselytism, as her sacred duty. Underneath a simple and cheerful manner she possessed a remarkable gift of prayer and devotion, which she exercised, quite

irrespectively of their religious differences, by the bedside of the various sufferers whom she visited. 'Our needs 'are the same, and our ends are the same,' she would say; 'why should we not join thus far?'

For the last seven years she spent her summers in a small hotel near the summit of the Righi, where, by her acts of kindness and consideration, she endeared herself both to the native inhabitants and the numerous travellers who visited the mountain. In the autumn of 1879 this stay in Switzerland was concluded by a journey undertaken with her brother to the Italian lakes and to Venice, in which she took unusual pleasure, not only from its intrinsic interest, but from its enabling her to revisit haunts which she had formerly enjoyed in company with him and with her mother. On her return she spent a day at the house of the venerable Ambassador to whom during her work at Constantinople she had owed so much. It was his 93rd birthday, and on the morrow, in their closing interview, the aged statesman spoke of the intercourse which he had maintained with successive Popes, and described his remark to one of them: 'You are not my sovereign, and I am 'not your subject; you are a Catholic, and I am a Pro-'testant; but it cannot be wrong for me to ask or for 'you to give me your blessing.' In allusion to this, at the end of their conversation, she said: 'Lord Stratford, 'you are not my sovereign, and I am not your subject; 'you are a Protestant, and I am a Catholic; but it cannot 'be wrong for me to ask or for you to give me your 'blessing.' She knelt to receive it, and with that bene-

diction they parted to meet no more. On the 24th of November she was attacked by a severe inflammation of the lungs. She was faithfully attended by the young physician, Dr. Harper, the valued companion of her brother in his journey to America, and more recently the sharer of their Italian tour. Unconscious of the approaching end, she retained to the close her habitual cheerfulness in speaking to her brother, and her last expressions were of concern in public interests. But her fragile frame succumbed to the malady, and on the evening of Wednesday the 26th of November she suddenly expired. In the morning of that day she had received a pastoral visit from the Roman dignitary with whom she had long maintained a friendly intercourse. On the Monday following, a Requiem Mass was performed over her remains in the Roman Catholic chapel at Chelsea which she was in the habit of attending. On the next day, according to her own desire, frequently expressed, the funeral took place in the churchyard of Alderley. It was solemnised by her brother the Dean of Westminster and her brother-in-law the Dean of Llandaff, with the Rector of the parish. She was buried in the spot [2] which she herself had chosen, under the mingled shade of the old yew tree and its mass of embracing ivy. Her mother had long before indicated the Biblical texts which would best describe her indefatigable perseverance. On the reverse, therefore, of the white marble cross already erected on the grave, these words will be engraven:

[2] See p. 329.

HERE RESTS

MARY STANLEY.

DIED NOVEMBER 26, 1879.

AGED 66.

'Never weary in well-doing.' GAL. vi. 10.

On the monumental tablet which within the church commemorates her parents and her brothers, is to be added this inscription :—

MARY STANLEY.

BORN DECEMBER 19, 1813. DIED NOVEMBER 26, 1879.

BY PATIENT CONTINUANCE IN WELL-DOING
ENDEARED TO MANY HEARTS OLD AND YOUNG,
SHE CHEERED THE FRIENDLESS, RAISED THE POOR,
NURSED THE SICK AND WOUNDED,
AT NORWICH, IN WESTMINSTER,
AND ON THE SHORES OF THE BOSPORUS.
THROUGH ALL CHANGES, OUTWARD AND INWARD,
SHE CLUNG TO THE HOME OF HER EARLY YEARS,
WHERE, BY HER DESIRE, SHE RESTS IN HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

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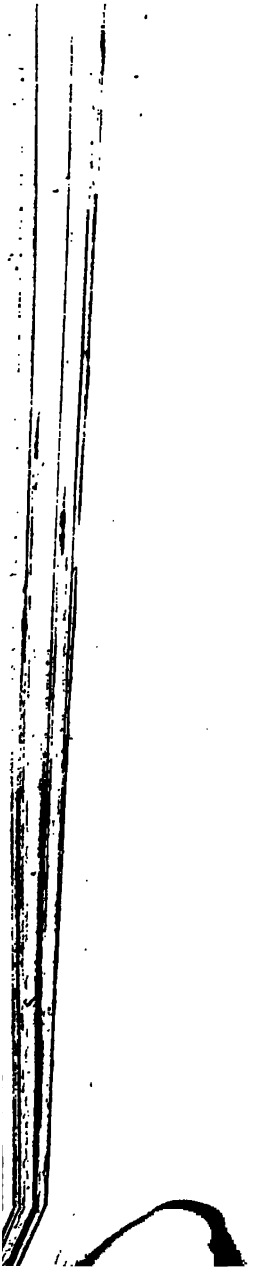

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